MY THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN

BY THOMAS BALL

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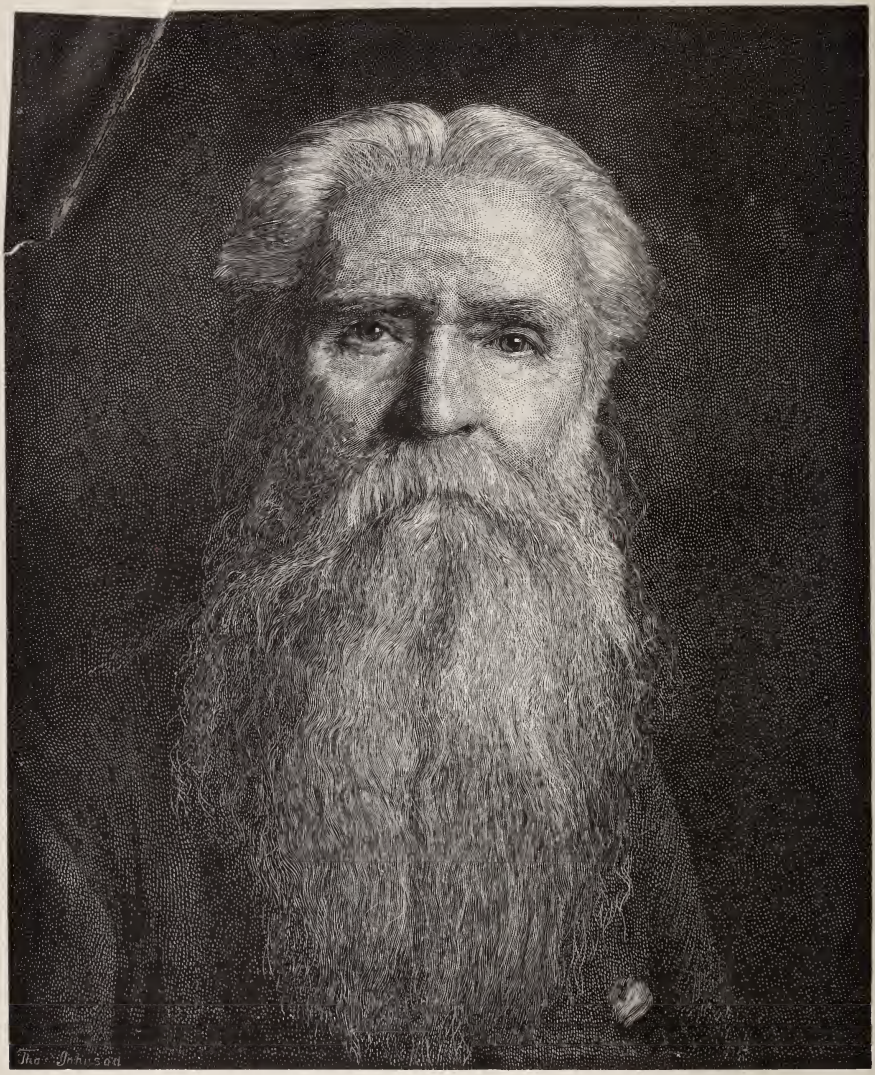

Very truly Yours

Thomas Ball

Florence, June 3, 1890.

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MY THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.

An Autobiography.

BY

THOMAS BALL, A.M.

SECOND EDITION.

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ROBERTS BROTHERS.
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TO

MY DEAR WIFE,

THIS SIMPLE STORY OF

MY THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN

IS MOST LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

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MY THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.

CHAPTER I.

WHY does a man write his Autobiography? The most obvious answer to this question is, because no one else can write it for him. But why write it? There can be but one good reason, it seems to me; that is, the conviction that his early struggles and subsequent successes or failures, if brought before the eyes of the young who are about entering on the long road, may give them courage and serve to keep alive their faith and hope. But how conceited and egotistic it seems! We cannot help thinking that the very ones whose lives and acts would be most useful to follow are those who naturally shrink from talking about themselves. Then what is my argument? If my life and acts have been of the above quality, I must surely be outgrowing my "retiring modesty." If they have not, I have no business to be writing about them.

I have done a great many foolish things in my life, many of which stand out in bold relief, and at

various times when I have thought of some of them I have blushed unseen, and said to myself, "Well, I am older now, and can never be so foolish again;" but I invariably find that my weakness asserts itself with the occasion, and afterward, to my utter confusion, that it was fully equal to it, — having led me to do something to make my past acts strong in comparison. But the act I am contemplating now will, I fear, surpass all for weakness; and yet the very fact of my persisting would seem to indicate a certain kind of strength, which may appear paradoxical. Saint Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong," — which is exceedingly comforting to me.

How did I come to be drawn into this thing? I'll tell you. My dear ones — my wife, daughter, and son-in-law — are responsible for it; and if in the future they find the responsibility too great, they must burn these papers, or keep them for their own private amusement.[1]

For many years, on every occasion when I have happened to relate any little incident in my past

[1] It will be seen by the above words that I had no idea when I penned them that this book would be published until after my death, if ever. But now that it is finished, the thought of this, my one literary chicken, being sent out an orphan into the cold world, is not a pleasant one. I have therefore determined that its advent shall be while its parent is still living to sympathize with it, at least, if abused.

life that I thought would entertain them, they would cry out in chorus, "Oh, papa, you *must* write your Autobiography!" In vain I have pleaded my inability. "You know you can if you try; you write poetry and other funny nonsense so easily." What could I do but plead that there would not be much poetry in my life, and that funny nonsense would weary them in book-form? At length, one day at lunch I let out a rather amusing incident that I had not thought of for years; when the usual chorus struck up, with the addition of a threat on the part of my son-in-law: "I shall go down town after lunch and buy a quantity of the best pencils and paper for taking notes, and you must begin to-day." Accordingly, at dinner a bundle of paper appeared, about as much as I could lift, all cut into single leaves of the most convenient shape and size. What could I do after that but make the attempt? I began the next day, and wrote thus far by way of apology for having begun.

CHAPTER II.

The third of June, 1819, was the day of my birth; the place, Charlestown, Mass. My father, Thomas Ball, of Bedford, Mass.; my mother, Elizabeth Wyer Hall, of Medford, Mass. The former I always remember as the kindest of fathers and the most generous of men, — perhaps too generous for his own good; the other, the sweetest and kindest of mothers and the most patient of women. Although my father followed the humble profession of a "house, sign, and fancy painter," I think his must have been a thoroughly artistic temperament. I recall many little incidents, young as I was, that lead me to think so, — his intense love for the beautiful; his changeable moods: one hour happy and free from all care, the next gloomy and sad, but never unkind. I remember one day when walking with him on Cambridge Bridge. He stopped and gazed into the water and pointed out to me the motion of the waves as they rose and fell, tinged with the gold of the setting sun, and said to me in a dreamy, thoughtful way, "My boy, do you think you could ever learn to paint those

waves?" Why did he ask me that, and I only about six years old? And why have I always remembered it? I don't remember his ever suggesting or expressing any desire that I should become an artist.

To me as a boy his letters on the signs that he painted were more gracefully drawn than any others I saw about; I was always comparing them. I have a vivid recollection of a group of sea-shells with which he decorated a piece of furniture for my mother, and which seemed a marvel to me. In our walks he always stopped at the shop windows where pictures were displayed, to point out and explain them to me. I remember his taking me up to the State House to see Chantry's statue of Washington, which had recently been placed there, and asking me what I thought of it. I asked him if that was a real *sheet* that was wrapped round him? I was very young then, but I have many times since looked at it, and never wondered why I asked the question.

All this to explain why I think he had a disappointed yearning to go beyond the limits of "sign and fancy painting," and that under more favorable auspices he would have been an artist. But with a wife and six children before he was much above thirty years of age, and struggling with poverty, what could he do?

But about my infancy. My *very* earliest recollections are associated with the three primary colors, — red, blue, and yellow: the first, a tall plume belonging to the uniform of the "Charlestown Light Infantry," of which company my father was a member; the second, the cellar-door of the gun-house on the "training-field," near the spot where I was born, — which cellar-door was painted blue, and placed against the side of the house at an angle of forty-five degrees, and up which we little urchins of three years used to creep for the pleasure of sliding down again; and the third, a little yellow cambric frock which I wore about that time, — all of which I remember distinctly. "Not very important to relate," you will say. But you must pardon me one more reminiscence of those early years, because it relates to my alphabetical education.

The first school I attended was kept by a Miss or Mrs. Moorhead. There are but two things connected with this school that stand out in prominent relief. One is a large balm-of-Gilead tree in the back yard, the bitter buds of which the naughty little ones were made to hold in their mouths as a salutary punishment. The other was the lady's dainty manner of eating the berries the children brought her, — one at a time, with a pin. I did not understand at the time how she could be so patient.

My next recollections carry me across the bridge into Boston, where I entered the primary school in "Leverett Lane," kept by two maiden ladies named Townsend, one of whom in particular has retained a pleasant place in my memory ever since. There I was taught to read, and was prepared for entering the grammar-school at the usual age, seven years. We were living then, and for several years after, in Leverett Court, out of the street of that name, by a steep declivity down which I used to coast and slide, and often slip and roll, in winter.

About this time all of us children attended Sunday-school in what must have been the old Latin High-school building in School Street, all the children walking in procession from there to the "Old South Church," where we were seated in the gallery. I remember so well the old extinguisher sounding-board over the pulpit, and, opposite to it, the organ as big as a house, it seemed to me. How often I have watched with wonder the slats of the "swell," which opened in the front of the case while the organ was being played,—mistaking, of course, the effect for the cause.

Speaking of Sunday-schools reminds me that some years after, while we were still children, my two sisters and myself were three of five only who appeared the first Sunday of the opening of a new

school which a very good and religious blacksmith named Cobb considered necessary in our neighborhood. I speak of this, as it was the nucleus of the Milton Street Sabbath-school, which I think numbered its hundreds of pupils when last I attended it.

CHAPTER III.

And now I approach the darkest days of my childhood, the sad details of which, although deeply graven upon my memory, my pen refuses to record. More than sixty years have passed since then, and I was a little child of six years; yet at the remembrance of those days my heart aches with compassion, not for myself, but for my poor dear parents. The thought has long deterred me from humoring my darlings when they have clamored for this Autobiography. I have shrunk from speaking or writing of that part of my life. But in painting this picture, if I revel in the sunny lights, why should I shirk the deepest shadows? Without going into details which would only prove truth to be stranger than fiction, I will only say that in that never-to-be-forgotten season fever laid us low; death visited us, carrying off our little brother; hunger stared us in the face: "The infant children cry for bread." I forget through what channel Heaven sent us relief; but of this I am sure, that it came in answer to the prayers of my dear mother. And to those prayers I owe my

escape from many of the temptations and perils that surrounded my boyhood. My temper and disposition at that time were perhaps no worse than other boys'; but it seems to me that these were moments when I wrestled with the Evil One himself, and was only saved by the sweet influence of that patient one who first taught my infant lips to pray.

During my boyhood, up to the age of fifteen or sixteen, I don't remember ever exhibiting the least artistic talent, or showing any indication of my future profession. I was always musical, and could sing from the time I first could speak, having inherited that talent from both my parents, who, I believe, first met at singing-school. My father was endowed with a lovely tenor voice, which made him very popular socially. My mother first taught me the melodies which I was trotted out on all occasions to perform, usually requiring more urging than it was at all worth, — at least I thought so. My mechanical genius was also thought to be quite surprising. I do not remember ever having possessed a new toy from the shop; in fact, I should have been badly off for playthings if I had not been able to make them myself. With the exception of money, my pockets were generally well furnished by my less ingenious playmates, with whom I "swapped" my kites, boats, etc., for their

marbles, pencils, knives, chalk, twine, buttons, and other pocket furniture. My kites would fly, my bows and arrows shoot, my boats would float,— which last seems somewhat remarkable when I remember the horror that seized me on first seeing a vessel in the sea.

I must have been about four years old when one day, after a raging storm had passed over, my two sisters, a year or two older than myself, and consequently braver, took it into their little heads to wander out with me between them, holding a hand of each, to a wharf a short distance from our house, to see the wonderfully high tide they had heard talked of all day. It was just after sundown when we arrived at the wharf; and the, to me, frightful scene that met my gaze is as vivid to my mind now as it was then. What I took in at that one glance would fully satisfy any modern "impressionist."

The tide had risen almost to a level with the wharf, over which the waves, tossing and rolling,— from the effect of the wind, that had gone down with the setting sun,— seemed about to rush. The lurid, brassy glare of the twilight sky, staring through the rents and slits in the pall-like clouds, whose ragged fringe seemed almost to touch our heads; the solitary, black-hulled sloop, anchored beyond, whose tall mast crossing those ghastly slits,

and slowly swaying from side to side, apparently swept the clouds like the pendulum of a monster metronome marking *adagio*, — were enough to frighten any four-year-old. Not that I then made the above comparisons, for I believe the metronome did not at that time exist. The only thing suggested to me then was a horrid nightmare similar to many of the dreams of my childhood, which generally took the form of the supernatural. As I said before, one look was enough to make me turn my head and rush away from it; thus abruptly finishing the entertainment of my brave sisters. One would think that one such fright would have been enough to last me the rest of my life. But in three or four years I found myself with the water over my head; and as it came so near costing me my life and the world, — well, we won't say anything about the world, — I may as well tell you how it happened.

I had been visiting for a few days an uncle who lived in Medford, — about five miles from Boston, — to which place I had frequently walked of a Sunday morning, to return at night. One day during the above-mentioned visit my uncle, accompanied by a friend, took me with him to a pond not far off, where the lilies were growing in great profusion, and at this time were in full "blow." Arriving at the pond, they took a boat and pushed off, I

pulling the lilies as we sailed. But it was suggested that as the water was very shallow I should take off everything but my shirt, leaving that to protect me from the mosquitoes, and get into the water and wade, so that I could pluck the lilies with longer stems. No sooner said than done; I was in for a bath also.

All went well until, having waded some distance from the boat, and gathered an armful of the floating beauties, I suddenly stepped into one of those treacherous holes and could not recover myself. Then, with the proverbial rapidity of thought of the drowning, it occurred to me that I had heard that the quickest way to teach a boy to swim was to throw him overboard where he could not touch bottom with his feet. "Now," I thought, "I shall learn to swim." But alas! I had no sooner come to this comforting conclusion than I found my feet were so entangled in the skirts of these sirens that I could not "strike out" as I intended to do, and that the water was getting above my chin. Then with one despairing cry I sank, and knew nothing more until I found myself in the boat with two men over me, congratulating themselves and me that I had not taken off my shirt, as upon hearing my cry they had seen me sink, and when they reached the spot the only thing seen floating was the skirt of my shirt,

which my friends grasped before it disappeared, and pulled me to the surface, thus frustrating the wiles of these enticing water-nymphs.

Before leaving the subject of water and boats — which I have seen a good deal of since then — I will only add that my early ship-building, for which I had a great passion a few years after this, afforded me an immense deal of practice, which I am confident educated my eye for my future profession quite as much as if the time had been spent in drawing.

My method of working necessarily obliged my memory to retain what my eye had seen, as it easily retained what passed my ear in the way of melody. I would go down to the wharf and attentively study the ships, beginning with the graceful lines and proportions of the hull; then hurry home and work away on my little model, renewing my impressions day by day, sometimes two or three times a day, by journeys to the wharf, and so carrying the comparative size and position of the masts, spars, and ropes, one or two at a time, home to my work, until the whole was complete from stem to stern and from keel to topmast.

CHAPTER IV.

To return for a moment to the nightmare, — not a very pleasant thing to return to!

In my childhood I was often assailed in my sleep by horrible dreams, which generally took the form of the supernatural. These I gradually conquered and taught myself to escape from by closing and wrestling with them; for we can assert ourselves with a little practice even in our sleep. From impressing upon my mind on awaking that it was only a dream, I came to be able, when the horrid thing appeared, to think "It 's only a dream," and to grasp it courageously; and whether ghost or devil, it would immediately vanish or I would awake.

The firm touch is the only right one; as I have found all through my life, although in many things I have failed to realize its full importance till too late. In Art the brush or pencil must meet the canvas with an unfaltering touch; the thumb should press the clay with an uncompromising gouge, to carry out what the eye has first determined upon, — no niggling, no trembling! In

music, as well, the bow should attack and hold the string with the tenacity of a saw; the fingers of the left hand, and of both hands for the pianoforte, should each act like a small hammer. The smoothing-plane may be brought in later. The purest vocal tone — not necessarily the loudest — will follow from full lungs and a firm grasp of the throat muscles. The most pernicious habits or temptations in life may be met and conquered by a firm determination without compromise, but with faith in the assistance of a higher Power.

As one instance in my own case, — the first assault made upon me by evil spirits: for I have a firm belief in the influence of good and bad spirits, though not the slightest in their visible, audible, or tangible manifestation. It has sometimes seemed to me that children, boys in particular, were the natural prey of evil spirits until rescued sooner or later by the good angels who have watched over their infancy. Consequently I have a sincere sympathy for bad boys, and think they should not be too severely dealt with. I will relate in as few words as possible how the first assault made upon me by the evil spirits was overcome. I had been taught by precept and example, from my infancy, that to use profane language was not only ungentlemanly, but very sinful. Consequently my parents never heard a profane word from my lips.

But, horrible confession! when about seven or eight years old, the irresistible impulse would seize me when alone, and without the slightest cause or warning, to indulge in the wildest profanity, not only mentally but audibly, I all the time thinking it was terribly wicked. An hour afterward I would lament with remorseful tears, not only the sin itself, but the deception practised upon my dear parents.

One day I was crossing the Common when I felt this impulse coming on me to swear. In a moment the words from the New Testament occurred to me, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;" then those other words, which I delivered in my most commanding voice, — "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Strange as it may seem, I have never uttered a profane word in a profane way from that day to this; and I have also been able to subdue my rising temper — which was not always as serene as it is to-day — in the same way.

A little incident occurred to me not long after the above, which I will relate, as I think it will make you laugh, as it has me many times since, although at the time it seemed quite serious.

I was walking along Green Street, toward Bowdoin Square, when I heard a voice from the other side of the street calling, "Little boy!" I ran across to a woman standing in a doorway.

Pointing down an alley opening out of the street opposite, she said to me, "Do you see those boys playing down there? I wish you would run down and tell that one in a green jacket that I want him." "Yes, ma'am," I said, and ran down, touched him on the shoulder, and simply said to him, "Your mother wants you;" when the vulgar little wretch suddenly turned upon me with the exclamation, "Go to hell!" I immediately left him, and tried to steal out of the alley without being seen by the woman. But it was of no use; she was waiting there for me, and called out, "What did he say?" Just what I feared! Thinking what a shock it would be to her if I repeated her son's words, I resolved to spare her by telling a deliberate lie; so I replied very meekly, "He said he would come." I have thought since then that possibly he might not have been her son, after all.

CHAPTER V.

The next five years of my life I attended the Mayhew School — when I could not avoid it; for I must confess I detested it. I never played truant, — "hooked Jack," as we used to call it, — but I always wanted to awfully; seizing upon the weakest subterfuge to stay away, — often "too sick to go to school, but just sick enough to go a-fishing." I was seldom happy at school. I never was flogged for any fault of my own worse than not knowing my lessons, but remember several whippings I got for the faults of other boys. I was in constant fear of the rattan or cowhide. I could not bear beating as some of the other boys could; the prospect of it put every idea out of my mind. There were two masters whom I remember as being particularly severe. One, the reading-master, Parker, was only severe; but the other, Holt, master of the writing-department, it seemed to me was at times brutal. He was the only one, as I remember, who wielded the cowhide; and it was a particularly effective one, too, from having one or two strands broken in about the middle of it,

giving it a flail-like action that was wonderfully telling when applied to a boy's jacket. Master Parker was a tall, slim, austere, and rather aristocratic looking man, but I think, on the whole, kind-hearted. He wore spectacles, by the help of which the boys used to imagine he could see right through one boy to what another was doing behind him. However, I think "his bark was worse than his bite;" but he kept the boys straight. The writing-department occupied the first floor, and the reading the second; the boys attending the former in the morning, and the latter in the afternoon.

One day Master Parker was sick, and sent as a substitute a gentleman of the name of Daw, I think, whom the boys at once saw they could impose upon. As a matter of course, a boy was soon called up for punishment, when he refused to hold out his hand, making some impertinent remark, which was the signal for revolt, beginning by a shuffling of the feet among the boldest, and gradually spreading till the whole school was in an uproar, and the room fairly shook with the stamping and jumping. All this time, in their excitement, the scholars entirely forgot the old man in the room below, until he suddenly appeared standing in the doorway, cowhide in hand, like a statue of an avenging spirit. In a moment the hush of death reigned in the

room. But in that moment his eagle eye had singled out two or three of the most rebellious "forms," and like a flash he was among them; and that old cowhide travelled over the backs of the boys he had marked like a steam-flail. He then quietly retired with his flail under his arm. There was no more trouble that day.

Master Holt was a powerful, thickset man whose blows told, — especially his last one in that school. It was a summer day, and the windows were open; the old gentleman, walking about with his mahogany ruler under his arm, caught sight of a boy leaning over his desk pretending to be writing, but who was doing something else, I forget what; when, the first he knew, he received a most tremendous whack from the mahogany ruler, which, not being elastic like the old flail, broke in the middle in imitation of it. Holt quietly picked up the part on the floor, and tossed both pieces out of the window. I think that was his last day in old "Mayhew." But with all his severity, he had many warm adherents among the boys, and probably the best of them; and I think they got up some sort of testimonial for him when he left.

If the masters were severe, the ushers or monitors were, as I remember them, kind and patient. They were chosen from the higher classes, to review the smaller boys in their lessons and to help

them on; thus relieving the masters from much of the drudgery of their profession, and the small boys from fears that were apt to drive every idea out of their stupid little heads. I bear in my mind to this day most pleasantly two of these monitors; so kind, gentle, and patient were they with me. One was in the writing, and the other in the reading department. The former I think was named Floyd, and the latter I know was Turner. They both, recognizing my timid, retiring nature, treated me with all the loving attention of elder brothers, — the former spending many hours patiently guiding my hand in forming my capitals and adding my sums; the other teaching me to read with intelligence, and to correct my spelling, which latter would have thoroughly disgusted him if I had not shown more than ordinary talent in the former. The happiest hours of my school life were when listening to the older boys declaiming or speaking their pieces. What small boy could study while there was anything of that kind going on? I well remember one youngster, Ned Davenport by name, who was my particular delight and wonder; for I could not understand how any boy could have the courage to stand up before the whole school and speak out loud. I can recall distinctly one year, when the candidates for the Franklin medals were preparing for "examination day." Davenport was

to recite Dryden's "Alexander's Feast;" and when he came to the words, thrice repeated, "None but the brave," the master stopped him to correct his emphasis. His example was thus: "None but the *brave*, *none* but the brave, none *but* the brave deserve the fair." I thought at the time that Davenport's way was the more natural, and now I know it was. Poor fellow! he was sadly disappointed, when the day came, to find he had missed the Franklin medal because he had fallen short in some of his other studies. I think every boy in the school sympathized with him, and I was perfectly delighted to hear afterward from the other boys that the Committee had decided to award him a special gold medal for his declamation. I hope it was true; if so, he has since proved the wisdom of their judgment by making himself one of the first and most honorable tragedians of his day.

I remember but one other of the medal scholars of that year, and from the fact of his being brought to the school in a carriage to receive his award, having been kept at home several days by a severe illness from which he was just recovering. I don't think I met him after that in forty-five years. But one day during one of my visits to America I was awaiting the train in the Jamaica Plain station, when my attention was attracted by the face of a gentleman also waiting there. I asked my friend

at whose house I had been passing the night, if he knew that gentleman's name. "That," said he, "is Mr. Pratt." I knew it was, — the very boy who came in a carriage to receive his medal. That may seem strange, almost incredible; but he wore no beard to hide the lower part of his face, and there was the same character and expression that it wore when he was a boy.

This is not the only instance of the kind in my experience. One day, perhaps ten years ago, I was called from my work to receive some American visitors to my studio in Florence. They were a gentleman and two ladies. The moment I entered the room, the gentleman's face and name came to me like a flash, through an area of nearly half a century. I called him by his familiar name when we were boys, much to his astonishment. He had failed to remember Tom Ball, perhaps on account of his beard; but "The Stebbens" stood before me. All this goes to prove that to make the most satisfactory portrait, either in clay or paint, the character and expression should first be attended to; the exact form of each individual feature is of minor importance.

CHAPTER VI.

My school days came to a close at my father's death, when I was twelve years old, and he but thirty-seven. For many years he had been an invalid, suffering severely from lead-poisoning contracted in his profession; disabling him from working except at odd times, and consequently throwing the burden of the support of our large family upon my mother. Therefore at his death it was decided, more to my mother's regret than my own, that I should leave school and endeavor to do something, if ever so little, to help her to find bread for us children. I think it was during my father's last illness that a little episode occurred, so sadly picturesque as to merit a mention.

My mother, who was always passionately fond of flowers, had cherished a small collection of pot-plants during the summer; but now winter had come with its nipping frosts, and destroyed all but one hardy chrysanthemum, which she had managed to preserve by shutting it into a closet during the night and bringing it into the sun in the daytime. On this day of which I speak we found

ourselves without food of any kind, and nothing that we could sell to buy bread; when I happened to remember that in my wanderings I had passed a shop on Washington Street where plants were exposed for sale. I proposed to her to take her pet plant there and try to sell it. It was very beautiful. I can see it now as I saw it that day, in full bloom, covered with large pink blossoms. My mother kissed me, and put the plant into my arms, and I trudged off across the city to the shop where I had seen the plants exposed, kept by Mr. Gibbens, near Summer Street. He offered ten cents for it, which I gladly accepted, for that would buy a large loaf of bread. Ten years after this I had occasion for two years to make a quarterly call at his same shop to receive from Deacon Gibbens my salary for singing in the First Church, of which he was Treasurer. I often thought of the poor chrysanthemum.

Well, my first attempt to earn my own living was made in a retail grocery near us, where I received one dollar a week for my valuable assistance.

At that time — more than fifty-five years ago — every respectable retail grocery was furnished in one corner with a bar for retail drinks. As I think of this, my first "situation," many incidents recur to my memory, — some sad, some simply

amusing, and others decidedly ludicrous; incidents which related in a work of fiction would appear very frivolous, but from the pen of one to whom they really happened, and in whom the reader is interested, — and who reads an Autobiography but for his interest in the author? — are not so unimportant. I will relate only one or two.

Among the regular corner customers was one of our foreign consuls. I can't remember now from what country, but he spoke English perfectly and seemed a gentleman, but for his too frequent visits to the *corner*, which made him forgetful. One day upon leaving, he absently pocketed the tumbler. My master told me to go after him, and tell him he had forgotten to leave the glass. It was not an agreeable thing to do, but I followed him into Poplar Street, overtook him, and told him that Mr. S—— said he had forgotten to leave the tumbler. He turned round with head still erect, put his hand into his coat-pocket, and handed me the glass, saying, "Take it, young man," with an expression "more in sorrow than in anger;" as if I had robbed him not only of his last cent, but of the last fragment of his dignity.

Another customer had removed to a distant part of the city, leaving his *corner score* unpaid. The proprietor sent me one day to find him and dun him for the money. Another agreeable thing to

do! After hunting some time, I found him in a little room at the "South End." I knocked, opened the door after being told to come in, and standing in the doorway, delivered my message, — that Mr. S—— said, if he did not pay me the money at once, he would sue him. The debtor was seated in the middle of the room, but at my words he started to his feet, and with arms stretched rigidly at his sides, head thrown forward, hair very much dishevelled, and eyes glaring like a wild beast's, "Money!" he yelled, "sue me!" and he made one stride toward me, which was enough to send me down those three flights of stairs in the time of one, not feeling a bit like a first-rate bailiff.

All this goes to show how prone some men are to make poor innocent boys say and do things that they are afraid to do or say themselves.

I will only relate one more, one sad reminiscence of my first "place," and then pass on. This grocery was the evening resort of the men in the neighborhood (as such places usually are) to discuss politics and religion or irreligion, — for, as I remember, there was more of the latter than the former. Among those most constant in their attendance were two immediate neighbors, who were professed infidels and intimate with the proprietor, who, while participating in their views, was more

moderate and more decent in his expressions; and while they had no scruples in airing their most violent ideas, he would, upon some more than usually blasphemous outburst from them, say, "Oh, that's too bad!" then to me, "Thomas, you had better go home; I sha'n't want you any more to-night." One of these men was a druggist who lived near, and the other a "fashionable hair-dresser" next door, — both very handsome and apparently prosperous men; the former with a lovely wife, and the other a bachelor. And here were three intimate friends, living prosperously within a stone's-throw of one another. But behold the end of these men! One day about noon the report of a pistol was heard in the shop of the druggist. Upon entering from the street, he was found lying in the middle of the floor, shot through the heart, with the pistol in his hand. Not long after, the handsome barber was discovered one morning seated in his "saloon" dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and still holding in his hand the keen instrument of his profession and of his death. Not many months after this the grocer, having failed in his business, moved out of the neighborhood. It might have been a year subsequently, more or less, when it was reported that the last of this trio had been found hanging by the neck, dead in his garret where he had lived. Far

be it from me to judge these men, nor do I mean to say that the peculiar and violent manner of their deaths was an immediate judgment of God for their unbelief; but I do believe that their infidelity prepared the way to their death, and that thousands upon thousands have been deterred from committing suicide by their firm belief in a future life, and the fear of hurrying into the presence of an offended God. Exclaiming, perhaps, with Hamlet, "Oh that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter!" I also believe that no Christian *in his right mind* ever committed self-murder; for the idea of a man fearing to face his fellow-men or to meet the disappointments and vicissitudes of this life, yet possessing the courage to rush into the presence of the God in whom he believes, is too great a paradox to be entertained for a moment. Therefore we must conclude that a Christian, to commit this rash act, must first be driven to insanity, and thereby rendered irresponsible for the deed.

CHAPTER VII.

Before leaving my childhood behind me, let me say that long before this I had given up ship-building, and had turned my attention to the manufacture of musical instruments.

As Music has been my best and most constant friend since my childhood, assisting me to gain the means to pursue the profession I had chosen,— when, notwithstanding my up-hill struggles in the pursuit, Art herself persistently declined to lend me a helping hand,— and since then has been my close companion, the sweetest solace in my hours of leisure, and the source of the purest happiness in my family circle, I shall have considerable to say about her, first and last, in grateful remembrance of what she has been to me.

Now, I protest against any one's remarking that I should be a better sculptor if I had let Music alone, or had deserted her as soon as I could do without her assistance; for I don't believe it. Would Gustave Doré have been a better artist if he had spurned his violin, or Michael Angelo a better sculptor had he let alone paint and poetry?

Not that I presume to compare myself with either of those great artists; but as Nature, absent-minded, split my talent into kindling-wood, if I ever expect to set the river on fire it behooves me to make the most of every stick. And I don't believe I should have done even as well as I have in Art if, possessing the talent, I had never touched a musical instrument or breathed a vocal strain.

But to return to the manufacture of musical instruments. Before I was a dozen years old, I had become quite expert at making flutes of "cane-pole," or bamboo, to say nothing of my pumpkin-vine clarionets. Let me here observe that people who are not musical have no idea of the improvisional or temporary musical capabilities of these humble materials. The voice of the pumpkin-vine I must admit is somewhat harsh, but not much more so than the bagpipe; and in the hands of one who possesses a correct ear and some practical experience it can be converted into an instrument not to be despised. Were I to be cast away on a desert island that grew pumpkins, I am confident that I could while away many a lonely hour in breathing through their leaf-stems the simple melodies of other days; and a humble joint of bamboo would be a godsend such as Robinson Crusoe never dreamed of. Much practice enabled me to make the finger-holes or stops, in either of

the above-mentioned humble materials, of the requisite size and relative distance apart to form a perfect scale, and to play thereon the melodies I knew by heart. But my crowning triumph was a stringed instrument, which for that reason I called a harp, and did not know till ten years afterward (when I first saw one) that the thing I had unconsciously made was a zither. Whatever it was, it was a marvel to my mother when she heard me pick out the familiar tunes upon it. "Oh, my dear boy," she exclaimed, "how I wish I had money enough to buy you some kind of musical instrument!" Why should I pine for a boughten instrument when I could make it myself, and enjoy the making as much as the use of it afterward?

This harp or zither, let me tell you, on one occasion gave my dear mother an awful momentary fright. It happened thus: An opportunity occurred for me to spend a week away from home, at a greater distance than had ever separated my mother and myself. Preparatory to leaving, I deposited the harp on the floor under my bed, as the safest place, in view of our limited quarters. The next night after I left, my mother, as she was about retiring to bed, suddenly heard the harp burst forth into wild harmony. Can you wonder that she, although not naturally superstitious, should have looked upon it as a supernatural in-

timation that some terrible disaster had happened to me? Fortunately it was but for a moment, when the mystery was solved by our pet kitten appearing from under the bed, having finished her rehearsal for the next night's serenade.

I will now proceed to the second step taken to earn my living. I heard of a vacancy in the establishment of a "merchant tailor" on State Street, where I obtained the situation of errand-boy, at an advance of half a dollar a week on my previous wages.

During the year that I remained at this place nothing happened to me, I think, worth recording. But uneventful as that year was, it was vividly recalled to me a few months ago, when the young Concord sculptor, D. C. French, a former pupil of mine, wrote me from Paris, where he was modelling his statue of General Cass, to know if I could tell him anything about the style of pantaloons worn fifty years ago. As it happened, I was able to give him the information he required, and also the date when a radical and startling change was made in the upper part of those twin garments. The fashion-plates came over the very year that I was errand-boy to the merchant tailor, fifty years ago. I remembered it all these years from an incident that happened in our shop, and which I related to French, to his great amusement. If

you wish to know what it was, you must ask him.

I had been in this place about a year, when one day the foreman — who, by the way, I always liked, and who, I think, liked me personally — informed me that I had better be looking for another place, as they would not require my services any longer. He gave no reason, and being a very kind-hearted man, was no doubt glad I did not ask for any. My conscience told me it was for that for which I had been repeatedly reprimanded, — dilatory dawdling when sent upon urgent errands.

I was conscious of a sad habit I had of stopping to look into the shop windows. But the time was not consumed in looking at what the windows contained, but in gazing absently through the windows, through the shop and everything that intervened, straight to the horizon, seeing nothing, dreaming about nothing in particular, but wasting a deal of time. Often my friends would recall the focus of my eyes from the far distance to the vicinity of my nose by asking me what I was thinking about. How did they know I was thinking about anything, or nothing? By the same token by which you know your friend is dreaming when you exclaim, "A penny for your thoughts!" You notice that his eyes turn out more than is natural, unless he is actually looking at some very distant object.

These remarks might justly be considered trivial, if they did not lead to a description of a peculiar and interesting faculty I have which is possessed by very few persons to their knowledge, and which may be called stereoscopic power of vision.

All children are able from their infancy to turn their eyes in towards their noses, or look "squint-eyed" (and they do it too), but they cannot turn them out while looking at a near object. I did it once unconsciously, when a child, with the most fascinating effect. I was standing in church, looking intently at a carpet under my feet, being pleased with its small, regular figure, when of a sudden the floor seemed to drop to a distance of a yard or more, leaving me suspended in the air. Of course so startling an effect brought the focus of my eyes immediately back to the surface of the carpet, when the vision vanished, not to be recalled again till I was thirty-five years old. In the mean time the stereoscope had been invented. Now, the lenses of a stereoscope help the eyes to assume the position above described, enabling them to see two pictures in one, with that marvellous effect with which we are all familiar.

When I first visited London on my way to Italy, I was strolling through Oxford Street, enjoying the shop windows, when I came to one of an optician, to which I was immediately attracted by the rows

upon rows of stereoscopic photographs displayed therein. I began to look over them, interested in them only, of course, as single pictures, when, perhaps from their monotony, I began to dream as I was wont to do when an errand-boy and my time was not my own. My eyes looked *through* the pictures away beyond, when all at once that delightful, unique vision of my childhood appeared again. The pictures started out into stereoscopic relief. This time I had presence of mind enough to hold my eyes in that position (the pictures themselves assisting me) till they had roamed over every one in the window, to my intense delight. Then I quietly called back my eyes to the surface of things, — as they were frightened back on that first occasion in my childhood, — when the charming vision again vanished. I tried in vain to recall it that day; but knowing now what was the cause of it, by exercising these particular muscles, I was soon able to move my eyes out as well as in, without any effort.

From that time, you may be assured, the windows where stereoscopic pictures were displayed were most attractive to me.

Admitting that the effect produced by the stereoscope is bewitching to all who enjoy the sight of both eyes, if I can by a few words enable others to produce that effect, as I do, without the aid of

the instrument, I shall be helping them to a new delight, and may be pardoned for this long digression.

I don't know but there are many who possess this faculty, but I never have met but one; and he was a photographer, and could not explain it scientifically any more than I can. I only know that if you hold up the forefinger of the right hand in a perpendicular position before your eyes, at arm's length, look at it with both eyes, and then look immediately beyond it at the opposite wall, eight or ten feet distant, you will distinctly see two fingers about two inches apart, — the one to the right belonging to the left eye, and the left one to the right, as you may quickly see by closing one eye after the other. Now hold up both forefingers side by side, about half an inch apart, and, as you did before, look across them at the wall opposite, and you will see four fingers in a row, — two for each eye; then, still keeping your eyes on the wall, move your two fingers farther apart, until the two inside ones overlap, when you will see but three. Now try to look at each of the three, one after the other, without disturbing their relative positions. When you can see the middle one, which is double, distinctly and clearly as one finger, with another one on each side of it, you have conquered the difficulty and can now try a stereo-

scopic card, holding it at arm's length and first looking over it at the wall, when I think you will be delighted to see three pictures instead of two on the card, the middle one standing out in bold relief.

I am aware that many will say the eyes are too precious to be played with. If you are afraid of it, do not try it. I do not consider it playing with them, but simply strengthening and gaining a greater command over the muscles that move them, by exercising them as you do the hand or any other member.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now we will return to the tailor's shop for a moment, to leave it forever.

A few days after receiving my warning, I was strolling down Court Street on my way home, when my eye was attracted by a paper fastened to the doorpost of the old New England Museum; on it was written, in conspicuous characters: "Boy wanted; upstairs." I could hardly believe my eyes. My first impulse was to rush upstairs, to be the first to offer my services, as I was quite sure the notice was not there when I passed at noon. But my second thought, which I obeyed, was to fly home as fast as my feet would carry me, to ask my mother's permission to apply for the place. For once I did not dawdle. Visions of endless amusement and free passes for my mother and sisters floated through my brain. I had no idea what they could want me for, nor did I care. I had had enough of tailoring. My mother was delighted when I told her I had found a place; but when she learned where it was, her heart sank within her, her countenance fell. "Oh, my dear, I don't want

you to go there." I begged very hard. "I cannot bear the idea of your spending your days and evenings in a place of amusement. I am afraid you will never learn anything good or useful there." But after teasing and promising not to learn anything bad, I finally prevailed upon her to allow me to apply for the situation, but not to engage myself to any one until she had seen and talked with them.

I slept well that night, and was up bright and early, to be ready as soon as the Museum should be open. On nearing it I approached with faltering steps and a heart trembling with doubts and fears, — not such as my mother felt, but that I might find the paper removed from the doorpost. But no! it was still there. Little did I think then how much hung upon that, — how much that paper was destined to influence or give direction to my whole future life. And now I shudder when I think what my life might have been, had I not happened to be the first to secure the influence of that bit of paper. Happened? It was to be. I believe it was my good angel that pointed out to me that doubtful path leading to a happy life, — the angel whose presence I have since recognized at various stages of that life.

I entered, and was met at the head of the stairs by a dignified, rather clerical-looking gentleman,

wearing a white cravat, which was not habitual in those days with any but clergymen. When I told him I had come up in answer to the paper at the door, he asked my name and if I had any recommendation. I told him he could inquire of the "merchant tailor" on State Street. He then called a pleasant-looking young man, whom I perceived to be blind; and telling him what I had come for, asked him to talk with me while he ran down to State Street a moment. I think the blind gentleman was pleased with my voice, — which was always mild in tone while speaking, — for when the other gentleman returned, looking, I thought, as if he had not received a bad account of me, he told him he thought I would do.

The clerical gentleman then told me I could come on trial, at the same wages I had been receiving. I was, of course, delighted, but told him I had promised my mother not to engage myself till he had seen and talked with her. This seemed to please him, and he proposed to go with me at once to see her.

After a little conversation she became reconciled to the situation. I think it was the white cravat more than anything else that quieted her doubts; but I was happy, and returned at once to my friend the foreman, who congratulated me on finding another place so soon. So, after a hearty

shake of the hand and a "Be a good boy, Thomas," from the gentlemanly merchant tailor, — who I must say was never unkind to me, — I left them to enter upon my new duties at the Museum. These duties I soon learned consisted of sweeping the floors, dusting the pictures, keeping clean the glass cases, and showing strangers through the Museum. The latter was pleasant enough, and I did not mind dusting the pictures; but I think if it had depended on me to keep the glass clear, it would have soon become completely opaque, for washing glass was my abomination. But aside from that, I soon managed to make myself useful in other ways. Bringing forward my mechanical ingenuity, I succeeded in making several things "go" that had been resting in idleness for a long time. For instance: Across one end of the first hall stood a row of thirteen little girls, as large as life, dressed in fanciful costumes whose colors suggested the American flag. These little misses, whose pretty wax heads were decked with stars, represented the thirteen original States of the Union. Each one held in her hand a little hammer to strike a bell in front of her. These bells were graduated and tuned to form a musical scale of an octave and a half. At the end of the row was attached a good-sized hand-organ, which played all the patriotic airs, accompanied by the little girls on their bells.

This pleasing contrivance, called the "Musical Androides," had great attraction for the country-people. But at the time when I entered on the scene, the whole thing was sadly demoralized: nearly one half the States had seceded, and declined to join in the national airs; while the organ, though very shaky and wheezy, was still true to the Union, — being inclined to play two tunes at once. This was owing to the fact that the notes in the "barrel" were sadly bent and out of place, and that the wind-chest "syphered" awfully, — so the blind young man said, who, by the way, had taken a fancy to me, and was confident that with our united ingenuity we could soon repair those false notes, put a stop to that confounded syphering, and coax those rebellious young ladies back into the Union. And we did it, too, to the surprise and satisfaction of the clerical gentleman, who, I should have said before, was not a clergyman, but a very respectable and struggling portrait-painter, who took the superintendence of the Museum to help "make the pot boil." The white cravat was only an eccentricity of his.

Our next attack was upon another organ attachment called the "Military Androides;" where various couples were seen waltzing about, while companies of soldiers crossed and recrossed the hall, escorting Napoleon, Wellington, Washington,

and other modern heroes. These we found somewhat harder to manage than the little Union girls, although the heroes were much smaller in size; but we soon brought them to their senses, so that they resumed their harmonious march.

There were other mechanical contrivances which needed repair; one especially, called "The Hall of Industry." Upon a stage, six feet square, were placed about twenty little figures, each representing a different mechanical trade. On turning a crank behind, out of sight, the whole twenty were set frantically to work, hammering, sawing, pushing, pulling, hoisting, and lowering, with the accompanying noise and clatter that was perfectly satisfactory. But now for a long time this establishment had sadly belied its name. There had been a "strike" among the mechanics, one half of them refusing to work, and the rest seeming discouraged or intimidated, till we came among them, furnishing a new strap to one and a new spring to another, when we finally convinced them that with all our grinding we had no desire to "grind them down;" and with a little encouragement from us they took hold again as vigorously and noisily as ever, and we never had any more trouble with them.

All this was very delightful to me. I was perfectly happy till all the repairing was done, when

the time began to hang heavy on my hands, and the dust to lie thick upon the glass cases and picture-frames. In vain the superintendent threw out his gentle hints, suggesting that I should tell the visitors not to put their hands on the glass, as it was so soiled now that they could hardly see through it. I tried two or three cases, but my heart was not in the work; consequently it was far from being as successful as that upon the automatons.

And now comes looming up the proprietor, a perfect Goliath; of very imposing presence, somewhat resembling Gen. Ben Butler, especially about the eyes. He appeared about once a month, from his home in Hubbardston, to collect the "quarters" that had accumulated from visitors to the Museum. He seldom stopped more than one night; and that was passed in a side room which was kept locked, and which no one was ever allowed to enter, that we were aware of, even to dust it or make his bed. He was a rather jolly old giant, especially when he found a goodly amount of cash to carry back with him to his country home, where he had a large hotel and made other improvements in his native town that speedily swallowed up all the money that the Museum could be made to yield. He never spent anything in Boston but tickets, if he could avoid it; making a practice of paying for everything with either season or sin-

gle tickets to the Museum. So, of course, there was an extensive free list; and as there were at that time no club-houses, the halls of the Museum were enlivened on most evenings by a miscellaneous assemblage, mostly of tradesmen, with a liberal sprinkling of doctors, lawyers, artists, etc.

I well remember the first time I ever saw Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was a summer day, and although he must have been twenty-five years old, he wore, for comfort as an outer garment, a white linen short-jacket. It was not an uncommon garment for gentlemen in those sultry days, often giving them a boyish look in the back view. Mr. Kimball, pointing to the Doctor, asked me if I knew who that was. "Who? — the boy in the white jacket?" "That boy in the white jacket," said he, "is the celebrated surgeon and funny poet, Dr. Holmes." I opened my eyes in wonder, not so much at the celebrated surgeon as at the author of "the tall young oysterman" who lived by the river-side, — a song upon whose titlepage I had seen the Doctor's name. He was now standing looking at the celebrated "Fiji Mermaid," probably studying its complicated anatomy. This was before P. T. Barnum had made her famous.

Speaking of the Mermaid, I think I may claim the honor of being one of the first to acknowledge the merits of the young lady and to introduce her

to an admiring public. It came about in this way. One day a sailor came to the Museum to say that his captain, who was then in port, had brought home with him a most wonderful curiosity which he would like to sell, — no less than a real, preserved mermaid, urging the superintendent to come down and see it. His story was listened to as a sailor's yarn. I, being a boy, believed every word of it, and asked to be allowed to go down and see it. As it would do no harm, and my time was not worth much, they said I might go. So my blind friend and I started off together for the captain's boarding-house in Ann Street. I, of course, was disappointed at not seeing a beautiful flesh-colored female, but soon became interested after a careful examination, not being able to discover the point of junction between the codfish and monkey which seemed to be the component parts of the creature.

After learning that the price was one hundred dollars, we returned and reported so favorably of the ugly thing, that the owner was invited to the Museum, where he left his lady, departing seventy-five dollars richer than he came.

The Boston surgeons soon became as much interested in her as I was; although, to my surprise, they were more sceptical. But I know from some of their remarks that they would have liked to dissect her. There's one thing about it; if she

was a manufactured article, why has there never been another one made? Poor thing! I wonder where she is now.

But to retrace my steps. Squire Greenwood (I believe I have not mentioned the name of the bulky proprietor before) was quite a respectable portrait-painter in his young days, and many of the portraits now hanging in the Boston Museum were from his hand. His only remark when he saw me and heard that I had been engaged as an assistant was that he hoped the cases and picture-frames would be kept cleaner in future. Alas! Hope told *him* a flattering tale.

When he returned the next time, he looked round and asked me how many cases I had cleaned. I told him not many, as I had not had time. "Not time?" said he; "I don't think you know how much time you waste. I'll tell you what you must do,—get a little book and keep a journal. Every man should keep a journal, in order to know where the time goes. Write in it everything you do; and when I come back, let me see how much you have written." I reluctantly promised to set this ingenious trap for myself; but I had not much faith in it. I procured the book, however, and began to write in it, hoping all the time that he would forget to ask for it. But no! here was something he was paying for at the rate

of a dollar and a half a week, — not in tickets, but in hard cash, — and he was bound to get the worth of his money if he could; and who could blame him for it? When he saw me again, the first thing he asked to see my journal. I produced it with fear and trembling, painfully aware that so far as cleaning glass was concerned I had not earned my salt. He took the book and began to read. It ran something like this: —

Monday.— Swept the floor of the first hall. Went round with some visitors. Went to dinner. Cleaned a glass case: very hard to clean. Went round with some visitors. Went to supper.

Tuesday. — Swept another room. Dusted the frames. Went to dinner. Was going to clean another case, but could n't find the rags. Went round with some visitors. Went to supper.

Wednesday. — Made a new horse for the wood-sawyer, and fixed the blacksmith so he would go. Dusted picture-frames. Went to dinner. Began to clean another glass case. Went round with some visitors. Went to supper.

"I am glad we have had so many visitors," said the Squire. "But I don't see anything written for Thursday."

"No," I answered, "I forgot to write about Thursday."

The jolly giant, being something of a wag, ap-

preciating my awkward position, exclaimed with a "Haw! haw!": "Upon my soul! I really believe the boy is a genius, he's so lazy!" He never asked to see my journal after that. If he had, he would have seen nothing new in it, for I never opened it afterward.

Always on the 4th of July and on any other special holiday, the Squire made his appearance, in order to take immediate possession of the extraordinary receipts, which he carried away the next day. On the evenings of those occasions the crowd of visitors was so great as to require several persons to make change; and when the current up the stairs became too great, the giant would place his square yard of back against the crowd and stop it like a stone-wall. And if his good eye happened to fall upon a negro coming up the stairs, he would call out in his big, jolly voice, "Here, you darkey! you'd better turn back; we don't want any huckleberries here to-night." That witticism invariably put the crowd in good humor. Negroes were only admitted on ordinary occasions.

Notwithstanding my habitual indolence, I managed to keep my place and become a favorite, especially with my blind friend, with whom it was always pleasant to be, and who was not long in discovering my musical proclivities. Among the "deadheads" who frequented the Museum were

several young clerks and artists who were musical, and who found it pleasant to exercise their humble amateur talents in the little orchestra, which was situated over the ticket-office, and opened into the first hall, where they were above the heads of the people, and could be entirely out of sight if they wished. Here they would vie with one another for the applause of such of the visitors as pleased to remain to hear, without seeing them.

One day my friend heard my voice when I was alone and supposed I was out of hearing. He immediately dragged me to the piano, and made me, after much urging, repeat to his accompaniment the song I had been humming. He was much surprised at my voice, which I may after all these years be permitted to add was a strong, pure, high soprano, of exceedingly pleasant quality, and which I was finally persuaded to let the people hear; resulting, after my first fright, in much applause and many wagers as to the sex of the unseen singer. People hearing the voice from the street would come up and pay their "quarter," in order to decide their bets.

I soon found agreeable employment for part of my leisure time in scraping away at an old violin I found in the orchestra, which was kept for the service of any who wished to play on it for nothing. There were several whom I remember, — one,

a young man named Page Chapman, who afterward went West and became the editor of a political journal; another, a young scene-painter at the "Warren Theatre." Both played pretty well, as I thought. I worked away at the old violin, with a little assistance from the amateurs, till I was able to accompany my friend with his piano in the simple music he played.

CHAPTER IX.

One day when I was alone, the others having gone to dinner, the idea occurred to me to take pencil and paper and try to copy one of the many portraits covering the walls. I chose one that was painted in profile, as being the most easy to copy, and succeeded pretty well with the outline, but rather failed in the filling in. So I cut out the filling and threw it away, leaving a silhouette, which by placing black behind it became one of the cheap portraits so popular in those days. I showed it to a young wood-engraver who frequently dropped in of an evening. He compared it with the portrait, and said I had done very well for the first attempt, and he thought I might make some money by cutting the profiles of the country visitors. I told him I had never drawn anything from life, and did not think I could do it. "But," said he, "there 's no necessity of drawing to make that kind of thing from life. Get a machine." That was a new idea to me. I asked him what he meant. He said a friend of his had one that he thought he would like to sell, as he did not use

it any more. He would speak to him about it. I hardly liked the idea of a machine doing in a moment what had cost me so much labor; but if there were any money to be made out of it, I was ready to overlook the indignity, and wait as patiently as I could for my friend's next visit. He came the next evening and reported that I could have the machine for ten dollars, and the owner would wait for the money till the machine had earned that amount. There certainly could be nothing fairer than that.

I was not long next morning in seeing the owner and bringing away the instrument, which consisted of what is called a pentograph of wood, to be placed flat against the wall. From one end of it projected, at right angles, a slim steel knife about six inches long. To operate the machine, the sitter placed his ear against a small projecting pad and sat perfectly still. The artist (?) then, beginning at the back, passed the edge of the projecting knife gently over the back and hair to the forehead, then carefully and "gingerly" drew it down over the face, throat, and bust, — occupying about four seconds, — when, behold! the exact outline in miniature would be found traced on a bit of paper by a steel point which had travelled over its small field in perfect sympathy with the knife. All that now remained to be done was to cut it out with a small

pair of scissors and put a bit of black paper behind it.

The next time the proprietor appeared, I asked permission to hang up my machine in one of the side rooms; which he, knowing how useful I was making myself in various ways, granted, but advised me to continue to try to learn to draw, and kindly refrained from mentioning the diary or the glass.

I started business at once, and was surprised and delighted to find how many desired to be immortalized by my scissors.

I did not long confine myself to the head alone; but by practice I was soon able to draw in the figure by my eye. This, while it obliged me to study, brought me in fifty cents for each portrait, which was four times as much as I received for a simple head.

I also established a savings-bank in the shape of a box with a small hole in the top to slip in my earnings, until I very soon accumulated enough to pay for my machine, after which I went on swimmingly.

The first time I ever saw the eminent sculptor Henry K. Brown, Squire Greenwood, the proprietor, — who began to take a sort of selfish interest in me, — brought and introduced him to me in the Museum, and suggested that I should cut his pro-

file; which I did, and afterward visited him in his studio. He was then modelling and also painting portraits. Curiously enough, I was more attracted by his paintings than his busts, although the latter — the first I had ever seen in clay — seemed to me much more wonderful. Perhaps, for that reason, no thought or desire entered my head or heart to attempt anything of the kind myself. I do not think I ever met him again till I greeted him as a brother sculptor in Washington, more than twenty years after. Then he reminded me of the profile I cut for him in the old Museum, which I had entirely forgotten, but which he said he still preserved.

It was here also, in the Museum, that I first heard of Hiram Powers, — not however as the great sculptor, but as "that fellow in the Cincinnati Museum, — the cutest fellow you ever see! He filled a little room all full of figgers jumping about and cutting all sorts of capers, and had the walls all painted like fiery flames. He called it the infernal regi'ns, but *I* called it *hell* when I happened to take holt of the railing round it, and got a shock that 'most broke every bone in my body. They laughed, and said it was 'lectricity; but I thought the devil had kicked me."

I often heard of "that ingenious fellow" from the Western visitors to the Museum. Little did

I think, then, that "that fellow" would ever take me by the hand in a far-distant country, and welcome me as a brother sculptor, and that we should sometimes compare notes and experiences in times long past as Museum boys.

Here let me pause to apologize for presenting two words — one of which I have used before — in full, instead of skeleton form. I am aware that it is vulgar to do so. But they are not my words; and their skeletons would fail to do full justice to the peculiar language of their authors. I do not forget a spanking I got once for calling a boy a "cruel little devil." My father heard me, and the spanking followed. But his spanks never did hurt much; although on this occasion I felt a little grieved inwardly, because I knew the boy was just what I called him.

I know it is considered indelicate to write those words in full. But in telling a story the outside letters are about as effectual as baling out a boat with a gridiron. However, I shall omit all such words in future.

I had now been in the Museum three years. In the mean time my wages had been increased to two dollars a week, which with the money I picked up from cutting profiles enabled me to scrub along. I drew a little every day, and dabbled a little in water colors in the way of copying. I had also

attempted one or two miniatures from life, but had hardly thought as yet of becoming an artist, till one day my mother expressed to me more earnestly than usual her anxiety for my future. Friends had told her she was not doing her duty if she allowed me to go on any longer in the way I was going, and that she ought to insist upon my learning some good trade. I then suggested to her my great desire to be an artist, which idea she tried to persuade me to abandon, fearing my failure ever to be able to earn my living. However, she consented to consult and be advised by our clerical superintendent, the portrait-painter. But great was my disappointment the next day, when she asked his advice, to hear him tell her she had much better apprentice me to a bricklayer than consent to my becoming an artist. He spoke feelingly, from his own experience. Poor man! he had a hard struggle of it all his life.

Now, it seemed to me to be necessary to compromise the matter in some way. Among the constant attendants at the Museum were Mr. Abel Bowen, the then celebrated wood-engraver, and his half-dozen or more apprentices, who all had season-tickets taken in payment for various wood-cuts made for the "posters." These boys I talked with, and finally, with my mother's consent, asked Mr. Bowen if he would add me to his list of pupils.

He said he thought there was no doubt about my being able to learn the business if I applied myself diligently; that I might come for a year on trial, and if at the end of that time we were both satisfied, I could keep on, and he would then give me for the future whatever I might be worth to him. For the first year, of course, I would receive nothing. That last remark was very reasonable, but very alarming. What could I do? I should have nothing to live on for a year. Here, notwithstanding my humble ability and pretensions, Music stepped in to lend me a helping hand to meet the emergency.

Not long before this, another place of amusement had been opened in the building opposite the head of Hanover Street. It was called the "State Museum," owned and conducted by Madame Duchesne.

One day the lady sent for me to call on her. Major Stevens — a famous dwarf of those days, and a very warm friend of mine — was then exhibiting at her Museum, and had spoken to her of me. The Major was a very intelligent little fellow, about three feet high, and something of an artist himself in the way of drawing on wood for engraving. I went over and called on Madame Duchesne. She asked, without much ceremony, what Squire Greenwood was paying me for my services. I told

her two dollars a week; but that I was thinking about giving up my situation, to learn a trade. She disappeared for a moment, and returned with a violin and begged me to play her something. After playing two or three simple melodies, she said: "I suppose your trade will only occupy the day; your evenings will be free. Now, if you will come to me, I will give you the two dollars a week for your evenings alone." I told her I would think of it. But the thought was not a pleasant one. However, it gave me a new idea, and I ought to feel grateful to Madame for the hint.

When the proprietor made his appearance again, I told him what I wanted to do in regard to learning a trade, and also what Madame had offered me.

He thought I was right in what I desired to do, and added: "I guess you are worth as much to me as to Madame Duchesne. So we'll let the wages go on, and you can give us your evenings, and occasionally cut a profile, which will be so much the better."

Of course I was delighted, and immediately began my apprenticeship to Mr. Abel Bowen, who with two or three engravers had formed an association called the "Bewick Company," and occupied, with their several pupils, a large hall in Court Street. These pupils were a jolly set of boys, harmlessly mischievous as any boys need to be,

with two exceptions. One of these was harmless, and the other mischievous. The former — I think the oldest of these pupils — was a very quiet, serious young man, of a rather religious turn of mind, and naturally the victim of many of the practical jokes. The latter, his opposite in every respect, might be called a rough customer; he had been to sea one or two voyages, was not backward in joining in the fun, but let any one of them play a joke on *him*, he would offer to "lick" the whole crowd if he could not discover the perpetrator.

I will give here two specimens of these harmless jokes, although none but boys will be likely to appreciate them.

I had made for myself a convenient little box to lock up my tools in, and this the boys took great delight in hiding from me. One morning I missed it from my desk, and after hunting in vain for it in every nook and corner, it occurred to me to mount a ladder that stood under a scuttle cut in the roof for ventilation. Upon looking out, I saw my poor little box mounted upon the tallest chimney growing out of the very ridge-pole of this steep roof. I recognized at once the hand of the sailor, for no one but a sailor or a monkey could have reached that eminence and returned safely. So to the sailor I was forced to humble myself, and after much persuasion recovered my precious box,

but at the sacrifice of a new ink-ball which I had made for my own particular use and which he had long coveted.

The old Museum had recently added above its ridge-pole a railed platform for the benefit of the country-people, and called an "observatory," — although there was little to observe beyond the roofs of the neighboring houses. Our serious young man, George Miles by name, had engraved a large wood-cut representing the Museum with flags flying above the new addition, to head the posters, announcing in the biggest type "OBSERVATORY." The young irrepressibles for a 1st of April joke took one of these posters, — which had been preserved for a proof of the cut, — removed and divided into three words that conspicuous polysyllable after this fashion, "OBSERV. A TORY," and pinned it on to Miles's back, as a reminiscence of his last work. But with all their mischief, they all respected him too much to have allowed him to go out with that silly observation pinned to him.

About this time the question suddenly fulminated on the community — and met either with a burst of indignation, a sly twinkle in the eye, or with a loud "Ha! ha!" according to the way each one looked at it — was, "Who decapitated the new figure-head on 'Old Ironsides'?"

It will be remembered by many that, by an Act

of Congress, the old frigate "Constitution" was ordered to be overhauled and repaired. When this was done, the party in power, I think, suggested and carried out the idea of removing the old figure-head, — which, my impression is, was a female figure, — and substituting a colossal statue of "Old Hickory," — Gen. Andrew Jackson, — much to the disgust of the opposite party. But the morning after the first stormy night revealed the ghastly fact that "Old Hickory" had lost his head. Hence the startling question, which has never been satisfactorily answered from that day to this.

But what I was about to say in connection with these mischievous boys was this: They conceived among themselves the idea of launching on the public, before the excitement caused by the outrage had subsided, a good-sized wood-cut representing the "sawing off," illuminated by a blazing flash of lightning, — which failed, however, to reveal the nocturnal execution to the eyes of the sentries, who had gone in out of the rain.

One of the juvenile conspirators went over to the navy-yard and made a careful sketch of the old ship, — this was before the days of photographs, — and they all worked on the block by turns to facilitate its advent. But, alas! just as it was finally ready to be printed, the old gentleman, Bowen, heard of it, and was horror-stricken at the idea;

fairly shuddering at the narrow escape of the Bewick Company, whose honor and credit — he explained to the boys — would be ruined forever by such a joke being traced to them. He was so grateful, however, at having discovered it in time, and also so appreciated the disappointment of his boys at being deprived of their joke, that he bought the dangerous boxwood block of them at a generous price and destroyed it.

Among the regular patrons of the Bewick Company, while I was with them, was the comic actor and punster of the Tremont Theatre, Henry J. Finn, familiarly called "Old Finn," from the characters he liked to assume. It is not generally known, or has been forgotten by those who remember him, that he was a draughtsman and designer of no mean capacity. For his benefit nights he generally designed some caricature or illustrated one of his comic songs as a heading for the programme. These he would draw on the wood, and bring to the Bewick Company to engrave. I can now recall his genial face, the glow of pleasure that would steal over it, and his delighted "Do you think so?" when some one would remark that he was improving in his drawing.

Those boys have mostly passed out of my sight and knowledge, but not out of my memory. Hammat Billings, — the handsome, blue-eyed one, —

after making for himself an enviable reputation as an architect, died. Tom Deveroux — the dashing, musical one — I last saw in Philadelphia now nearly forty years ago. Henry Brown — a delicate boy, with whom I had the most sympathy — I met many years after in Rome, where I think he was vice-consul. Of the two odd and opposite ones, the sailor I never met afterward; but the serious one I was delighted to receive a visit from in my house in Florence, as the Rev. George Miles, of whom I shall have occasion to speak again later.

But to return to engraving. The year was passing pleasantly enough; it could hardly be otherwise with such merry companions. I was occupied principally in drawing. Finally I was intrusted with my first block of boxwood, to engrave a small copy of a wood-cut. As usual, I was so slow about it that Mr. Bowen, — as it was an order, — getting impatient, set another boy to work on the same job, who finished it before mine was half done. I thought he might have done it better, if he had taken more time about it. But I kept on with mine for practice, and had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Bowen say that if he had thought I would do it so well, he would have waited for me. That was my first and last engraving. I wish I had preserved a proof of it.

Before the year was completed, I had decided

that wood-engraving was not my forte. I was pining for color, and told Mr. Bowen that I had made up my mind to study painting. If I had seen such entrancing effects as are produced nowadays, I should have thought twice before giving up wood-engraving. He, probably thinking that I would not turn out a very brilliant ornament to his profession, only urged me to remain till my year was out; and upon my expressing a great desire to begin painting at once, consented to release me. A very short time after that the establishment was burned out, and the firm dissolved partnership and went their several ways. Mr. Hartwell, one of the partners, afterward became quite distinguished as a portrait-painter in oil and crayons.

CHAPTER X.

I RETURNED to the old Museum, but as my own master during the day, roaming over the whole establishment at my own will, — drawing a little from my old companions, the paintings on its walls; painting in water colors a little, studying music a little, and wasting a good deal of time dreaming. In fact, I should have been very happy if my income had been a little larger. My lovely soprano voice had deserted me some time before this; but I had held on to it so long that when it did go, it departed without lingering, and in less than a year was replaced by another of baser quality, but no less melodious, and more in keeping with my age and size.

The pecuniary service it was destined to be to me began in this way.

A musical friend one day hearing me sing a song just then very popular, — "As I view now these scenes so charming," from the opera of "La Sonnambula," — asked permission to let a friend of his hear me sing it. I of course consented, little thinking to what it would lead. The next

day he introduced me to Mr. B. F. Baker, a well-known singer and teacher of music, who, after hearing my voice, asked me if I would not like a situation to sing in church, and if I could read music. I told him I could read simple music at sight, having taught myself from the prefatory pages of the Psalm-books then in use, with my mother's assistance. He invited me to come to him the next day and let him see how well I could read, which I readily promised to do. The result was that he told me of a vacancy in the quartette choir of St. Paul's Church, which he had no doubt I could fill satisfactorily, and that he could secure for me the situation. They were paying but small salaries at that time, but it would be a good opening and good practice for me, and lead to something better.

As you may imagine, I was charmed at the prospect of adding one hundred dollars a year to my small income by singing Sundays. But I looked forward with fear and trembling, — fearing that I should not secure the place, and trembling for my capacity to fill it. My voice, however, secured for me the situation, and made them lenient to my indifferent reading. And what was very encouraging under the circumstances, they applauded my "tearful tremolo," which was principally the effect of my not exactly "stage," but choir fright. This

I very soon overcame, and gave so good satisfaction as to elicit many expressions of regret when at the end of the year I accepted at another church a higher salary than they could pay me.

In the mean time my clerical friend, the artist and museum-superintendent, finding that I was determined not to adopt "bricklaying" as a profession, kindly invited me to his studio, where he gave me every facility in his power to learn to paint. Here I copied two or three of his pictures, and drew from the few casts in his possession. One I remember distinctly, — a cast of Houdon's bust of Voltaire, — which I copied in oils, in black and white; and how proud I felt to hear an artist who called in ask who painted it, and say it was like Alexander in touch.

Now, Francis Alexander was at that time my ideal of a great artist. He had lately returned from Europe, and his portraits were the rage. They seemed to me then — and indeed ever since — to be full of character, strong and firm in drawing and of masterly touch. His studio at that time was in the old Columbian Museum building, which stood where the granite building between the King's Chapel burying-ground and the Boston Museum now stands. He occupied two large rooms, — the outer a free exhibition-room for his finished portraits, and the inner one his studio.

Many an hour did I pass in that outer room studying his pictures. He often put his head out of his studio door and bade me good-morning in his gruff though not unkind voice, but never came fully out or invited me in to see him paint.

One day I copied in colors a small print of Lord Byron, and succeeded so well with the likeness and my improvised color that I had an immediate order to paint a whole family, — three children in miniature, and the father and mother in life size, all in oils; for which I received the enormous sum of nineteen dollars, — five dollars each for the parents, and three for each of the children! With this encouragement — as my friend and master was about to start on a professional tour in the country — I decided to take a studio myself, and "hang out my shingle" in the shape of a small glass case containing my Lord Byron with two or three other little attempts, and a card announcing "Miniatures painted in *oil*, Upstairs," not daring to put my name to them. In fact, it was two or three years after opening a studio, before I dared to let my name appear at the door. My price at that time was three dollars each for miniatures in oils. I had not the courage or impudence to invite life-size orders until a year or two afterward.

I shall always remember my first order in the new studio. A very respectable-looking gentleman

appeared one day, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom he introduced as his sister whose miniature he was desirous that I should paint. I tremblingly made an appointment for the next day. They came promptly at the hour, and I began the picture. Now, this was the first strange young lady that I had ever had occasion to gaze at squarely in the face. If I could have painted her asleep or with her eyes looking down or turned away, it would not have been so awkward for me; but her brother wished the eyes of the picture to "look at you." To do this I must, when painting those beautiful orbs, ask her to look toward me. But alas! when she did so,—and I must say she did it well and piercingly,—my eyes would instantly drop to my picture; nor could I raise them again higher than her mouth, till a hasty glance told me she was no longer piercing me. The consequence was, the mouth was like, but the "look at you" very indefinite. But it must be remembered that I was young, and the lady very beautiful.

The most important circumstance to me connected with this, my first commission, is to be related. When the miniature was finished, the brother did not find much fault with it, but was not particularly enthusiastic. He probably thought of the small price and my humble studio. At any

rate, he took out his pocket-book and tendered me a ten-dollar bill to change, as the smallest he had. Of course, I could not, but took it down to the street to get it changed. Unfortunately it happened to be a New York bill, which at that time was at a slight discount; each State issuing its own bills, the people preferring them to those of any other. I could not get my bill changed, and had to return it to the gentleman, who replaced it in his pocket, saying he would call again for the picture, and departed. After he had gone, I sat down with the miniature in my hand and a great weight upon my heart. I made up my mind that I should never see the gentleman again; and as I looked at my work, I could not blame him if he never returned for it. The best thing about it, as I remember it, was the green silk dress, which I had been able to study without embarrassment. Nevertheless, I keenly felt my disappointment, as I had been depending upon that three dollars to make up my first month's rent. But next morning my hopes brightened, my spirits rose again to par upon entering my studio; for there upon the floor, smiling up at me, was the ten-dollar bill, which I supposed the owner had inadvertently dropped in returning it to his pocket. "Now," I thought, "he will miss his money and come back for the picture." But he did not come, and I preserved

that precious bill two or three months, not daring to spend it. One day I left my studio for an hour in charge of an artist friend; when I returned he informed me that a gentleman called in my absence to look at the picture of the lady in a green dress; saying, after looking at it, that he would call again. I asked if he had mentioned money in any way. "No, he said nothing about money." After keeping the bill awhile longer, I ventured to spend it. I have never seen or heard of that blessed brother and sister from that day to this. I have often thought the dropping of that bill was not an accident, but one of those lifts over stony places that have so frequently occurred to me in my struggles, — what we are so apt lightly and thoughtlessly to call Godsends, but which I firmly and reverently believe to have been literally Godsends to me.

Behold how many words I have expended in telling this simple story of a ten-dollar bill and a three-dollar picture! It only goes to show how immense was the importance of the former to me at that time, and how small the intrinsic value of the latter.

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW days before my friend departed on his artistic tour in the country, his successor appeared to take charge of the Museum, in the person of a handsome, rosy-cheeked, rather refined-looking young man, whom the Squire had sent down from his own town, Hubbardston, thinking — and with reason — that it would be safer to trust his property with some one he had known all his life than with a stranger. He and I became very good friends, especially after he had seen my sister Mary, a couple of years older than I, who called one day to see me, — or perhaps from curiosity to see the new young man, which was not at all unlikely after the glowing description I had given of him at home. At any rate, they were mutually "struck" with love at sight, and shortly became engaged and married. A truer and happier couple I never knew than they were during his short life. He died, poor fellow! about six years after, leaving a daughter and two sons, the younger of whom followed him a year or two later. The other son

has lived to become as noble and honorable a man as his father.

During the engagement of the young couple a rather amusing incident happened, which I will relate in as few words as possible.

This new superintendent — Charles Grimes — had fitted up for himself a small lodging-room in the Museum, and was in the habit of departing in the middle of the evening to spend an hour or two with his lady-love in Leverett Street, where my mother lived, leaving me to close the Museum at the end of the evening, and bring him the key, sometimes meeting him on his way back. One evening, as I was walking home through Green Street, toward eleven o'clock, with the big key in my hand, I saw him approaching with his familiar long cloak held up to his face, hiding all but his eyes. As he came up to me, I suddenly stepped in front of him, and with the most dramatic voice and attitude I could command, presented the key, pistol fashion, and demanded his money or his life. He started back, dropping his cloak, and — oh, horror! — revealed the face of a perfect stranger. I did not stop to argue with him, but cut home as if the very Evil One were after me. There I found the real Charles Grimes, who asked me, in alarm, what was the matter, — if I had seen a ghost. "No," I answered, "only a stranger." For a long time after

this I was in constant fear whenever I ventured into the street, of meeting my victim, and being recognized as the young ruffian who had attempted to rob and perhaps murder him. I don't think I have thoroughly enjoyed a practical joke since.

It had been whispered about for some time that Squire Greenwood would like to retire from the proprietorship of the Museum if he could find any one to buy it outright. It came to the ears of John Harrington, the celebrated ventriloquist and magician, who had frequently played short engagements at this establishment and had decided that it would be a good investment to buy it. To secure the property, as he thought, he took an indefinite lease of it, intending to close the bargain of sale when he could no longer hire it. Considering himself now the proprietor, he fitted up a little stage for his own and similar performances. My blind friend and myself were informed that we were to continue to make the music evenings, and to look to him for our pay. This went on very pleasantly and profitably for him but a short time, when one day he came to us, looking very pale and excited, to tell us that he was "no longer our master;" that Mr. Moses Kimball had actually bought the whole collection, to take possession at once. The next day Mr. Kimball appeared, and told us very pleasantly that he hoped it would

make no difference to us. I, for one, was pleased, and sympathized with him, as I was told he had been unfortunate in his former business; and I hoped he would succeed in this new venture. But his trouble was to begin immediately. Mr. Harrington went at once to the owners of the building, and finding that it was free from any lease, took one, I think for five years, and immediately set about making a collection of his own; buying out one or two small museums and bringing them together, I remember, in a big loft on Hanover Street. When all was ready he sprang the mine on Mr. Kimball in the shape of a legal warning for him to take his goods and chattels out with the shortest possible delay.

This was a terrible blow to poor Mr. Kimball. I think he was more shocked and grieved by this unexpected countermine than Harrington had been; for the latter was no worse off when turned out than he was before he entered. But what was Mr. Kimball to do with all these cart-loads of articles on his shoulders, — articles ranging from a stuffed elephant down to a butterfly, to say nothing of the hundreds of wax-figures, paintings, glass cases, etc.? Where was he to look for a place to store such a quantity of stuff at so short a notice? He soon rallied, however, and found the old Bromfield Hall and some other empty rooms on Tremont

Street, where he managed to pack away in a solid mass this immense collection, until the old Horticultural Building could be remodelled to receive and exhibit them properly.

Since that first opening day Mr. Kimball's march has been onward and upward without interruption. All through the museum war, my friend and I pursued the even tenor of our way until both museums were opened, when we were invited to choose which we would serve, and soon decided to follow the fortunes of the old original "New England," under a new name, — "The Boston Museum." And a good thing it was for me; for from that small beginning Mr. Kimball became my life-long friend, interesting himself in my Art-struggles, and aiding me from time to time by giving me small commissions while I was a painter, and when fortune had smiled on us both, and I had acquired the ability to make, and he the means to pay for it, giving me the munificent commission for the colossal bronze group, "Emancipation," which he presented to the city of Boston.

CHAPTER XII.

But to return to the days of small things.

I continued to paint miniatures when I could get them to do, as long as I occupied my first studio, which I was obliged to leave at the end of the year, on account of changes to be made in the building. I applied in turn for two or three rooms without success. The landlords were suspicious of artists, young ones in particular, and insisted on a quarter's rent in advance, which, of course, was impossible for me. I finally found a room opposite the head of Hanover Street. I had heard that the landlord was a very hard and close man to deal with, and hardly dared to approach him; but thinking he could not be worse than the rest, I called on him, and learned that the price of the room was one hundred dollars a year. I asked, falteringly, if I could have it for a studio.

He looked at me sharply for a few seconds, and answered, "Oh, yes."

"Must I pay the rent in advance?" was my next question.

"What for?" said he.

"That you may be sure of it."

"If I were not sure of it when due, I would not let it to you. I think you will pay. You can come in as soon as you please."

I moved in at once, resolved that I would go hungry before I would fail to pay my rent.

Here I painted my first life-size portraits, — I did n't count those two five-dollar ones that I lumped with the family; you would not, if you could see them. One, the portrait of my mother, made quite a sensation when seen at the Exhibition of the Mechanics' Association, and gained for me the first medal, for "The best Portrait;" and, let me tell you, it was not the only one there, but one of many by some of the best Boston artists. The hands of this portrait were particularly praised; and to this day artists on looking at it invariably express their surprise that I should have given up painting. I don't know whether it was a bit of inspiration derived from the subject or purely accidental; but this I do know, that it was a long time before I could approach it again. It brought me in no new orders for life-size portraits, although my miniature business increased so that I was obliged to raise my price to five dollars.

Oh! I came near forgetting to mention my first ideal picture, which was painted in this room, and a brief account of which may be found to possess

some amusing points at this time. All the other rooms in the building were represented by big signs on the front; mine alone presented a very inviting space under the window, which my friends advised me to fill. Now, I would not have put my name out for a small fortune. But there was my modest little anonymous device "Miniature painting," which might be enlarged to colossal dimensions, to be read half-way down Hanover Street, and as no one would recognize me on the street as the owner of it, might perhaps do me no harm. I applied to a queer old sign-painter upstairs; but finding that it would cost more than I could afford, the old fellow suggested that I should paint a picture on each side of a swing sign that he had an order to paint for a fishmonger, but which he hardly felt competent to do himself, and he would paint over an old sign which he happened to have — making it as good as new — with my device. This I at once agreed to. On one side I was to paint a codfish as large as life, for which he would furnish the model. His idea for the other side was to represent a thrilling scene of a horror-stricken negro in a boat, being run away with by a big fish he had hooked. The codfish was satisfactorily painted, and the catastrophe on the other side — my first ideal picture — sketched in, when the old fellow observing that the monster fish occu-

pied in the picture about the space that a small mackerel would fill, measured it with his eye, went away and returned triumphantly bearing a mackerel of the right dimensions, to be copied as carefully as I had done the codfish. As long as he did not see the incongruity of it, why should I try to shirk the labor? The picture went out representing the strongest mackerel on record. Years afterward I tried in vain to trace this sign. I would give a good deal for it now.

One day a sea-captain, attracted by my little show-case below, came up with his friend the mate, to know how much I would charge to paint "a little small" picture of him. I told him my price was five dollars. "Five dollars!" he exclaimed, in astonishment at that exorbitant price. "Why, I can get a banner painted for that." His friend, with a little more delicacy, began to say he did not think there would be time enough to sit then.

"Oh, I've got time enough," interrupted the old bear; "but—five dollars!" Before going out, he picked up from the table one of my largest and best pictures, and carelessly dropped it on the floor, splitting the ivory from top to bottom. His mate, who was really ashamed of him, hustled him out of the room before he could do any more damage. This I put down as one of my unlucky days. It was not Friday, either! Let me here remark

that if I were inclined to be superstitious I should put down Friday as my lucky day. Many of my most successful works have been begun on that much-abused day, and without the slightest premeditation on my part.

The miniature part of my business was now going on prosperously, but not yet the first order for a life-size portrait. So, in order to get any practice in that branch, I had to depend upon the members of my family and such outside friends as were willing to sacrifice their time to my doubtful efforts. The kindest and most patient of the latter was my dear old friend Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Frothingham, at whose church I was at that time singing. Talking of singing reminds me that it is time for me to pick up and pursue for a little while the other movement in my *Fugue*.

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAD recently, by invitation, become a member of the Handel and Haydn Society, who were then giving their Sunday-evening concerts in the old Boylston Hall. Among the soloists I remember Mr. Ephraim Frothingham, in his rôle of the angel Raphael in Haydn's "Creation." There was Sam Richardson, the jolly giant, whose voice as well as his bulky person was so effective in the part of Goliath, in the oratorio of "David." The next season I was invited, and consented to take the part of Adam, in the "Creation." Being my first appearance as a soloist, I was of course almost frightened to death, and I fear would have made a *fiasco*, had it not been for the encouragement of my companion, Eve (Miss Anna Stone), whose wonderful confidence and self-sustaining power made me ashamed to break down.

All this, it will be said, must have interfered with and taken my time from the study of my legitimate profession. Perhaps it did a little; but I could no more have kept out of it than have followed it to the abandonment of Art. Besides, most

of my musical practice and study of my parts was done in the evening, after the labors of the day were over; for I looked upon music as almost my only recreation.

I had now moved my studio into the spacious old garret in Tremont Row, where for the next twelve years I labored, studied, played, slept, and sometimes took my frugal meals. Here, far up above the noisy crowd, most of the time the sole occupant of the building from sunset to sunrise, I could yell and bellow to my heart's content, with no fear of disturbing anybody, — which fear has been the bugbear of my life ever since I left the dear old den. While there, no fear of any kind ever entered my head, notwithstanding an occurrence that my friends thought should have awakened any less stupid head than mine to a sense of danger.

The street door to the building was very seldom locked. I don't remember ever locking it myself, although the Suffolk Savings Bank occupied the whole of the first floor above the street. One would suppose that they would have insisted on having this lower door fastened. Perhaps knowing that I slept in the building alone, they took it for granted that I would for my own safety see to that. But they did not know what a careless fellow I was in that respect. In fact, I have never

yet learned to lock my doors at night against dishonest people. The honest are the ones I have been compelled to remember to lock out in broad daylight, or I should not have accomplished one half that I have.

As I was about to say, one morning I was descending from my attic to go out for my coffee, when I was confronted at the door of the bank by the naturally melancholy face and stern, piercing eyes of the cashier,— eyes that seemed endeavoring to bore through mine to the very back of my head. They rather fascinated me. I smiled before he began to speak; but when in his slow sepulchral tones he murmured, "Do you know — sir — that the bank — was entered — and — robbed last night?" it occurred to me then that he was *searching* me. It seemed to me so very ludicrous that I could not refrain from laughing outright. Shocked at my levity, he looked at me more sternly than ever, if that were possible, and remarked that he thought it no laughing matter. By that time I began to think so too, and asked him, with a straighter face, if he thought I had robbed the bank. He answered, without committing himself, "I was about to ask — if you — heard — any noise in — the night." I told him I had not; apologized for having laughed at his perplexities, and went on my way to breakfast. I don't think he could have

heard of my youthful attempt at highway robbery, or I should not have gotten off so easily.

It seemed that the bank had really been entered some time during the night with false keys, and an insignificant amount of money stolen. It was strongly suspected that some one in the employ of an old locksmith who occupied a room in the old building opposite — where the Boston Museum now stands — and had made the bank-locks, was the guilty one. Nothing, however, was done about it but to replace the lock by a stronger one.

Just then I had a show-room on the second floor, over the bank, and under my studio-attic. Not long after the above incident, I found on descending one morning that the mysterious robber had been paying me a visit during the night; doing no damage or mischief whatever, only strewing the floor with the miscellaneous contents of a table-drawer, but carrying away nothing. I think quite likely, though nothing was said to me about it, that after this a spy was set to watch the locksmith opposite — and me, for aught I ever knew to the contrary; for soon after, a very amiable and ingenious young friend of mine — apprentice to the locksmith — was detected in the middle of the night, hiding in the upper story of an extensive shop on Cornhill, kept by an old German, named Cramer,

a well-known importer of musical clocks, mechanical toys, and many other ingenious contrivances. This young man was generally esteemed, and especially so by his master for his industry and cunning ingenuity, but thought to be half cracked on the subject of perpetual motion; so that the story he told at his examination — that his nocturnal visit to the toy-shop was prompted solely by an irresistible desire to examine a new piece of mechanism recently imported by the German, who had refused to let him look at it — was generally believed, and he was let off.

One would think that after the above experience my rest would have been troubled by fears. Not at all! I slept as tranquilly as ever. Was it the sleep of the innocent or of the stupid? It must have been one or the other.

I will only relate one more mysterious entrance into my studio, and this exclusively for the benefit of the little folks. A word of description is necessary.

Besides the window cut in the side of the roof for me to paint by, there was the original one high up in the middle for ventilation. This was reached by a ladder, left standing in summer for convenience. One morning on entering after breakfast I was surprised and puzzled to discover half-a-dozen of the little pill-boxes containing my choice

dry color opened, and one or two of them upset, my palette streaked in every direction, the paint dragged over it as by the fingers of a child, and various other indications of a "good time" having come off during my absence. Knowing that I had not left those little boxes open, and that my little friends the mice could not have done it, my next thought was of the spirits, who were just then becoming popular. But I decided to wait and watch. The next morning on going out, I cast my eye over the table and saw that all was in order. On my return, what was my disgust and indignation to find everything upset as before. The following morning, after a shorter absence than usual, I approached the door silently, and opening it suddenly, heard a scuttling and saw at a glance the rascal half-way up the ladder; and before I could get to him he had seated himself on the sill of the window, and with the impertinence of most boys when they know they are spryer than their pursuer, turned and grinned at me, bade me good-morning, and I never saw him afterward. I had not heard that one of my neighbors owned a pet monkey who generally took his airing about that time in the morning, or I might have guessed the truth before.

I had now fairly established myself as a portrait-painter,—actually put my name on a small tin sign

at the door, only occasionally painting a miniature. I well remember almost the last one I painted. It was while I was still wrestling with the difficulties of life-size work.

A lady whom I slightly knew, called at my studio one day, introducing a beautiful elderly lady as Mrs. Shaw, wife of Chief-Justice Shaw. Smiling sweetly on me, this lady asked me if I could keep a secret. I told her I could if necessary. She then went on to say that she had conceived the idea of having me paint her miniature, to be carefully put away where it would be found after she was dead, — a pleasant surprise to her children. I promised to comply with her request, and have kept her secret until it can now be no longer one; as the dear lady has long since passed away.

When the picture was finished, — which, as I remember it, was one of my best, — she expressed herself perfectly satisfied with it, and handed me a twenty-dollar gold piece. Upon my tendering her ten dollars in exchange, she pretended surprise, saying she understood my price was twenty dollars. At any rate, she had expected to pay that, and would not think of giving me any less for my work. What could I do? Feeling confident that it was only her kind heart that prompted her to double the price of my picture, and that it would have grieved her if I persisted in refusing, I ac-

cepted it almost with tears in my eyes. She then presented me with a little gilt-edged religious book, — showing that my spiritual welfare was not absent from her thoughts, — and wishing me all success in life, departed.

Not long after this I had the honor of painting a half-length life-size portrait of the Massachusetts Attorney-General, Samuel D. Parker, — a gentleman who, while he was the terror of the criminal portion of the community, was honored and respected by all lovers of law and order. Outside of the law-courts he was the most genial and entertaining man I ever met. His strong and regular features and fine expression made him a very desirable subject for painting. But I shall never forget the intense mortification I felt when, on leaving at the end of the last sitting, he took my hand, and in his most courtly voice and manner thanked me for the very pleasant hours I had afforded him by my *entertaining conversation.* The blood rushed to my face at the consciousness of having hardly uttered a word during the dozen or more sittings. His speech seemed to me for a moment to be intentional irony; but the next, I felt sure that he was too perfect a gentleman to indulge in anything of the kind under the circumstances. I could only conclude that either I had been more entertaining than in my obliviousness I had been aware of, or —

as was most probable — he, being so good a talker, and I such a capital listener, really thought that I had sustained my full half of the conversation.

This portrait was as good and satisfactory a likeness as I generally succeeded in making; but it was painted in a rather loose manner, which I at that time affected in imitation of Alexander's bold touch, — a style which I materially modified, after a critic in speaking of my portrait of Sinclair called it a good likeness, but slobberingly painted. "Slobberingly" was a good word. I saw at once that in my admiration for Stuart and Alexander I had failed to go deeper than the surface. It must be remembered that at that time there were no schools or academies where the student could learn the technique of his art; but each was obliged to dig one out for himself, taking the works of those more fortunate artists who had studied abroad, for his models. The consequence was in my case that each picture was a new experiment. Oh, how dear old George Fuller and I used to labor in those days, — arguing, comparing, painting in, and scraping out, while we wrestled with color; appreciating and feeling in our hearts and all through us what we wanted to do; sometimes catching a sunny glimpse of it on our canvas, only to see a cloud come over it, bearing our very souls down to the dust! He, dear fellow! persevered till he finally

acquired for himself that mysteriously beautiful technique which so enchanted us, and enchants us still; while I, after a few years' groping and stumbling after the phantom, color, — trying a new path with each new picture, often with a bright glimpse of success which ought to have warned me not to abandon that path for one apparently shorter or more pleasant, — gave it up in despair.

Some time before this I became acquainted with Mrs. William B. Richards, — Miss Cornelia Walter at that time, — under circumstances that would seem to refute all my previous claims to diffidence or modesty.

She was the editor of the "Boston Evening Transcript." But when she was a girl, — she was but little more than a girl at this time, — before she came so prominently before the public, before I even knew who she was, I used to look at her in the street, fascinated by her lovely color and stately figure, thinking, "If I could only have her for a sitter, I know I could make a picture such as I never made before." And when I learned who she was, that she was the sister and successor of the late Lynde M. Walter of the "Transcript," I plucked up all the courage I possessed, and one day called on her at her house in Joy Street.

Sending in my name, I was ushered into the

drawing-room, where in a few moments she joined me, looking more lovely than ever as she walked into the room. I had never seen her without her hat before; and the blond hair, together with her sunny smile, was a new revelation that nearly upset me. However, I managed to introduce myself as a young artist desirous of painting her portrait.

"But, don't you know," said she, "if I should sit to you, I could not write about you, because it would look as if I were calling public attention to my own picture."

"Oh," I answered, "I would much rather you would sit to me than write about me."

The moment the words were uttered, I felt that if color were my object, I had only to look in the glass; for I realized that I had unwittingly reflected upon her writing. But she quickly came to my relief with that merry laugh of hers that no one who ever knew her can forget.

"Well, I will not promise to sit to you, but I will visit your studio very soon."

She came the next day, and when I ventured again to ask her to sit to me, kindly consented, if a miniature would content me, as she dreaded to see herself the size of life. She evidently preferred my small pictures. Of course I was grateful for so much, thinking that perhaps the large one would

follow. Well, this picture was finished, and I am sorry to say was rather a failure; at least it seemed so to me after the great things I had promised myself. I had resolved to make the most of her concession by selecting my very largest ivory tablet, and painting her two-thirds length. She was one of the most pleasant and patient sitters imaginable, — if you can call it sitting when she was on her feet, poor thing! all those long hours; for it was a standing position. I hinted from time to time my conviction that I could do her and myself more justice if she would consent to sit for a life-size picture. This, with the amiability of an angel, she agreed to do, providing she were allowed in reality to sit.

This picture — also two-thirds length, the favorite Copley size — was finished more successfully than the small one, and formed a very attractive feature in my studio till not long afterward she married, when it naturally went into the possession of her husband, Mr. William B. Richards, and was transferred to the walls of their drawing-room.

The after-history of this picture was so peculiar that I may venture to relate it. More than a year after it left my studio I received a note from an Englishman by the name of Howarth, — very famous at that time for cleaning and restoring old paintings, — desiring me to call at his studio to

see a picture painted by me that he had recently been restoring. I could not imagine what it meant. I was not an "old master," to be treated in that way. I took an early opportunity, however, to call and find out about it. I was conducted into Mr. Howarth's private studio and seated at the proper distance from a picture, which upon being uncovered revealed my portrait of Mrs. Richards. I thought it a little singular that she had not called upon me to varnish it, if indeed it needed it at that early day. I expressed as much to Mr. Howarth.

"Is that all you see that I have done to it? Go a little nearer to it."

I did so, failing to discover anything else. He then told me, with great satisfaction, that since I had seen it last the head itself had been in a dozen small pieces, and the whole transferred to a new canvas, but that Mrs. Richards would tell me the story. I lost no time in hearing from her the mystery. It seemed that the picture had hung in the drawing-room on the wall, directly opposite the door leading into the hall. It had been the daily habit of Mr. Richards on his way to the breakfast-room to open this door, and — like many another foolish young husband — bid good-morning to his wife's portrait. Judge of his horror upon opening the door one morning to find the head missing, and

the blank wall staring through the round hole in the canvas. There, strewed about the floor, were ten or a dozen bits which when placed together revealed the fact that one important piece was missing; nor could it be found after hunting high and low. An Irish servant-girl, who had been ill of brain-fever, had stolen out of her room in her delirium, and with a pair of scissors had effected the mischief, but could never remember afterward what she had done with the other piece.

The picture was taken down and, with the small pieces, put carefully away, and the whole thing hushed up, Mrs. Richards not daring to tell me about it, hoping some time to find the missing piece. This hope was realized about a year afterward, when the servant had left the house. Upon clearing out a bureau in her room the long-sought-for bit was found outside and behind one of the drawers. The whole was then left with Mr. Howarth, with the result above recorded.

It seemed that I was wise after all to prefer that she should sit to me rather than write about me. It was not only the beginning of a long and delightful friendship, but was the occasion of my receiving several commissions from her family,—her mother's portrait among them.

CHAPTER XIV.

Much of my time was now employed in making sketches and studies for ideal compositions. Many of them went no further, but some were carried to the finish. I think the first one was a composition in miniature, painted on a white porcelain tablet. I would here remark that I never used anything but ivory or white porcelain for my miniatures, — it will be remembered that they were all painted in oils, — some of which, not larger than a good-sized pea, were painted for bracelets or breastpins. For these ivory presented the most delicate surface possible.

It was my practice to lay in my first sitting with transparent water-color. This carried the picture one stage, without disturbing or affecting in the least the satin texture, which was very important in over-painting in oils.

The composition of which I was about to speak was a "Holy Family," composed of five full-length figures. Think of my presumption! But it was only another example to prove that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." I speak of this

picture because it was the one I took to Washington Allston for his criticism, the only time I ever saw the great artist in his studio.

He was then living at Cambridge, where he had built a big studio of wood, one story high, to accommodate his great work, "Belshazzar's Feast." It was said that a friend calling one day on the artist, and receiving no response to his repeated knocking, was told by some boys playing near by to "throw some rocks upon the roof, and he'll come out fast enough."

But I had no difficulty in gaining admission, and had a most delightful visit. He came to the door himself, — a most ethereal-looking old gentleman, with long, flowing hair as white as snow, and clean-shaven face, almost as white as his hair. When I told him I was a young artist he most kindly invited me into his reception-room, where he talked to me in the most simple and fatherly way about his early Art-struggles. When I uncovered my little picture and begged him to tell me if there was anything good in it, he looked at it carefully and said there was much that was good and original in it. He criticised the hands of Mary and Elizabeth as being too large. "But," he said, "it is a much better fault than if they were too small. I have noticed that Stuart, as great an artist as he was, sometimes made his hands so small as to

suggest birds' claws. A large hand — if not too large — gives majesty to a figure." He also criticised the colors that I had opposed to each other in some of my draperies. Taking out a pencil, he then drew for me on a bit of paper the well-known (though new to me) diagram of the three overlapping circles, writing in the names of the three primary colors and their compound opposites. This was a system of arranging colors entirely new to me, and one I afterward found very valuable.

Before he left he expressed regret that he could not show me his large picture, — which I had not dared to mention, — as he did not like to show it in its then transition state. Alas, poor man! he little thought how soon it would be exhibited in that state to the ignorant, unsympathizing world. I went away with the impression that he was the truest artist and most angelic man I had ever met; and now I cannot help contrasting his sweet manner to me, a young stranger, with that of many would-be-great artists whom I have met since.

After many paintings in and paintings out of various subjects, I finished a large picture of "Christ in the Temple with the Doctors," composed of five figures, as I remember, life-size, half-length, besides two in the distance of Mary and Joseph. There were some things in this picture I

think as good as anything I ever painted. It was liked very much by the artists, and made me talked about for some little time. I was invited to send it to the Academy Exhibition at Baltimore, where it gained for me an honorary membership. From there it went to an exhibition in Washington, and received a medal. I then disposed of it to the Art Union of New York for three hundred dollars, — not a mean price in those days; at any rate, I was satisfied.

There is one branch of Art that I have had some practice in, which I had come near forgetting to mention. In all my striving to paint flesh as it should be painted, I can only remember twice, perhaps three times in my life that I have succeeded in painting the real living flesh, in which you could actually see the blood circulating. Perhaps it will be interesting to hear how I did it. The first time was while I occupied my first studio.

One Monday morning I received an early visit from the "Irish cutter" employed by the tailor who made my clothes. He appeared in rather a dilapidated condition, and with one eye in deep mourning. He said he was having "a bit of foon" Saturday night, and met with an accident, and that it would be as much as his place was worth to appear at the shop with his eye in that state, and begged me to "touch it up a bit" for him. In

vain I told him that I had never done or heard of such a thing. He said it was a common thing in the "ould country," and he was sure I could do it. Now, I had never tried my hand at fresco-painting, but I took some opaque water colors and "touched it up a bit," matching the tints of the good eye. The result was perfectly satisfactory to him, and he went away delighted to have really found a "friend in need."

My next patient was a more illustrious personage. Several years after the first case, — also Monday morning, — a gentleman mounted to my attic, whom I recognized, notwithstanding one eye was covered, as one who had been pointed out to me on the street as Belcher Kay, the celebrated pugilist and teacher of "the manly art of self-defence." He also had met with an accident "while boxing with a friend," and I should do him the greatest favor if I would paint it over for him. I had my palette on my thumb, and at once repaired the damage. This, I think, was more successful than my first effort, barring the gloss. But I assured him that being done in oils, it would not fade. He was very grateful, and much surprised that I declined to accept any pay; saying, as he left, that if I cared to do them, there were many such cases occurring in his profession, and he would recommend me. I heard the next day that "the friend"

who gave him the black eye was a burly countryman who, upon the Professor's invitation from the stage of the theatre where he was giving an exhibition of the "noble art," for any gentleman to step up and try a round with him, had jumped up from the "pit" and on to the stage, and before the Professor could adjust his gloves, pitched into him with a blow in the eye that knocked him halfway across the stage and ended the performance.

The third and last case touched me more nearly than the others, inasmuch as the occasion of it came near causing my death of a broken neck. In a moment of absence of mind I stepped backward from the very top of my ladder, but fortunately had presence of mind enough left to turn like a cat and come down on all-fours. But my arms were not strong enough to prevent my chin from striking the floor with a terrible bump. When, after trying my limbs, I found there was nothing broken, and I had strength enough to get up, I looked in the glass to see what damage had been done to my chin, — which at that time was shaven. Remembering that I had engaged to take a prominent part at a "musical" that evening, I decided that some patching-up would be necessary, and my wound soon vanished from sight under the manipulation of my brushes and colors.

Speaking of absence of mind, I will relate one

true case as absurd as many of the manufactured ones. One evening I sat reading in my studio, when, my fire getting low, I took the scuttle and shovel in one hand, and a tumbler of water from the table in the other, went into a pitch-dark room without the slightest hesitation or fumbling, got my coals, and only discovered upon replacing the glass upon the table, that it was not the candle, which I intended to have taken, and without which I could not have done the same thing again.

CHAPTER XV.

The next year after disposing of my picture of "Christ in the Temple," I painted, on a canvas somewhat smaller than the above, a scene from "King Lear," representing the King, Cordelia, and the Physician. This was bought immediately by the Art Union for two hundred and fifty dollars. Many years afterward, remembering this picture pleasantly, and being desirous of possessing one of my own paintings to leave to my daughter, I traced it to Jersey City, where by permission of the owner I saw it for the first time since it left my studio, nearly twenty years before, and was not disappointed in it. After having told the lady who I was, I explained to her why I wished to own it, as an apology for asking her if she would sell it back to me. She said she could not possibly think of parting with it, as it had hung so long on her wall that it would be like parting with one of her children. The best I could do was to obtain a promise from her that if ever she wished to part with it she would let me know first.

About two years after this, I received a letter

from her to the effect that as they were about to move into the country, she had concluded to sell the picture; that her friends told her it was worth five hundred dollars at least, and that I could have it at that price. Fearing if I let it slip now I should never see it again, I closed the bargain, — glad on the whole that my pictures did not depreciate in value, and that I had found out a good way to prevent it.

After having sold these two pictures, as I said before making the above digression, I began to think that the dream of my life was about to be realized. I had been told that a young man could go to Italy, spend a year, and come back again for five hundred dollars. It was hard to believe; but with the two hundred I felt sure I should get for the picture then in hand, I thought I should be safe. I therefore began to make my arrangements to start as soon as I should receive it. I had now no one to keep me at home, my dear mother having been dead some years. She lived only long enough to guide her boy by the quicksands and over the stumbling-stones of his early youth to the more fair and open road of life; then leaving him the compass, — the memory of her holy life and precepts, — went home to her rest.

My four sisters had married comfortably, the two youngest of whom followed their mother a

few years after. The two oldest rearing their families at a distance from the city, I was left alone. Hence my strong desire to avail myself of an early opportunity to go abroad for improvement in my art, and I was now only waiting the last few dollars to enable me to do so.

I remember at this time I received a friendly visit from Alexander. As I have before remarked, he never invited me inside of his studio, but frequently visited mine. Upon my telling him I had decided to go abroad, he asked me what I meant to do with all my canvases. I told him I should give away all that were worth taking to my friends. He wished I would give him some little thing to remember me by. I was so delighted and flattered that he should desire to possess anything of mine, that I told him to help himself to anything he liked. After looking round the room, he chose a portrait of myself, at which I felt still further complimented. This portrait was one of many I had painted of myself from time to time, when I wished to try some new experiment, and could induce no one to lend himself to the trial. I know there was something good in this one, for when I exhibited it at the Athenæum, Mr. Frothingham — a then celebrated portrait-painter, and pupil of Stuart — inquired of the door-keeper who I was, and left word for me to call on him; which I did,

and was complimented by him for my "bold manner." In fact, Alexander would not have carried away anything very trashy under his arm, as he did this picture, much to my gratification.

The annual exhibition in the Athenæum gallery was always of great importance to the artists, as it gave them an opportunity to compare their works one with another, and occasionally see a good picture from outside; for, as now with the Museum of Fine Arts, there were persons fortunate enough to own good works of Art, who were proud to be invited to loan them to such an exhibition. The collecting and arranging of the pictures were generally given into the hands of the artists, who were always ready enough to accept the charge. I remember the first picture I ever exhibited. It happened that year that an Englishman by the name of Haward — a connoisseur and dealer in old pictures — came to Boston with a choice collection of "old masters," which he was desirous of showing to the public. He was invited to take charge of the annual exhibition, with the privilege of accepting or rejecting any outside contributions. I took my little picture — an oil miniature — to him, not feeling very hopeful, and asked him if it was good enough to exhibit. He accepted it at once. The next day an artist friend told me that Mr. Haward spoke of my picture, and ex-

pressed his surprise that I did not know it was good.

These little compliments from old and established artists I used to treasure up for comfort in my hours of despondency; for I really do not believe I thought any too much of my own work, and now it seems to me that I painted better than I knew.

I have said that persons owning good pictures were generally proud and willing to loan them to be exhibited at the Athenæum. But there were occasional exceptions. I remember one year when I happened to be one of a committee of three appointed to collect and arrange the pictures. We heard that an old gentleman on Franklin Street was the owner of some choice old portraits, among them two or three fine "Stuarts." We called upon him at once, stated our object in coming, and begged permission to see his pictures, expressing a hope that he would consent to contribute two or three of them to our exhibition.

"Walk in, walk in, gentlemen!" said he, opening the parlor door. "You do me great honor; look round and see what you find to admire." So encouraged, we did look round and selected three or four (the Stuarts of course among them), which we praised very highly.

"So you like them?" appearing to be very much

gratified; "and you would like those four for your exhibition?"

"Yes, very much, if you will be so kind."

"Well, gentlemen," putting his thumb to his broad nose and playing an imaginary clarionet with his four fat fingers, "you can't have 'em."

This climax was such a ludicrous surprise to us that after looking at each other a moment, we burst out in a chorus of laughter and bade the old cock good-morning. When on the street, we decided unanimously that our friend was rich, but vulgar.

Well, by this time that remittance from the Art Union ought to have come, so that I could be off to Italy. Alas! in a few days my picture was returned to me with a letter stating that the committee considered it quite inferior to the other two which they had bought, and declined to accept it. This came like a blow in the face, destroying every thread of confidence in myself. I decided at once to postpone indefinitely my visit to Italy.

CHAPTER XVI.

To give the reader an idea of studio life, — or at least the life of my friend George Fuller and myself while we were struggling together, — I cannot do better than introduce a letter published in the "Boston Daily Transcript" shortly after the death of my friend in 1884.

THOMAS BALL ON GEORGE FULLER.

In my last "Transcript," April 1, I read an interesting article on my dear old friend, George Fuller. Thinking that a few earlier items of his career might also be of interest to his many friends, I have endeavored to recall some incidents of those hopeful days between 1846 and 1850, when he and I were wrestling together with color in the attic rooms of No. 17½ Tremont Row; and if I speak of myself more than would seem necessary I must plead a natural desire to improve the opportunity of appearing in such good company. I had at that time the very top floor, under the roof, the rafters of which were gazing down at me in all their rough nakedness until I veiled them with a casing of cheap calico. George occupied the room directly under me, making it convenient to take our pictures into each other's room, as we proceeded with our work, for comparison and

criticism. We were then struggling after Allston's color; being fascinated, as were all the young artists of that day, with his unfinished canvases which had been exhibited not long before. "Belshazzar's Feast" was our particular study, as that seemed to show his method in all stages of his work. I think the effect of his then admiration for that great artist can be traced in all Mr. Fuller's works. Joe Ames was another who was striving after Allston's method, and at that time with more success than either of us; his pictures creating quite a sensation for their Titian color, although neither of us had ever seen a Titian. I will relate a little incident characteristic of both artists, Ames and Fuller. The former was fond of making a mystery of his peculiar method of working. Calling in on us one day, we teased him to tell us how he produced his beautiful color; and being somewhat flattered, he gave way and went into an elaborate explanation of each step in his work. On his next visit Fuller brought forward a really charming bit of color, and told Ames that it was painted after his method, which he thought he should adopt in future. Ames seemed evidently alarmed. "Oh, well," said he, "you know you can't tell anything by that, because I never paint twice in the same way." "No?" said Fuller, much amused; but as I have mastered that way, tell us another."

About this time, 1848, a very energetic mutual friend, himself an artist, conceived the idea of forming a private Art Union, to enable each of us — Ames, Fuller, and myself — to show what we could do on a large canvas. He was very sanguine of being able to interest several moneyed men of his acquaintance to carry it

through. The canvases were to be of uniform size (four by five feet). We were each to choose his own subject, and be paid a good price for his work. The pictures were to be exhibited, and the best one engraved. We all accepted the proposition, and I made my sketches (subject, "Christ in the Temple with the Doctors"), and went to work at once on the big canvas. But the other two, being less credulous as to the financial success of the enterprise, never got beyond their first sketch, — which showed their superior wisdom; for before my picture was finished the whole thing fell through, either from the "moneyed men" seeing too little of the other two pictures or too much of mine. The latter, however, was finished and purchased by the New York Art Union, and at the drawing fell to the lot of Mrs. Osgood, the poetess and wife of the artist. What became of it afterward I do not know, but I would like to see it once more, as it was painted just when the Allston epidemic was prevailing among us.

Let me here remark that we shall never have another Joe Ames or George Fuller till some of our young artists learn to appreciate Allston as highly as they did. Not that I would have them all Allstons or Fullers; but it would be pleasant to meet with one occasionally, instead of seeing them all modern Frenchmen. And I consider the "Belshazzar's Feast," unfinished as it is, a perfect mine of color. I think I hear a chorus of young voices exclaim, "What an old fogy!" Well, dig away, boys, in your own way; if you are conscientious workers, you will come out all right.

But to return to our old friend. He seldom finished a picture while we were together, — often disgusted and

painting out, — and I doubt if there are many in existence painted at that time. If I remember rightly, there were one or two in the Thomas Thompson collection which was burned in the old Tremont Temple fire, and, I think, several beginnings among a cartload of my own unfinished rubbish (the accumulation of twelve years in the old garret) that I packed away and left under the eaves, but which had totally disappeared on my return from Europe, two years afterward. If they are still in existence, which I very much doubt, and any one will return to me the two or three from his hand, he may keep the rest of the cartload. By the way, there is one picture of his in existence which, without accusing him of "art fraud," I can justly claim to have assisted in producing. One day he came to my door, palette in hand, and with a most woe-begone expression. His picture was in a "muddle," and would I be a good fellow, take my guitar, and stir up his sitter? As the sitter happened to be a mutual friend and a most charming young lady, whose face we had both painted more than once, I could not refuse. So I dropped my palette, and seated on the step of her throne, I sang her a love song, while he serenely painted away. After the sitting was over, the riddle was, Whose heart of the three was most stirred, how was it stirred, and who stirred it? As neither he nor I could guess it, we gave it up. But I got him out of the "muddle."

Dear, amiable, dreamy old boy! How we did dream together in those days, ay, and work too! Speaking of dreaming, we had in each of our studios, divided off, sleeping accommodation which the economy we

were obliged to practise prompted us to avail ourselves of; and thus, notwithstanding the floor between us, we were brought into still more intimate relations with each other. Now I do not remember that I ever "went a-fishing with him," but we often went serenading together. Though he was not musical himself, he had the highest admiration for my humble performances; and on many a summer night, when we could not sleep for the heat, we used to take my guitar and sally forth after midnight (dogs in the manger that we were!) and disturb those who could. I never declined to assist in paying that delicate compliment to anybody in whom he might have recently become interested; always having the most implicit faith in her beauty and merit, if he said so. He used to say he went as my "obbligato accompaniment" and protection; and for those services claimed any little flower or bouquet that might by accident drop from above during the performance. I remember at one time — but I wonder if these things are interesting to anybody else? — I had by the strictest economy scraped together money enough to buy a carpet for my studio. But when the carpet was paid for, there was nothing left to pay for making it; when dear old George came to the rescue by suggesting that we could make it ourselves, which we accordingly did; and I think our female friends would have been highly amused could they have looked in on us as we sat cross-legged upon the floor, with a candle on each side of us, sewing away for dear life. Our refreshment on that occasion consisted of a bottle of ale and a plate of crackers and cheese. Why we did not have tea I do not remember, for we were both extrava-

gantly fond of that beverage, and often indulged in a social cup together in the studio. We neither of us smoked at that time, but enjoyed an occasional pinch of snuff out of a long, slim black snuff-box kept in the studio, which went by the name of "the young pirate's coffin," from its general resemblance to that sombre receptacle, and which generally made its appearance when George did. He was a favorite nephew of Mrs. Hildreth, wife of the historian, — a lady of considerable celebrity as a miniature-painter, and something of a musician, at whose house we used to spend many pleasant evenings.

I wish I could recall some of his dry, quaint sayings, but it is too long ago to remember more than that they were often very funny. His logical inductions were so reasonably absurd as to seriously disturb all faces but his own. Always the same sweet, lovable companion! It delights me now to remember that not one harsh word ever passed between us during all those years that we were so intimately associated. He left Boston for New York before I made my first visit to Europe. When we next met we were both married, he had retired to his farm, and I had deserted paint for clay. It was while I was at work upon my equestrian Washington that he called on me during a flying visit to Boston. Twenty years passed before we met again. I shall always be grateful that we were permitted to meet once more in this world. I called at his studio door last summer, and when he opened it, stood for a moment silent. He did not recognize me; but at the first word he remembered the tone of my voice, and then, I assure you, our greeting was mutually satisfac-

tory. After talking a few moments, I was delighted to hear him ask if I happened to have "the young pirate's coffin" about me. He was then at work on a portrait of a little niece of mine, "the young lady in a white dress," which must be the last portrait he ever painted. I was pleased to recognize in it the same warm feeling for color, the same tender sentiment that marked his early efforts when we were struggling together nearly forty years ago.

Twenty years without meeting. It will not be so long again, dear old boy, before we meet.

THOMAS BALL.

FLORENCE, April 20, 1884.

CHAPTER XVII.

I NOW approach a most important crisis in my life, which I find somewhat embarrassing to touch upon, involving as it does a confession which men are generally loath to make. The great majority of men as well as women have at some period of their lives, for a longer or shorter time, suffered "the pangs of unrequited love." But men are apt, when they find their oaths have been unavailing, to be ready on the next occasion to —

> Forget the oaths they lately swore
> And swear they never swore before;

so ashamed are they of what they consider a womanish weakness, yet one too strong for them to escape from.

I have often been asked — oftener by my female friends, perhaps because they are naturally more curious than their brothers — what made me abandon Painting for Sculpture. I have always evaded the question when I could, and when I could not, have — well, not told the whole truth. But now, after so many happy years have passed since the

calamity happened that caused the change, I will confess that what suggested the idea, and made me lay down my palette and take clay into my hands for the first time, was — Love.

"Oh, do tell us about it!" I hear a fresh young voice exclaim; "I do dote upon a good love-story, especially a real one."

Well, Miss, as this professes to be a true story of my life, and as this episode wrought so important a change in that life, and, above all, as I know you are dying to hear it, I will tell it; but you will find it a very one-sided affair.

One would think that situated as I was at this time financially, disappointed in my fondest hope for the want of a few hundred dollars, the idea of falling in love, with such a frail prospect of being able to support a wife, would have been the very last to occur to me and the wildest to indulge in. But the truth was, I never in my life had been so completely and severely alone as at this time. My only intimate friend and companion — George Fuller — had left me and taken up his abode in New York. I seemed to have no one to turn to for the sympathy my heart craved.

Then, in the midst of my yearning, one face would constantly come up before me, — a face that I had gazed at and studied much and often in the last few months with no warmer feeling I thought

than professional admiration. But now it seemed to me, if I could be sure of the sympathy and love of that one being, I could begin again with renewed vigor, and labor patiently till I could conquer fortune. I may here observe that my friend George was the innocent cause of the trouble that was brewing for me.

One day a year or more previous to this, he came into my room raving about two young ladies whom he had met and been introduced to, — I think at his Aunt Hildreth's house, — "Such subjects for pictures!" and I must meet them. He had the programme all arranged. We were to take one of our midnight strolls with the guitar, serenade them, and afterward call on them together. He had already spoken of me to them, and obtained their permission to introduce me. I was all ripe for the serenade, but from natural diffidence hesitated at the thought of calling upon them afterward. We did, however, finally carry out the entire programme. The serenade was a success, and the evening call not long afterward delightful.

I found these young ladies as fascinating and pictorially suggestive as my friend had represented them. They were both blondes, — I believe I have already confessed a weakness for blondes, — so far alike, but no farther. The younger was a bright, pert little body, in stature about the popular Venus

de' Medici height, with complexion like a sun-ripened peach, well mingled with the pearly tints that painters so love to revel in; features not over-regular, the nose just elevated enough at the end to make one feel grateful that the corners of the mouth slightly drooped, giving the face in repose an exceedingly innocent and childlike expression.

The elder sister was totally different in temperament from the younger, taller in stature, and more fully developed in every way; features more regular; the same glorious color in flesh and hair, the latter growing low enough to admit of its being tossed away from the forehead and temples in the most ravishingly picturesque manner, — the whole structure looking as if a breath of wind would blow it away, but it never did. They both had this marvellous faculty of doing up their hair, which seemed to melt out of the flesh without a line, — only a delicate, pearly half-tint to mark the division.

Well, this elder sister was the one whose face now haunted me in my loneliness. The only hope, or reason for hope I had, was her readiness to sit to me as often as I asked her, never refusing or hesitating, always expressing the greatest interest in everything I did.

I had called upon her many times the past year for assistance in my ideal pictures, and it seemed to give her pleasure to sit to me. George was

evidently more taken with the younger beauty, whose portrait I also had painted. But he had made many studies from her bright young face. She it was at whose feet I sang the love-song to call out the right expression for him, while her serene and quiet sister was silently working the mischief with my heart.

I now resolved to watch more closely for any sign of a response on her part to the feeling she inspired in me.

I began a new picture on a larger canvas than I had yet spoiled, laying in a scene from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," where the old harper is playing before the Duchess of Buccleuch and her ladies. Among the latter my beautiful blonde was to occupy the most conspicuous position. As usual, she was ready and willing to sit to me as often as I wished.

As I gazed at her face day after day, growing more desperately infatuated, knowing that she must long since have read my secret in my eyes without making the least response, I resolved to tear myself away from her. The picture was now nearly finished, and I seriously intended to "pull up stakes," and open a studio in New York.

I may as well confess that I did go for the above purpose, but — returned the next day! That was only one of the absurd things I did at this time

which I shall say nothing about, as they were not original. But I came back determined to speak out, and receive my sentence from her own lips, which I did that night; and it seemed to me the sentence of death. She was kind but firm, and I was soon convinced that there was not the slightest hope of any change in the future of her sentiments toward me.

I left her, feeling that life had no further use for me, nor I for life. How I found my way back to my studio I don't know; but I did, and after walking the floor half the night, slept. You know men are said to sleep soundly the night before their execution. I awoke next morning, amazed that I felt so calm, but weak as if just recovering from a fever.

> "Shall I, wasting in despair,
> Die because a woman 's fair?
> . . . . . .
> If she be not so to me,
> What care I how fair she be?"

I did care, though, but determined I would not die or waste any longer in despair. I took my picture, from which her cold, calm face was looking out at me, and with a sigh laid it down on the floor; then, pouring over it half a gill of spirits of turpentine, with a big piece of pumice-stone scoured the surface colors all into one muddy veil through which could be discerned only the design.

So much for my last two months' work. I may here add that many years afterward I repeated the operation of the pumice-stone and turpentine to this same picture, — this time scraping off the muddy mass, leaving the most tempting foundation to re-touch into. But I never did.

To return to the first scouring. After turning the picture face to the wall, I felt a strange sense of relief, accompanied by a morbid indifference to everything. Shutting myself up in my studio, I endeavored to divert my mind — and succeeded in a degree — by reading one or two stimulating novels of no very great depth. After a week of this kind of nursing, I felt that a change of diet was necessary. I began to feel like work, but I must be amused withal. What could I do? I could not bear the sight of my palette, or anything pertaining to painting. An idea struck me all at once like an inspiration. I would get a piece of clay to play with, — only to play with till the return of a more healthy state of mind.

With this thought I went begging to my friend King the sculptor, who kindly furnished me with a lump of clay the size of my two fists. With this I hurried back to my studio, stuck up the clay on the top of a pedestal, and with a few sticks that I whittled out, began a little head, with which I soon became so absorbed and fascinated that I forgot

all my troubles for the time being, and wondered that I had never before thought of this very agreeable diversion.

I now found myself rapidly convalescing; and soon there only remained of my recent illness a settled but not unpleasant melancholy in heart, which lent itself somewhat I fear to my countenance. But the cure was wrought.

There, Miss, you have the whole of the first act; and I hope you have been highly edified. I think you will find the second act more interesting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Some may think that one love-affair is sufficient at present; but if they imagine that after devoting so many lines to one, I shall remain silent in regard to her through whose sweet influence my whole after life has been made serene and happy, they are much mistaken. All these months that I had been crying for the moon, my guiding star had been waiting patiently to lead me on to paths of pleasantness and peace. Albeit my guiding star was not aware of it.

To explain, I must take you back ten years, and tell you a story of a little girl I once knew.

I have said already that Music has always been to me a constant friend; but she never did me a more friendly turn than when by her aid I first entered the choir of St. Paul's Church.

Dr. Parkman Tuckerman was organist; his cousin, Frank Tuckerman, M.D., the tenor, and I forget the name of the contralto; but the soprano was Mrs. Wild, a charming lady, possessed of a lovely voice and three dear little children, who used to come with her to church, and sit with us

in the choir. I became very much attached to them, especially the oldest, — a bright little girl of nine years. The mother had shown me many kindnesses, and had invited me often to her house to sing with her. At the end of the year, when I had a call from another church at a higher salary, I wished to make her some return for her kindness to me. The thought occurred to me to paint a miniature of her little daughter Nelly, and present it to her as a surprise. But in order to do this, I must enter into a conspiracy with the little girl, who was delighted at the idea of possessing a secret of her own and a surprise for her mother. We arranged that she should come to my studio every day directly from school instead of going to walk or play. She imparted her secret to a little friend about her own age, who was pleased to accompany her. Of course it was dull work for both of them to sit quietly for an hour. But I thought of an original way of inducing them to be patient, and rewarding them at the end of the sitting. I found it worked charmingly, and I would recommend it to all artists having children to paint. I promised to play for them to dance, if they sat quietly through the hour. I assure you I could not have offered them a greater inducement.

There was a curtain across the middle of my big

room, behind which they used to retire at the end of the sitting and there rig themselves in their shawls and scarfs in the most fanciful way, and when ready ring a little bell, upon which I gave them a chord on my violin, when they would glide out and rehearse the last steps imparted to them by the celebrated Mrs. Barrymore.

In this undignified way the picture was painted. When finished my little sitter carried it home to her mother with a happy heart. I little thought at that time that one day that dear little heart would be all my own. That miniature with its long ringlets of golden brown hair now rests on my piano.

To return to my story from where I departed on this digression.

I had now been engaged in my new and most absorbing occupation two or three months, modelling little heads to be destroyed as soon as finished. But the occasional sigh was breathed not for them, but for the memory of the past, which was becoming less painful every day.

About this time the "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind, appeared in Boston. Music still had power to draw me out of my shell. I went with the multitude to hear her, and was, of course, delighted. But the piece that had the most powerful effect on me — perhaps partly owing to my then

state of mind, but not entirely, for others were affected in the same way — and has remained in my memory ever since, was the simple old ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." The touching way she rendered those familiar words, her simple and innocent action, and the sadly pathetic expression of her face drew tears from many other eyes than my own; and then the childlike way she ran on to the stage in answer to an encore, seemingly frightened at the effect she had made, was something to be remembered as a piece of wonderful acting, if nothing more. The other great artistic achievements of the evening only astonished me, but did not move my heart.

The next day I collected all the photographs I could find, and began a little bust of her, which when finished was pronounced a wonderful success, and was my first work in Sculpture to go out into the world; and for a time I could not produce the plaster copies fast enough to supply the demand for them. But soon an Italian pirate in New York got possession of one of them, and relieved me from further anxiety by flooding the market at starvation prices; notwithstanding I had procured a patent from Washington, costing me thirty dollars in money, a copy of the bust, and drawings and specifications almost as many as would be required to patent a steam-engine. Now, I believe, only a

simple copyright is required to protect (?) such works.

Speaking of Italian pirates, reminds me of an incident that happened to two of my little busts, excessively annoying to the originals. I had heard of a very skilful *formatore*, or worker in plaster, in New York. As these little busts were portraits of two very particular friends of mine residing in Providence, who wished a dozen casts of each for their friends, I sent the original models to this Italian in New York, ordering a dozen copies of each. They were made very nicely and sent to me; and I forwarded them to my friends, one of whom was a highly respected ex-mayor of the city, a very tall, slim, fine-looking man. The other, his brother-in-law, was also fine-looking, but stout, square-shouldered, and heavily bearded. The latter, shortly after receiving these busts, was walking through one of the principal streets of Providence, when he passed an itinerant Italian image-vender, and was suddenly brought up standing, by catching a glimpse of these two little busts among the figures on a board the fellow carried on his head. My friend demanded what he was doing with those. "Who is that?" pointing to his own bust. "That," said the man, in broken English, "is the man that was hung the other day in Boston; and that thin one is the man he killed."

There had been an execution in Boston a short time before, creating an immense sensation; and strange enough, the slayer and his victim bore a singular resemblance respectively, in the contrast of their build, to my two friends. But imagine one's surprise and indignation at meeting one's own portrait peddled about as that of a murderer, and that only a few rods from one's own house.

But let us fly back to our little friend of the golden brown ringlets.

I had kept up the friendly relations with her family the last ten years; had seen her grow up from a child to a very convenient young woman to play our accompaniments when I sang with her mother. But for the last year or more I had sadly neglected them. Now that I felt myself heart-whole, — although not entirely free from a certain pain which one is apt to indulge in for the sake of sentiment, — I remembered with shame my long absence from their pleasant society, and resolved to wend my way to Hancock Street with the best apology I could invent.

They received me as cordially as ever, and kindly refrained from asking the cause of my long neglect of them, or of the rueful countenance I brought back with me. I was very glad to renew those delightful musical hours, and be permitted to

join them when I felt like it, or to sit a silent listener to their playing and singing.

One evening, as I sat listening to something of Mendelssohn's which the young lady was playing, I wondered, in a dreamy sort of way, why I had never noticed before what a beautiful hand and arm she had to paint.

"And Prudence sounded no alarm?" I think I hear you ask. No; she probably thought that with that doleful countenance I was safe.

I think it was the same evening, as I was preparing to depart, my lady laughed and rallied me on the serious face I had returned to them with, — so different from what it used to be, — and said she really believed I was in love. Now, I had repeatedly attributed it to that innocent malady "the blues." But when she in a manner accused me of being in love, I felt, while denying the accusation, that it would be a great relief to me to confess that I had been deeply in love, but that it was now all over and done with.

Now, she would have been more or less than woman if she had not expressed an earnest desire to hear all about it; and as I knew she would be a discreet and sympathizing confidante, and we happened to be alone that evening, I resumed my seat and told her the whole story from beginning to end, of course blaming nobody but myself.

When I had finished, she thanked me and said, with moist eyes, that she would not laugh at me again.

"No alarm yet from Prudence?" No; but I had not felt so much like laughing for a year or more. A burden seemed to have dropped from my heart, which began to beat again with its old, free swing. From that time we were more like brother and sister than ever before. There was a secret between us which we sometimes spoke of in a calm, quiet way, as of a grief long passed. My evenings were now frequently passed at that house, and very pleasant they were, with their music and drawing, — which latter I came near forgetting to add. I began to give her drawing-lessons.

"Prudence must surely be sound asleep?" No, she was watching our movements.

Bulwer, in one of his romances, quotes Rochefoucauld as saying, "A man is never more likely to form a hopeful attachment than when his heart is softened by a hopeless attachment to another;" and he might have added, no good woman ever thinks the less of a man for his having suffered from and conquered a hopeless but worthy love. So it would seem as if we were in some danger at that time. Prudence was watching us, but declined to interfere.

I must confess that I was ready for anything,

which the following little incident happening a few months afterward will prove.

One evening my lady brought forward a book which she called her "Sentimental Album," in which her friends were invited to write their names, with some sentiment attached, either original or borrowed. She invited me to write something in it. It seemed to me a good opportunity for an experiment. After thinking a moment I wrote the following impromptu, if it can be called so "after thinking a moment": —

Wouldst have a sentiment coming from me, —
One from the heart that 's sent, open and free?

Choose what thou 'dst like the best, —
Friendship the slenderest,
Or love the tenderest;
And I agree
That it shall be
From me to thee, —
If that thou renderest
The same to me.

"Mighty independent!" I hear you say. You, Miss, perhaps would have turned your back upon me. But when older you will be better able to discriminate. Enough that my darling understood me. I watched her face as she read it. A serious expression came over it, but not of displeasure. She quietly closed the book and put it away with-

out a word. Nor did I ask any question. Prudence was satisfied. And from that moment I knew that I had something to work for; and I did work with a will and a happy heart.

My little cabinet busts had by this time become so popular that I was seldom without an order. Many of my musical friends were desirous of having their portraits in a form that could be so cheaply multiplied for friends. Among my sitters were George J. Webb, George F. Hayter, Charles C. Perkins, and other musicians. But there was one man whose "godlike" head I had had in my mind ever since I was a boy and began to paint, resolved that as soon as I could paint well enough I would attempt to make a portrait of him. Strange as it may seem, after my short experience, I now felt confident that I could model a head of Webster. I made the attempt, — a cabinet bust, — which when finished, I was satisfied was a failure, and destroyed. His face was constantly before me in colossal form. I felt cramped and trammelled in so small a compass. I was not discouraged by this failure, but resolved that my first life-size bust should be of Daniel Webster, and that it should be begun immediately. I did not possess a *tresploo*, or modelling-stand, but I did have at hand an ash-barrel, which I at once pressed into service for that purpose, by placing a board across the top with a round hole in the

middle of it, through which I thrust a stake, reaching to and resting on the bottom of the barrel, and extending up into the clay to support it. This enabled me to turn it about. But I should have said I had two boards, — one of which was nailed to the top of the barrel, and the other the clay rested upon. There was a good deal of friction between the two in turning the bust about, but I did n't mind that; I was strong in the arms, and it was better than waiting to have a trespolo made.

The bust was begun, and I was surprised to find that with the freedom of handling the size suggested, it promised completion in less time than I had been obliged to devote to cabinet busts. While I was at work upon it, the announcement was made that the great man was to arrive on a certain day, and be received and escorted through the city on his way to Marshfield. As the procession was to pass through Tremont Street, you may be sure I was at the door to have a good look at him. We little thought that he was then going home to die. But so it was. It seemed but a very few days before the bulletins began to record his rapid decline, and then came the final announcement of his death.

My bust was finished but a day or two before, and as you may suppose, at such a time attracted a good deal of attention. It was pronounced a won-

derful success, and numerous demands were made for casts of it. I put a subscription paper in front of it, and in a very few days had nearly a hundred names upon it. Among the most prominent were the artists Chester Harding and Joseph Ames. The former, who was a particular friend of Webster, and had painted him several times from life, told me he wanted my bust for a foundation for a new portrait of him. Ames painted his celebrated picture from the same. Alvan Clark, the painter and astronomer, was very enthusiastic, introducing several subscribers.

This bust, my first of life size, is the one I have used, without alteration, for my several statues of the great man.

But it is high time I again picked up the thread of my love-story.

My dear young lady, to whom I am telling it, I trust you will pardon me for skipping about in such an extraordinary manner, and leaving you to skip all this studio twaddle. But I don't exactly know how to avoid it. I had spoken no word of love to my darling since I spoiled her album for her. But one day after having counted my ready money, and finding that I had nearly doubled my former little "Italian fund," I told her I was again thinking of going to Italy, but did not want to go alone this time. Then I asked her seriously if she

would go with me. She answered that if I really wished it, and was confident that we should always have bread to eat, she was ready to go to the world's end with me. Upon which I gave her a solemn promise that she should never go hungry, and that her happiness should be the end and aim of my life. So that was settled. "And not a word of love?" I leave you to imagine, Miss, what more was said and done; and I feel quite sure of your capacity to fill the blank.

But, "The course of true love," etc. When I spoke to her mother she strongly objected to the engagement, chiefly on account of her want of faith in my future prospects and my ability to support a wife. I could not blame her, dear woman. She could not understand the sudden brightening of my prospects by the change of profession which I urged. No, she could not listen to anything so rash.

The next day I received a little note from my darling, overflowing with love and tears. Her mother had been talking to her till she did not know what it was her duty to do. I wrote back a few comforting words, with a promise to see her the next day. Now, when I assure you that this dear little note of hers was the first love-epistle I had ever received from any woman, you will hardly wonder that I did not know what to do with it or

where to hide it. But I did hide it so effectually that I never could find it afterward. It turned up, however, about twenty years later, in a most amusing way, which with your permission I will relate.

When I went abroad the third time I gave away all my old "studio truck" that had been stored away for years. Some years after this I received a letter from my nephew, Edgar Newcomb, quoting several expressions which I well remembered were in that precious little note, and asking how much I would give for the original.

I was puzzled and annoyed that it should have met any eyes but my own. But I knew the boy, and wrote back that I would give more to know how it came into his hands. In answer, he informed me that among the things which I gave him from my old studio was a cast of one of my little busts; that one day, years afterward, upon taking it down from its bracket to dust it, a crumpled paper dropped out from the hollow in the head. Curiosity prompted him to read it, and thinking it would be a good joke to mystify his uncle and aunt, whose natural amiability he well knew, he quoted those well-remembered words, and afterward sent the original. It only goes to show what a queer state of mind I must have been in to have chosen such a remarkable place to

hide my first love-letter in, and to forget where I put it.

To return to Hancock Street. I called next day, and fortunately found my darling alone. At the end of five minutes we were more firmly engaged than ever. We decided, however, to move quietly and wait patiently, and to say nothing more to her mother till I could prove to her beyond a doubt that I could command the means to support her daughter and make her happy.

All this was before the Webster success, to which I will now return. I had not yet exhausted that subject. A public statue was soon talked of, and subscriptions were fast pouring in for that subject. Now, I was not so foolish as to suppose for a moment that such a work would be intrusted to me, who had never made a statue; but why should not I try my hand at a figure in small? It would be wanted in that size if it should turn out as successful as my large head. I resolved to make the attempt. Having nearly completed it, I had the satisfaction one morning, while looking at it from the other end of the room, of seeing it slowly tip forward and go crashing on to the floor. In my impatience to begin it, I had taken the first thing at hand to use as a support for the clay, which thing happened to be an old umbrella-stick, when it should have been an iron of the same size. The only

wonder to me — when I found what a mass of clay I had to pick up — was that it stood half as long as it did.

I was not discouraged by this accident. I never "cry for spilt milk," especially when I know it was spilt through my own stupidity. Strangely enough, falling as it did, the head was the only part not entirely ruined. That was hardly injured at all. As soon as I could get an iron made, I was at it again; and you may be sure it did not fall this time.

It was finished, and — well, there was something in it, I hardly know what it was, that hit hard. The first day it was seen, I had the very tempting offer of five hundred dollars for the model and the right to multiply it. I accepted the offer with avidity, feeling relieved from any further responsibility. The shrewd art-dealer who bought it must have made five thousand dollars out of it, at the very least. But I could not have done it; so I never murmured, and was only too delighted at the success, and to receive later from the Charitable Mechanics' Association a first-class gold medal for it.

I had by this time become again reconciled to my palette. As two eminent artists had used my bust to paint Webster from, why should not I use it and also my statuette for the same purpose? I

painted a head life-size, which I thought a failure. I do not know what became of it; I cannot remember ever having destroyed it. Then taking a large canvas, five by four feet, I painted a full length, half life-size, very carefully studied; making an effective composition, and one that I have always remembered pleasantly. This picture I was swindled out of by a copperplate engraver by the name of Glover, who offered me six hundred dollars for it with the privilege of engraving it; which offer I accepted, and was innocent enough to take his note for the amount payable in three months, and let him take the picture away, as he was in a hurry to begin the engraving. Before the note had matured, he and the picture had both disappeared, and I never saw either of them again. I am not much interested in him, but I would like to know where the little full-length Webster is now.

When I discovered that I could model a life-size bust in the same time it took me to make my little cabinet busts, I resolved to make no more of the latter. But I found it was not so easy a matter to decline work when it was offered; especially as the first applicant after this was an old and honored friend, Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, father to the present President of Harvard College. When I told him the reason of my decision, — that it cost me as much labor to make the small as the life-size and

at only half the price, — he replied pleasantly that he did not want the life-size, and he did want one of my little ones, but should insist upon paying the price of the large one. What could I do then but gratefully acquiesce ?

Now it seemed to me the time had arrived to make a second demand for the hand of my darling. As her father happened to be at home at this time, — his business kept him a good deal in New York, — I resolved to ask him, as the proper thing to be done, and, as I thought, with a better chance of success.

Taking the opportunity of a walk with him one evening, I broached the subject to him. I told him frankly I was going to Italy to study, and I wanted to make his daughter Nelly my wife and take her with me. He seemed prepared for this, and to have watched my late progress. I told him I had saved two thousand dollars, and had one or two small commissions to put in marble in Italy, and that I felt confident we could with economy spend two years abroad and return upon that amount, even if I earned nothing in the mean time.

He answered that he had full confidence in me and my future career, and if it would make Nelly happy he should not object. Now I was all prepared to meet her dear, careful mother. She said

that in view of all the circumstances of the past year, and as her daughter's heart seemed so firmly set upon it, she no longer felt justified in withholding her consent. So she was won over at last; and I do not think she ever regretted it, for she spent many happy years and ended her days with us in Italy.

And now, my dear young lady, hoping that you have not gone to sleep over this prosy, commonplace courtship, I must leave you for a while to go back and pick up another thread of my narrative, which may not interest you at all. But you shall be called in time for the wedding.

CHAPTER XIX.

It will be remembered that when last speaking of the vocal theme of my fugue, I left my Eve most ungallantly, and absently strayed into my studio. But she must have forgiven me, for by the record I find myself the next season again wondering and praising God with her in the Garden.

That year I sustained not only the rôle of Adam, but sang all the other bass solos in the oratorio. From that time on for years, I was not allowed to hide myself in the chorus; although it was such happiness to me to sing that I generally shouted through choruses and all. Miss Anna Stone was another who could not be silent, but poured out that glorious voice of hers through and above everything.

In looking over some old programmes which I happen to have preserved since that time, I find that the earliest among them is of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," dated 1846. But I had sung in the "Creation," and I think in Handel's "Messiah," previous to that.

I well remember the first performance of "Moses," for I was called in at the last moment to

assume the part of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. The part was originally assigned to Mr. Byram, who had studied and practised it at all the rehearsals, but who was taken ill during the week before it was to be brought out. Mr. Hayter came to me two or three days before the Sunday announced for the performance, bringing with him the oratorio. In great distress he begged me to take the part and learn it in three days, to be performed Sunday evening. I, of course, was frightened at the idea, and declined to attempt it, as it would have to be without rehearsal with chorus or orchestra. But Mr. Hayter was a man who would not be put off. He said there was no one else to do it, and the posters were out for the performance, and it must be done. He would go over it with me as often as I wished, and would have the other soloists meet me for the concerted pieces.

Think of learning a principal part in such an opera in three days! To have sung it as an opera would not have been possible for me, for my memory is not of the best; but with the music in my hand it was quite another thing, but bad enough at that, to be obliged to sing it before the public without a rehearsal, and such a coward as I was too. Well, I was fairly driven into it at the point of the bayonet; and I did it after an appeal from the President to the audience for its

indulgence under the circumstances. I think I had its sympathy all through; for I never before was so warmly received, or so highly complimented in the journals.

Here let me apologize, once for all, for introducing from time to time a word of praise awarded to me in those days, — words of encouragement then, and now the only tribute to the memory of a voice that gave some pleasure in its day, but will soon be hushed forever. And if my vanity be appeased by repeating a very few of these words, I trust I may be pardoned for saying nothing about the adverse criticisms.

The oratorio of "Moses in Egypt" was performed fourteen times in the winter of 1846–1847. The musical critic of the "Boston Daily Times," in a lengthy article on the third performance, Dec. 23, 1846, thus speaks of the part of Pharaoh: —

"The part of Pharaoh was very well performed by Mr. Ball, — a gentleman who has a richness and mellowness of voice rarely to be found. In passages expressive of humiliation and sorrow he was very good. The effort of Pharaoh to discover the cause of the secret anguish of his son and comfort him; the tenderness, anxiety, sympathy, and paternal solicitude manifested on his account, were most touchingly conceived and beautifully expressed, in such soothing, comforting, affectionate tones as would be addressed by a parent to a child in deep affliction. The dismay

and anguish of Pharaoh at his son's death, 'Oh, my son, dearest son, how hast thou fallen!' was imitated to the life, and sung with deep pathos."

After the fourth performance, the same critic says: —

"Mr. Ball in the part of Pharaoh improves with every performance. Few could sing the part so well. In addition to his superior voice he possesses a rare faculty of expression. Those passages expressive of the haughtiness and insolent pride of the King, he sang with more energy than usual, and with a better exhibition of this trait; and where requiring an expression of tenderness, humility, and distress, with a deeper fervor of feeling than ever."

During this season I sang the bass solos in Handel's "Messiah," at Christmas time; and, in two performances of his "Samson," the part of Manoah, father of Samson.

In 1847–1848 I appeared twice as High Priest in Neukomm's "David," of which a critic remarks: "Mr. Ball, of whom we have had to speak favorably often, sang the part of the High Priest very finely." After this, four performances of "Moses."

In 1848–1849 I sustained I forget what part in "Judas Maccabeus" four times, and also appeared in Rossini's "Stabat Mater," given by the Germania Musical Society, with part of the Italian Opera troupe. Again quoting the critic: —

"The noble quartette, 'Quando Corpus,' sung by Tedesco, Pico, Vietti, and our townsman Mr. Ball (whose rich, mellow, and even bass tones in this and the solo, 'Pro Peccatis,' called forth the admiration of the whole audience), was encored."

This season was also made memorable by the first performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," to conduct which the services of Mr. Charles E. Horn were secured. An English friend of his — a baritone singer — came over with him, or by his inducement, whom he was desirous of having engaged to take the part of Elijah. But after one rehearsal the Society protested against his engagement, as, although he probably had been a good singer in his day, his voice was now so worn and thin as to be wholly ineffective in the part. I was then formally invited to be the Elijah, much to the chagrin of Mr. Horn, who had no faith in amateur performances. I was a stranger to him, and he did not believe I could do it, — would like to hear me sing it. Now, I did not wish to sing it in the presence of the Society before I had won his approval. I therefore proposed to meet him at his room and go over the part to his accompaniment and for his judgment. I had looked it over and become fairly familiar with it while the choruses were being practised.

When I met Mr. Horn at his room, and had run

through two or three recitatives and minor bits without a word from him, he abruptly turned to the great song, "Is not his word like a fire?" with the remark that that was the criterion. As it happened, knowing the difficulties of this terrible song, I had given it my particular attention. When I had sung it through, he turned to me and said quietly, "You can do it." After this we were the best of friends as long as he lived.

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, in his "History of the Handel and Haydn Society," says: —

"The first rehearsal of this great work took place on Jan. 16, 1848, and the first performance — after only six rehearsals — on February 13, with a chorus and orchestra of nearly two hundred performers. The solo singers were: Thomas Ball, Elijah; Mr. —— Jones (English), Obadiah; E. Tayler, Ahab; Miss Anna Stone, the Queen; Miss ——, the Widow; Miss Emmons, the Angel. According to the newspapers of the day, the hall was crowded, and the applause — not customary on Sunday night — was hardly restrainable. Such success, says the 'Chronotype,' was never before known to attend a first performance. In the trio, 'Lift thine eyes,' Miss Stone's voice was, perhaps, too prominent; but in the declamatory airs, 'Hear ye, Israel,' and 'Thus saith the Lord,' its unequalled brilliancy told with wonderful power. Mr. Ball sang with feeling, power, and dignity; but in 'Is not his word,' he wanted fire."

Yes, I should have wanted fire for that song had I been glowing with furnace heat.

This great work was given nine consecutive Sunday evenings in 1848. I sang the part of Adam and all the other bass solos in the "Creation," three times, then three times more of "Elijah," and closed the season with two more performances of the "Creation."

In 1849 I sang the bass solos in the "Messiah," with Madam Anna Bishop as soprano, twice repeated. Then one in "Moses," after which Mr. J. L. Hatton, an eminent English singer and composer, sang the "Elijah" in two performances, closing the season.

In 1850 Donizetti's opera, "The Martyrs," was brought out as an oratorio with English words, in which I sang the part of Felix. This was repeated nine times. Saroni, of the New York "Musical Times," in writing of these performances, speaks of Mr. Ball as singing his part "with taste and discretion."

In 1851, Mr. Jonas Chickering declining a renomination, Mr. Charles C. Perkins was chosen President. The season opened with the "Creation;" Signor Guidi, of Max Maretzek's opera troupe, singing the tenor part, and I the entire bass solos. After three performances, "Elijah" was again resumed, and repeated three times.

Previous to the first rehearsal, I received the following note from our new President: —

DEAR MR. BALL, — I called twice yesterday to see you, but not finding you at home, I write this note to inform you that we purpose to begin the rehearsals of the "Elijah" on Sunday next; and that if you can look over your part so as to help us then, I shall be much obliged to you. I shall be at home to-morrow evening; if you are disengaged, please let me know.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES C. PERKINS.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6.

P. S. You know, of course, that the part of Elijah has been permanently and wholly assigned to you for the concerts.

The season closed with two performances of the "Creation."

I again quote from Mr. Perkins's History of the Society, in which he says: —

"The success of 'Elijah' was due in so great a measure to Mr. Ball, that the Society moved to give him a solid proof of their appreciation of his services. Accordingly, on April 28, the Secretary sent him a letter saying that, —

"'As, for the first time in many years, the concerts have been sustained by the public, the government wishes to express its feelings of gratitude to those who have assisted gratuitously at them; and in view of Mr. Ball's past services, and the able way in which he sang

the "Elijah," beg to offer him a testimonial of a purse containing one hundred dollars in gold and a watch, inscribed "A tribute to the vocal merits of Thomas Ball, from the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, April, 1851."

"'With the best wishes for your health and prosperity; and our hopes that your purse, like the widow's cruse of oil, may fail not till Time in his course round the dial of your watch shall find you, like the Elijah of old, ready to die, we remain, etc.'

"To this letter Mr. Ball replied on the 30th, saying that he should always look upon the watch with pride and pleasure, — 'pride that I have been called upon to take so conspicuous a part in the concerts of so great a Society, and pleasure in possessing such a proof that my efforts, however unsuccessful in my own estimation, have been approved by you.'"

Of 1852 I have but one programme, that of "Samson," in which I appeared I forget how many times.

In 1853 the only programme I have preserved is of the first performance in America of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony;" performed by the Germania Musical Society, in which I sustained the bass in the vocal part, — in acknowledgment of which services the Society presented me with a valuable seal ring. In 1854, the last season previous to my departure for Italy, I sang in "Moses" several times, and I do not remember what else.

There! If any one is inclined to disbelieve in my past vocal performances, they surely will not doubt my present ability to "blow my own trumpet;" and when I assure them that I never before in my life have practised that instrument, my performance will appear the more surprising. In fact, ever since I began this Autobiography, I have felt as if Fame had come to me with a trumpet — as Hamlet approached Guildenstern with the pipe — and insisted on my playing upon it.

By the by, among my old programmes, I found one of a concert to which I must devote a few words, as it was the occasion of my making the acquaintance of a young lady who was afterward raised to a position she little dreamed of at that time.

Signor Guidi of the Italian Opera troupe, who sang with us one season, was not only a charming singer, but a modest, unassuming gentleman, whose warm friendship I won, as being, in his language, *simpatico.*

At the end of the season he went to Springfield to form a class of young ladies for the study of the higher branches of singing. After a few months he wrote to me to say that he was about to give a concert to bring out one of his pupils who had a most remarkable voice, and to ask me if I could not take a holiday and run up and assist him on that

occasion. I went, and in the "green-room" previous to the concert, was presented to Miss Elise Hensler, the promising pupil, — a young lady of about seventeen; tall and good-looking, with a face strong and serious; her manner modest and rather shy. I was also introduced to her sweet little sister of perhaps fourteen years, who was also a pupil, but not at all shy. This was Miss Louise, — a bright, sparkling little body, with a face brimming over with fun. She did not appear in the programme, but kept up the spirits of those who did.

Miss Hensler sang her pieces remarkably well, with a voice fully up to my expectations. I appeared three times in the course of the evening, — with the bass aria "As I view now," from "Sonnambula," J. L. Hutton's "Day and Night," and the Serenade from "Fra Diavolo," with guitar accompaniment. This was the only time, barring my midnight prowls, that I ever appeared in public with that sentimental instrument.

But it pleased more than either of the other two songs. I returned home the next morning charmed with my trip, and bearing away with me a very pleasant impression of the Hensler sisters.

Not very long after this I was walking down Tremont Street, when I heard a sweet voice calling my name. I turned, and saw little Miss Louise tripping after me, with face smiling from chin to

hair, and her dignified sister waiting in the distance. Our meeting again seemed a mutual delight. They told me they had come to Boston to live, giving me their address. It happened at this time that a vacancy occurred in the quartette choir of the King's Chapel, where I poured forth every Sunday. We were looking out for a soprano. Dr. George Derby was our tenor, and had charge of the choir. I told him of Miss Hensler, of whom he said he had heard as the possessor of a superior voice, and was delighted to learn that I knew her and verified the report. He insisted upon my calling immediately and introducing him. We went; he heard her sing, and the result was, she was at once engaged to fill the vacancy in our choir, where by her modest bearing and superb voice she soon won the hearts of the whole congregation to such a degree that at the end of two years, I think, learning that it was her desire to go to Italy to study, they contributed the means to send her abroad and support her two years. I think this was mainly through the efforts of Dr. Derby; and his last words when he left me a year afterward on board the steamer were, "If you meet Miss Hensler in Florence, look after her, that she wants for nothing."

But when I arrived in Florence, she had already left, after having studied a year with Signor Ro-

mani, and appearing once or twice in opera successfully. She returned to Boston while I was still abroad, and after singing there one season, returned with the troupe to Europe and went to Portugal, where by her lovely voice and rare talents she so won and fascinated the heart of the ex-King that he made her his wife by morganatic marriage. It not being permitted to raise her to his own rank, he conferred upon her the title of Comtesse d'Edla, which as his widow she now enjoys, together with the respect and esteem of her husband's family.

CHAPTER XX.

The time was now approaching when I must bid farewell for a time to all my friends, save the one who sits beside me now as I write, but knows not one word of all I have said about her in these pages, nor will she until I have written "The End." We were to be married the 10th of October, and were too serenely and seriously happy to entertain the idea of having the holy ceremony performed before a multitude of disinterested persons. Perhaps it was selfish on our part, but not peculiar. It must be in church, but not in public. Rev. Dr. Vinton, the rector of St. Paul's Church, — of which she and her mother were both members, and where I first met them, — appreciating our feelings, arranged to have the wedding take place early in the evening, only lighting up the altar, — the front of the church remaining closed. Our little procession entered through the vestry, without the usual wedding-march or music of any kind, which may seem strange, considering our mutual proclivities in that line. But there was a Beethoven Symphony going on in our hearts. Although not a

musical entertainment, it was intensely but simply picturesque.

The few candles about the altar faintly illuminated the fine old copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," which hung at the back of the chancel, concentrating their light upon the bridal party, and after touching softly upon the pulpit and reading-desk expended their rays midway in the shadowy depths of the vast interior. I think my friend Dr. Derby was the only witness outside of the bridal party and our immediate relatives.

Upon leaving the church we found the rain falling in torrents; but we thought of the old Scotch proverb, "Blessed is the bride that the rain rains on," and were contented. Later in the evening we met our friends to receive their congratulations and good-byes.

With our wedding gifts came a package of four, which were among the most touching and pleasant of all. They were from the three remaining members of our quartette choir and the organist, — Dr. George Derby, tenor; Miss Louise Hensler, soprano; Mrs. Meston, contralto; and Mr. Frank Howard, organist.

After writing an appropriate note of thanks to each individually, I got off quite a lengthy valedictory poem, addressed to them all collectively; and doing them up in one package, I gave it to the

sexton for him to place upon the keys of the organ the next Sunday morning after I sailed.

Soon after, I received the following pleasant and very flattering letter from the Doctor: —

Dear Mr. Ball, — If a bombshell had been thrown into the choir (supposing it possible that one could be loaded with sentiment and wit), it could not have produced a greater impression than did your package of letters this morning. The girls (I beg Mrs. M.'s pardon) opened theirs at once, and the effect was so decided that Mr. Howard prudently declined to have anything to do with such dangerous affairs till after the singing was over. Without his steady nerves I don't know what would have happened, for all eyes were dim and all voices shaky. In the last hymn the soprano part was sung, apparently, by an old woman of about eighty, and the alto seemed to be fast dropping into the vale of years. I should judge they had both possessed excellent voices in early life.

Seriously, my dear Mr. Ball, your kind words have deeply affected us all, and we would express to you how highly they are appreciated, and how much we wish that you may enjoy every happiness in life.

In behalf of the choir, most truly yours,

George Derby.

Sunday, Oct. 13, 1854.

I mention this valedictory poem, as it was the occasion of a charge being publicly made against me which I desire at this late day to refute. The poem itself would be the most effectual refutation,

but I refrain from producing it. This happened at the next annual dinner (after I left) of the Harvard Musical Society, of which I had the honor to be a member. When the "flow of soul" began, a member arose and proposed my health as "the Painter, Sculptor, and Musician." Immediately my friend the Doctor was on his feet, promptly adding, "and Poet." This was the only time I was ever openly accused of being a poet, and I wish to disclaim and discountenance any such vain idea, — although my wife, who implicitly believes in me, has hoarded up a mass of manuscript poems, small plays, and other rubbish of mine, enough to fill a small volume at least, which the world has never seen nor ever will see; for which promise I trust that the world is duly grateful.

But aside from this nonsense, what happy meetings those annual dinners were, and how many important musical enterprises have been born and fostered at those meetings, — the Orchestral Concerts, the new Music Hall, the big organ, etc. How well I remember the enthusiasm with which our old friend Dr. Upham would hold forth whenever the organ was mentioned, and how he worked; and when the funds were finally secured, went to Germany to superintend the building of it; and the joke about his dissecting nightingales' throats for new ideas in voicing. Then when the great instru-

ment finally arrived and was set up in its magnificent case, what a joyous crowd overflowed the Music Hall on the night of the dedication, and how patiently they sat with eyes riveted upon the half-acre of green baize that hung in front of, and veiled this mighty mystery. But now the bell sounds, and the veil begins to descend so slowly and silently that the groups of cherubs and angels gradually coming into view seem to be ascending into heaven. Next, old John Sebastian Bach peeps over the top of the curtain, apparently standing on tiptoe, with a regiment of glittering pipes on each side of him, flanked by more angelic females singing "Gloria in excelsis." And now loom up those colossal Michael-angelesque "termini," bearing up the whole structure on their shoulders. Lower falls the veil, till the key-banks are exposed, and down to the pedal-bass. Now the entire façade is revealed, seeming high enough and wide enough for that of a cathedral. Then goes up a roar of applause that sets the very pipes vibrating. But hush! here comes the organist. What a little man! Not so small when you compare him with yourself. He calmly seats himself in front of this monster, which is the signal for the female portion of the audience to stop their ears, to protect their tympani from collapse. But the grand crash came, after all, when they were not prepared for it, and were naturally disappointed

that not a tympanum was started or a window broken.

I must not forget to mention one principal feature of the evening's entertainment, — the reading of the Ode to the Organ (or to Music in general, I forget which) by Miss Charlotte Cushman, who came walking majestically in, — like a tragedy queen, as she was. Both the poem and the reading were received with rapturous applause and various conjectures as to who was the modest author whose name was withheld. But not many weeks elapsed before it was whispered about that the Ode was written by a well-known literary lady of Boston.

> In vain on "the big organ night" —
> That glorious episode —
> We sought to know, midst our delight,
> To whom we owed the Ode.
> But secrecy no longer shields
> The sweet and pleasant ode-er;
> She slyly pointed to the Fields,
> Where Heaven had bestowed her.

How I have wandered away from the dinner, just as our dear old witty President — Pickering, of the double-bass voice — was about to get off his annual joke about "Old Put," in order to rouse up his "lineal descendant," the benignant and gentlemanly Judge Putnam, ever ready to meet the old joke with a new and appropriate response.

But I must get back before they break up, in order to join in the hand-to-hand chorus, "Auld Lang-Syne." I hope they have not forgotten that old custom in the twenty-five years since I had the happiness to lend a hand and voice.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wednesday morning, Oct. 11, 1854, we went on board the old Cunard steamer "America." As partings on board ship are not very cheerful reading, and such partings have been so harrowingly described before, many times, I will only say that it required all our fortitude to say our farewells with smiling faces, while the rebellious tears were waiting behind our eyelids, to break forth as soon as they could do so without being seen from the shore we were leaving. The invariable watching the receding shore as long as a handkerchief could be discerned, was carried even beyond the vanishing-point. Then, immediately, my methodical and ever-provident wife, with an eye to the future, disappeared below, to put her house in order while her head was level.

But it turned out that mine was the weak head; and she, proof against the most treacherous wiles of Neptune, employed most of her leisure time the next three days bringing me ice-water, which, with an occasional sea-biscuit, was my principal diet. The first thing my stomach craved was an

American apple; after devouring which, I was all right during the rest of the voyage.

We arrived at Liverpool on the eleventh day from Boston. Now the fast steamers do the same in seven days or less. It is all very well for them to cut off three or four days from the length of a voyage; but they do it at the wrong end. A fortune awaits the man who first builds a steamer that will cut off the first three days of the voyage. After spending a few days in London and the same in Paris, we went to Marseilles, where we took a steamer for Leghorn; and a more dreary night I never passed than the one in that miserable boat on the tumbling Mediterranean.

Next morning when we arrived in the harbor of Leghorn, we were driven almost mad by the porters who came on board to take our trunks to the Custom-house. Now, I could not speak a word of Italian of any kind; and Mrs. Ball, who spoke only the choicest, and with a very slow and dignified delivery, found it impossible to "catch on" to their Tuscan dialect, turning all their *h*'s into *c*'s and their *c*'s into *h*'s, and running a whole sentence apparently into one word. In fact, we were completely bewildered. But we kept our eyes on our trunks, and had the satisfaction of seeing them put into a small row-boat, and of being hustled in ourselves, when we were rowed over to the wharf to

have our luggage examined. This happened to be one of the times when ignorance was bliss. I think the porters must have told the officer that we were innocent foreigners, and it was useless to talk to us, for we could not understand him; so he did not attempt to address us verbally, but put his questions and took our declarations entirely in pantomime. He began by putting his pencil in his mouth, and puffing away, pretended to smoke, pointing at our trunks and raising his eyebrows. I immediately understood that he demanded to know if we had any cigars, and shook my head and smiled. He then pointed at me with his forefinger, and snapped his second finger and thumb, pistol-fashion. That meant, "Have you any fire-arms or ammunition?" I again shook my head and laughed. His next performance was to shuffle and deal an imaginary pack of cards; at which we all laughed, I gave my silent negative, and he chalked our trunks. The examination was over.

We took the afternoon train for Florence, and went to the Hôtel de New York, the name having a homelike sound. But a more comforting and homelike sound greeted our ears about bedtime. The next room to ours was occupied by an English or American family; and we could distinctly hear their voices murmuring in unison the family evening prayers, in which we joined in spirit with

grateful hearts that we had arrived safely at our journey's end.

The next morning we called on Joel T. Hart the sculptor, to whom we had a letter, who took us to a house in Via Maggio, where we found a small furnished apartment of three rooms, — parlor, bedroom, and anteroom, — which we engaged, delighted to learn that it had been previously occupied by several celebrated American artists, successively, in their days of small beginnings; among them William Paige, Clevenger the sculptor, and Edwin White. The landlady was to furnish linen and silver, and the hot water for our coffee in the morning, we either to go out for our other meals or to have them sent in to us from a neighboring restaurant. The little parlor was very simply but comfortably furnished, as also the bedroom. In the anteroom was a credenza containing our table furniture, including silver spoons and forks. Our first proceeding was to select a place in the parlor for a piano, — a luxury we could not do without; not a very expensive one, however, as we were told we could hire a very good instrument for five dollars a month.

As soon as it was dark that first evening, I started out on a foraging expedition. We wanted coffee, sugar, and a coffee-pot, not wishing to use the black-looking thing belonging to the apartment,

notwithstanding its artistic associations. I chose the evening for the expedition, because without attracting attention I could look through the windows into the lighted shops, and when I saw what I wanted, all I had to do was to enter, point at the thing, and say "Quanto?" which is the first word every foreigner learns on coming to Italy, — meaning "How much?" Then when you are told, not being any wiser, you hold out a handful of change and let them pick out the price of the article purchased. It's very simple, and you don't have to haggle with them as you do after you have learned the language. In that way I found and purchased all I desired for the time. But when I started for home I had forgotten how many corners I turned in coming, and after walking a short distance, I concluded that I was lost. But remembering the name of our street (Via Maggio), I stopped the first man I met, and fired it off at him in an interrogative tone. He immediately divined — like the Custom-house officer — that it would be useless to waste any words upon me, but placing his closed umbrella in a horizontal position, pointed down the street and drew his hand along half-way, then wheeled about to the left and again slid his hand along to the end of the umbrella and said, "Via Maggio." I understood him at once, and kept on to the next street to the left, which I traversed to

the end, and found myself in Via Maggio,—literally, "May Street." How very ridiculous that that name should bring to mind, as I write it, a story I laughed at sixty years ago, of a gentleman like me in quest of May Street, situated in what was then called "the dark quarter" of Boston. Meeting a little "nig," he asked him if he knew where May Street was, and was answered triumphantly, "May Street? Do I know where May Street is? Ha! I wish I had as many dollars as I know where May Street is! I lib dah!" I had no difficulty in finding the house, and was so elated at my success that I passed my own door in the dark, mounted to the story above, and pounded on the door for Mrs. Ball to open it. When it was opened the smile froze upon my face; I found myself in the presence of a pleasant young lady, but not my wife. She politely refrained from laughing at my ridiculous appearance, while I stammered out an apology in the only language at my command, telling her I had mistaken the door. I was fully prepared for another pantomime scene, and was agreeably surprised to hear her tell me in good English that she thought my apartment was on the floor below. I felt so grateful to hear those few words in my native tongue that I could have hugged her on the spot if my arms had been free; as it was, I could only thank her in my most winning tones, as she

held the lamp over the banisters to light me to my room below. I am sorry to say that my wife was not as polite as the lady upstairs; for she laughed outright when she opened the door, seeing me with my arms full of "groceries" surmounted by the coffee-pot; and when I related my adventures she really went off in quite a "gale."

Soon after my return we had a visit from T. B. Read, the painter-poet, who, having heard of our arrival, had come to take us round to the Powerses, as it happened to be Mrs. Powers's weekly reception evening. Mrs. Ball excused herself, as she wished to get her first letter off from Italy, but insisted on my going. So Read and I threaded our way through numerous narrow, dark streets, that are now lighted with gas, but were then faintly illuminated by the smallest of small lanterns hung on a string across the middle of the street. We found assembled quite a roomful of Americans and English. It really seemed as if I had stepped back into my own home again. I was introduced to Hiram Powers and his interesting family, who welcomed me very cordially. Those receptions we afterward found very pleasant, — conversation interspersed with music or an occasional recitation, and refreshed by tea and cakes. We met many delightful people there, and soon became quite

intimate with the Powers family; the children — eight in all — took to us very kindly.

My old friend Francis Alexander, with his wife and daughter Fanny ("Francesca"), were living in Florence then, and received us very warmly, and made my first birthday in Italy pass most pleasantly by inviting us to dinner and afterward to a delightful drive. I think it was on that same occasion that the daughter "Francesca" began a pen-and-ink drawing of Mrs. Ball as Saint Cecilia, which she finished at another sitting. Even at that early day she drew exquisitely; working every day in the churches and cloisters under her father's guidance, she acquired a style as pure and simple as that of the old masters themselves. In the evening we had a little music, and she sang, I remember, — at her father's suggestion, — "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in a very earnest and fervent manner. I sang a song from "Elijah," and afterward presented her with my copy that I sang from in the oratorio. She is still living with her mother here in Florence, devoting her time and talents to charity, principally among the poor *contadini*, who little less than worship her as a Saint. Her father passed away a few years ago. From the time he came here he spent most of his time repairing and touching up old paintings which he delighted to hunt up in every out-of-the-way

corner. They were living, when we first came, opposite the Strozzi Palace; and every morning there would be an array of "old masters," in various stages of dilapidation, strung along in front of the palace, their owners watching intently the house opposite, for Mr. Alexander to appear at the window, when if he saw anything promising he would descend and examine it. I asked him if he himself no longer painted; he answered modestly, in his bluff manner, "No; what's the use, when I can buy a better picture for a dollar and a half than I can paint myself?"

It was some weeks before I could find a suitable studio with an adjoining room for a marble workman to cut three or four busts I had brought with me to put in marble. In the mean time I worked in my apartment on a sketch model of a group representing "Falsehood stealing the Mantle of Truth." Poetical enough; but I decided, after finishing the small model, that it was too ambitious a work to begin with.

CHAPTER XXII.

I FOUND a studio near Piazza Indipendenza, about a mile and a half from our house, on the other side of the river, which distance I regretted for two reasons, — one was that my wife would be left alone all day, so far away; and the other that I could not profit, as I desired, by Powers's criticism. However, I took the studio for a year. As I had never worked from the nude, I immediately put up a figure of "Pandora," for the study that life models would afford me.

I must say I was somewhat disappointed at first at not finding the models all Venus di Medicis, as that had been my ideal of the female form divine; but I soon learned to be grateful that they were not, for I found modelling in most of them more exquisite than anything to be found in the Greek statues; and it seemed strange to me that the Greeks, who could make such beautiful statues, could not have made them more beautiful, having the most perfect life-models.

While on the subject of models, let me say a word in defence of this very necessary but much

abused class. It always pains me to hear an artist, depending so much on their services, decry them all as a vile, bad lot, as it probably does some actors to hear the ballet-girls all condemned much in the same way. As the latter have frequently found champions to tell the story of some bright example to the contrary, so let me bring forward one or two instances in my experience, to redeem the professional models from this sweeping denunciation.

Perhaps, as a general rule, female models are just what each artist in his heart desires to find them. To me they have been invariably patient, obedient, and respectful servants, never indulging in the slightest familiarity or levity, — coming, patiently performing their arduous task, receiving their money, and departing, precisely as if they had come to mend my coat or scrub my floor.

I had employed six or eight models who had been sent to me for my Pandora, when one day a woman applied, conducting a young girl of about seventeen years, who she said was her daughter, and wished to know if I wanted a model. As she was a very decent, modest-looking girl, seeming to have a good figure, I told them to remain. I heard afterward that the mother had been a celebrated model in her youthful days.

But from the daughter's hesitation and seeming reluctance to drop her garments, I judged that she had not been accustomed to pose for the nude; and I have since thought that to earn in the shortest time money enough to enable her to be married was the inducement for her to do so now. When one thinks that these poor girls would be obliged to work steadily from sunrise to sunset to earn in any other way as much as they receive for posing one hour, and that they are frequently engaged to one artist six hours in a day, it can hardly be wondered at that this one should have been tempted to adopt this shorter road to earn her wedding "dot." I found her so satisfactory in every way, that I discarded all the others and kept her on until the figure was completed.

One day her mother appeared alone, and asked me if I had any work for a marble-finisher, as her daughter was engaged to be married, and was only waiting till this young marble-cutter could find regular employment. I had no work for him at that time, but I presume he found it elsewhere, for I heard not long after that they were married. Nine years passed, and I found myself back in Florence. I engaged a workman who informed me, after a time, that his wife was my model for Pandora. I was not sure which model he meant, — never having seen him before, — till one day I saw

her with him, when I recognized the little girl who wanted to be married.

One often hears the doubt expressed as to the propriety or the necessity of an artist employing his talents on figures that require nude models, when there are so many good draped subjects for him to choose from.

These persons do not think, or in their ignorance are not aware of the fact, that every figure either in painting or sculpture, — the latter especially, — to be worth the canvas or clay, must be first carefully studied from the nude model, let them be intended to be draped ever so becomingly when finished.

As an instance of this, I will relate an amusing circumstance that occurred in my experience a few years ago. I was modelling a statue of Washington, half life-size, and had studied the figure carefully from a nude life-model. The head was finished, and the figure just ready to be clothed. It was a standing figure, the right hand supported by a sword, the point of which rested on the ground, and the left extended as in the act of benediction. Now, I am always careful never to have my work seen in any ludicrous stage of its progress. But one day my workman announced a gentleman to see me ; being an intimate friend, he followed close upon the heels of the man, and en-

tered before I had time to cover my work, which at once attracted his attention. He stood before it with an expression of awe mingled with alarm. There was the Father of his Country, apparently just walking out of the Garden of Eden, with nothing to suggest clothing but the naked sword. The first words of my friend were, "What in the name of Heaven are you doing? I see that it is Washington; but, my dear fellow, it will never do! Although I believe there is a nude Wellington somewhere in London, Americans won't stand that." He was greatly relieved when I told him that the Americans would not see him till he was properly dressed; that I had just got him ready to put his clothes on. "Well," said he, "I am glad to hear it, for I really thought you had gone crazy. But why not begin with the clothes, since they are on the outside?"

I find it is the general belief among outsiders that the sculptor takes a big lump of clay and digs the statue out of it.

This for the benefit of beginners: —

Always remember that every bit of clay added is a step forward, every bit removed is a step backward. Therefore, if there be too much in any part, remove it all at once, and more, with one scoop, and thus save your steps.

Pay particular attention to your large forms;

shut your eyes to the little ones till the work seems about done, and you will be surprised to find the little ones all there, or as many of them as you want. In Art, Franklin's financial maxim is reversed: Take care of the dollars, and the cents will take care of themselves.

Look out for the high lights; but look not on the mountain tops, but in the valleys. Keep well open the concavities where lurk the strongest lights, glowing as in a concave mirror. These are what give tone to a picture and color to a statue.

> The ardent sun-god, waking from his dreams,
> Kisses the mountain peaks; a moment dallies,
> Then leaves them cold, and spreads his brightest beams,
> T' embrace and glorify the fertile valleys.

In other words, give your whole attention to your contours and the ample spread of your concavities. If these are largely treated, no amount of subsequent labor expended on your finish will ever belittle the work.

It is a mistake to suppose that a rough, careless surface finish gives breadth; it is only a superficial appearance of breadth, tending to deceive at first sight, but is a veil that is soon seen through. If we have any charity for such finish, it is that it covers a multitude of sins.

No work of sculpture ever failed *because* of its

carefully studied surface finish; otherwise, the best Greek works would be failures.

Let every touch have a meaning; above all, do not "slobber." Every young artist should beware of affecting a free, careless touch; freedom in this oft means anarchy. Admitting that it is honest freedom, and that every surface touch on the clay has a masterly meaning, what becomes of it when it passes into the marble? If, as Thorwaldsen beautifully expressed it, "plaster is the death," nothing but the bronze can effect a complete resurrection; the pure translucent marble cannot compensate, but only console for its loss.

The sculptor's Clay, enchanting flatterer,
With smiles and soft allurements leads us on
To where she tells us our ideal sleeps,
And we need but extend our hand, and she
Will straight awake and fall into our arms;
But when we think she 's all our own, comes Plaster,
Harsh but truthful monitor, and holds
The cup of bitter disappointment to our lips;
Which when with tears we 've drunk e'en to the dregs,
The sweet consoler, pure and spotless Marble,
Throws her arms around us, hides our faults,
And cheers us on with more humility.

But remember that after the resurrection comes judgment; and impress upon your mind the important fact that if the work is then found wanting

in these two particulars, carefully studied outlines and broadly spread concavities, all the texture or the polish in the world will never redeem it.

We hear a great deal said about leaving certain parts to the imagination, especially in painting. There are some people whose imagination I would not trust. I would prefer my own, and that they should exercise theirs on a blank canvas. I hold that in a perfect work of Art the artist's own imagination should be depicted, but in so unobtrusive a manner as to require to be looked for, but when found, not to be mistaken.

Pay particular attention to the parts that the "gods only see," — such as (in a bust) the inside of the nostrils, inside and behind the ears, under the chin, the contour of the top of the head, etc., and you will find it turn to your profitable account. The eyes, nose, and mouth will look out for themselves; there 's no dodging them.

Do not hurry or count your hours, but labor on patiently to the end. Who cares how a work was done, or how long it took to do it, if it be only well done? It provokes me to hear an artist boast how quickly he "threw off that," or that this was "only child's play." I think of the young clergyman who boasted that he often wrote a sermon in half an hour, *and made nothing of it.* Nothing in Art is child's play, or easy.

But I am not writing a lecture or an instruction book; although, perhaps, a few hints here and there, as they occur to me, may be found of sufficient importance to redeem my work from being utterly worthless.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the end of my first year I decided to reduce my rent by taking a smaller studio and one nearer home. I had two reasons for doing this, — first, that I had no money to spend to put my Pandora into marble, and therefore could get along without a workroom; and second, that I might be on the home side of the river, as on two occasions I had come near being obliged to stop on the other side over night, on account of floods from the overflow of the Arno, which occurred almost every year in the rainy season. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, in his Autobiography, gives a thrilling description of the terrific rush of the waters of the Arno at these times, and of the little baby in the cradle that was rescued unharmed as it was being hurled along on this boiling, surging torrent, seemingly to certain destruction, midst uprooted trees, broken and overturned boats, dog-kennels, hen-coops, and other rubbish. This incident, I think, happened but a year or two before we came to Florence.

My wife would frequently take her work and book, and accompany me to the studio, spend the day, and we would walk home to dinner together.

One day when I had left her at home in the morning, she came to the studio in the afternoon in a state of great excitement and distress. When I opened the door to her, I saw at once that she had been crying. "What is it, my dear?" She threw herself into my arms. "Oh, Tom," she cried, "they have stolen all our silver," and immediately broke down. I at once thought of a hundred francesconi — little more than a hundred dollars — which I had drawn from the bank a day or two before in silver. But when she said it was the thirty or forty dollars' worth of forks and spoons that we were responsible for to our landlady, I made light of it, as I should have done for her sake had it been the francesconi. Now, this may seem to you very weak on her part to cry for the loss of a few dollars' worth of spoons; but it must be remembered that we had been practising the strictest economy the past year, in order to make our little fund hold out another year; that she was alone when she made the discovery, and that the landlady had been accusing her of carelessness in leaving the silver just where she had told us to when we took the apartment. Before I had quite succeeded in drying her tears, the lady living under us — Mrs. Page — and her friend Miss Oxenham drove up to the studio door. Hearing of the robbery, and that Mrs. Ball had left the house in tears,

they had, in the kindness of their hearts, followed her to the studio to sympathize with her and soothe her grieved and wounded feelings; which with our united efforts we succeeded in doing, by convincing her that it was not her fault, when we all drove home and dined together. The next day we satisfied the landlady for the loss of her silver, and bought for our future use some plated forks and spoons, which, being our own property, we could keep out of doors if we chose, without fear of being scolded if they should be stolen.

It is very seldom that we hear of a burglary in Florence, although there is no end of petty thieving by servants. In the days I am writing about, when most of the streets were as dark as pockets in the night, I do not remember ever having heard of any one being robbed. Ah! we shall never see Florence again as we saw it then, — and I do not wish to; but there are many who never cease to mourn the loss of its gloom and nastiness. There were certainly some very interesting ceremonies and usages that you can never see again; and as there are many who have never seen them or heard them described, a few words from an eyewitness may not be without interest. I have by me a bundle of old letters written at that time by my wife to her mother, who preserved them all, dear woman! and brought them with her when she afterward came

out to us. A few extracts from them I am sure will not be found uninteresting.

FLORENCE, June 20, 1855.

I must tell you about the Corpus Christi celebration which came off on the 7th; as we have no such "conductions" in our happy land, it will interest you. Well, about eight o'clock in the morning Tom and I squeezed our way through the crowd in Piazza Santa Trinita, and managed to get safely into the Bank without broken bones or crushed hats, where we stationed ourselves at a window to see the procession. Out of every window was hung a piece of tapestry, of silk, velvet, or damask, some of them edged or embroidered with gold, giving the square a very gay effect altogether, as they were mostly of bright colors, but to us rather suggestive of carpet-shops. And the people in such crowds, one would think they had never seen anything of the kind before, instead of having witnessed the same thing every year since they were born. What particularly strikes me in an Italian crowd is the perfect order and good-nature prevailing, — no pushing or quarrelling, nothing but the talking buzz of a multitude. To be sure, this is a part of their religion. But it was the same at the races a week previous.

The route of the procession had been covered with canvas to prevent the sun from shining too fiercely on the uncovered head of the Grand Duke. This was done, I hear, at the expense of the Jews, who are obliged to do it as a sort of tax. I suppose you are wondering all this time why the procession does not move. Patience, my dear! I hear the band; they are

just turning the corner. First we have companies from the country churches, in each from fifty to a hundred laymen, dressed in long, loose, white linen robes, belted in with ropes, the head and face covered with a pointed hood of the same, with two little holes cut for the eyes. In each company were priests bearing silver candlesticks and an immense crucifix. The robes of each company, although of the same form, were of a different color, some black, some brown, and others red, looking very much like the demons in "Don Giovanni." Every individual bore a lighted wax-candle. For one hour these creatures passed, keeping up a most terrific chanting. This part of the procession strongly reminded me of our political torchlight processions the week before the Presidential election, only chanting instead of cheering, but full as noisy. Next came a great number of soldiers; then the Noble Guard, followed by the Duke's servants in gorgeous livery; priests with incense; next the Archbishop under a canopy of silk, surrounded by priests carrying the "Host." Then came the Grand Duke and his two sons dressed as Knights of the Order of Saint Stephen. The dress seemed a sort of robe of white silk and red ribbons, with long trains borne by pages. They were surrounded by the Noble Guard. Then more soldiers, followed by the State carriages, each drawn by four horses and with numerous outriders.

We afterward met the Court returning to the palace in their carriages; the one the Duke was in had four footmen standing and holding on behind. How absurd they did look! For eight days after Corpus Christi Domini these processions were kept up in the different

parishes of the city; but the first was quite enough for us until Wednesday of this week, when the one occurred in this parish, which is the Duke's, so of course better than the ordinary ones. We went over to the Pitti Palace — the ducal residence — about seven o'clock P. M., to see the decorations. The interior courtyard of the palace is a large square surrounded on three sides by the palace itself; on the fourth, opposite the grand entrance, is a fountain and high garden wall. On the three balconies round the court were hung festoons of red silk-velvet fringed with gold, and under these the most magnificent tapestries, like immense paintings, representing Scripture subjects, some of them containing thirty or more life-size figures. Directly across the centre of the court was a carpet of *real* flowers, beautiful beyond description, covering a space of about one hundred feet by thirty, and made of nothing but the petals of fresh flowers and green leaves, laid down in a pattern like the most splendid tapestry, only more brilliant. It all seemed like fairyland to me; and Tom had enough to do to keep me from dancing and screaming with pure delight.

We returned home in time to see the procession pass the house. It was like the other, only less of it and more select, and the streets through which it passed were strewn with flowers. Oh, dear! I came near forgetting the most striking feature of the procession. I have said that each one carried a lighted candle; these candles were four or five feet long, and large in proportion. Well, by the side of each, to catch the dripping wax in bits of paper or even in their own caps, were the raggedest of all ragamuffins. You can imagine the

contrast their garments presented to the splendid liveries of the torch-bearers, who never objected in the slightest to their proximity, even allowing them from time to time to scrape off the melting wax around the wick. This wax these poor wretches sell for a few quattrini.

That is Italy all over! — but a step between splendor and squalor; a palace and a hovel side by side; a prince and a beggar.

I can vouch for the beauty and novelty of that flower carpet, made to be walked over but once.

Among these old letters I find one of my own, from which I extract a few lines, as they will give you a peep into our domestic arrangements, and show other young couples how it is possible to be tolerably happy on a small amount of financial capital.

FLORENCE, March 11, 1855.

Nellie tells me that this is your birthday, and I know no better way to celebrate it so that you can benefit by it than to write you a few lines. She, as usual, has the start of me in telling all the news, and has, no doubt, told you how comfortable and happy we are; she said she would.

I have just got my studio in running order, and have begun my statue of Pandora, which I hope to show you one of these days. This is a March day that would do infinite credit to Boston. The wind is terrific; so we decided not to go out again, as we went to church this morning and were almost blown away. The English

Church — the only Protestant one here — is a mile and a half from us, and we can't afford to drive when we can possibly walk.

You know, the habit is so strong with me that I really enjoy singing in the choir; especially as we can enter without being obliged to pass that dreadful woman who keeps the door and collects the "pauls" from all the people as they go in. If they don't pay then, they have another opportunity as they go out, when the plate is again shaken at them; so, to get their seats for nothing, they must run the gauntlet twice. [At the present writing it is not so.] Our consciences, however, are not troubled by the evasion of this tax, as we think our united services in the choir a fair equivalent for the four pauls a Sunday which we need, if anything, more than they do. The choir is not particularly well balanced, as I am the only *he* in the crowd, and this morning it was my painful duty to drown six innocent females, — at least, I did my best to; and ten to one I shall be obliged to repeat the effort every Sunday till further notice, as Ned Sumner, the only other male bird, is moulting, — at any rate, he is not well enough to sing.

Among these ladies are the two sisters Herbert (English), who are living here, one of whom took me to the studio of the celebrated sculptor Dupré, and introduced me to him. Then there is Mrs. Macquay (Italian), wife of the English banker, and a most charming little lady; all of whom are very kind, and have shown us every attention.

It is worth all our efforts in the choir to have made the acquaintance of these ladies. . . .

This climate seems to agree with us, notwithstanding the March winds; we are both better in health than when we left home. We either go out for our dinners or have them brought to us in a thing like an air-tight stove, made of tin with a fire in it to keep the dinner warm, and borne on the head of the porter. But our breakfast is the meal we enjoy most, because we cook it ourselves. You should look in on us about that time, if you would see two busy people. I get up first, and in a very hurried costume make the fire; then while I am finishing my toilet, Nelly makes the coffee; then I come in for the eggs and toast, because I can stand fire better than she. It would please you to see what a hurry I am in for about three minutes; my eggs are boiling in a porringer, while hers are simmering in a saucer; then the bread toasting or burning on the tongs, and the milk to be watched that it does n't boil over. When all is done — judging by my color, as they do a lobster — you would conclude that I was done too. It is not quite such a breakfast as they get up over at the palace; but who, think you, is the happier man about this time, — the Grand Duke or the artist? But when we talk of the dear ones at home, the tears will come into our eyes and occasionally overflow; and what is very remarkable, they never appear in the eyes of one but they immediately blind those of the other. But we rather enjoy it occasionally.

From Nellie to her Mother.

Holy Thursday, 1855.

I went to the Pitti Palace to-day to see the feet-washing. We were shown into a large room where

were two long tables laid as if for dinner. One half the room was occupied with spectators. Twelve old women dressed in black with white caps — something like a nun's dress — were led in and seated in a row; then twelve old men dressed like priests ranging in years from eighty-five to ninety-five, — the oldest in each parish. To each was given three suits of clothes and an immense basket of provisions, ready cooked; also a knife, fork and napkin, spoon, and a flask of wine.

Twelve noblemen and as many noble ladies having uncovered one foot of each of the old people, the Grand Duke and Duchess washed them from a golden basin and then kissed them; the Duchess performing the ceremony for the females, and the Duke for the males. In the mean time some priests sang a sort of Mass. The tables were decorated with flowers; it was quite a curious sight. After the feast the old people had each a purse of ten francesconi — attached to a black ribbon — hung round their necks by the Duke and Duchess.

After this I visited eleven churches, in each of which was an altar in gold and silver, with a great many flowers, most of them artificial, and surrounded with no end of lighted candles; making it look like a fairy scene in the theatre, pleasing the children very much. On most of the altars was a life-size figure of Christ, either in wood or wax, painted in natural colors, looking as if just taken from the cross; the blood on some of them was dreadful to look at, and the people crowded for a chance to kiss the open wounds.

The whole Court is obliged to make what is called

the visit of the seven churches on this day, walking the whole distance; the ladies clothed in black, with long black veils on their heads.

We waited in one of the churches to see them. Just before they appeared, servants brought in four chairs of velvet and gold and cloths of the same to cover the kneeling desks (humility!).

The Grand Duke, the Duchess, their oldest son, and the Dowager Duchess occupied them; the others of the party taking the common benches. They came in, said their prayers for about five minutes, then departed for another church. . . .

This is a dirty old place when it rains; but when the sun is out, nothing can be more charming — excepting Boston. To-day the first fruit-trees are in blossom, the sky a lovely blue, and in the distance on all sides mountains covered with snow. You have no conception how beautiful the landscape is. . . .

Took tea the other evening at Mrs. Macquay's. A few others present; after tea a little music and dancing. . . . We go frequently to Mrs. Powers's weekly receptions. Last Thursday evening was a very pleasant one; a small company, among them the Kinneys and the Reads. Tom made quite a furore with his singing; the last song without accompaniment. Mr. Kinney thinks he has the — etc., etc.; and I doubt very much if there is another — etc., etc., etc. . . .

Heard "Il Trovatore" again, and like it better each time. I have borrowed the opera of Miss H—— to study, and will sing it for you when I return. The man who took the bass part used to dig sand in the Arno. One day some one who heard him singing

thought his voice so remarkable that he had him taught. He has a magnificent voice, but sings with no expression. They had the hardest work to teach him the words, as his language was not very intelligible to Italian ears polite. They said last winter that he walked the stage as though through water. . . .

Mr. T. B. Read hears very good accounts from America of the reception of his new poem; the whole of the first edition is sold, and he has received very complimentary letters from Professor Longfellow and others. If you hear it spoken of, please let me know. The last two weeks we have been dining at the restaurant, where we meet Mr. and Mrs. Read and the children, who are also tired of the dinners sent in. . . .

How I should like to have been with you at Signor Corelli's soirée! Very funny, the very same week, at Mrs. Macquay's musicale they sang three of the same pieces that were in your programme, — Chorus from "Giuramento," Rossini's "Carità," and the "Costa" Quartette. I think the pretty girls in Corelli's Chorus must have been as attractive as the music. . . .

Tom wishes me to give you a thousand thanks for the newspapers; he has not ceased to wonder what put it into your head to send them in the box. We have not finished the "Transcripts" yet, as we take out but one a day in the order of their dates. They are quite as good to us as though fresh from the office. It is laughable to hear him asking for "to-day's paper." I don't think anything seems more homelike than to see him sit down to his "Transcript" after dinner.

CHAPTER XXIV.

For the second year I managed to find a studio very near our dwelling, and directly opposite Mr. Powers's. It was one good-sized room, which was all I then required, as I had given up the idea of being able to put any of my models into marble; so I must take them home in plaster. For this room I paid twenty-five francesconi a year, one quarter of the amount I had been paying. Here I modelled a statue of a shipwrecked boy, showing a bit of the raft to which he was clinging with one hand and waving his shirt with the other. It made a picturesque composition, too much so I feared at that time; but in these realistic days it would be considered quite pure and classic. Indeed, one might now introduce the whole raft for this one little boy, — with a few accessories, such as a hen-coop, for instance, and two or three of the traditional rats who always desert the sinking ship (I have often wondered where they go when they desert), — without fear of criticism.

The modern school has done one good thing for Art, in letting in daylight to their studios. The

old masters assiduously avoided the light of day, as if their deeds were evil; whereas they were much purer than those of the modern school. One of the evils of this broad light would seem to be the discovery and development of all the most hideous phases of Nature that had been hitherto concealed or ignored as unworthy of Art. And these honest, open-daylight worshippers have pounced upon these horrors and indelicacies, gloating over them as something new and interesting, — things that have been too long hidden from the world, and should now be brought out in boldest relief, exaggerated and made the most of, as a compensation for having been so long neglected. Purity has had her day; it's time she retired, and made room for nightmares and nastiness.

"Nature!" is their cry, — "Nature unextenuated."

They all agree that Nature they 'll not flatter,
But differ in their ways of looking at her.
One, gifted with "snap-shutter" vision, thinks
He sees enough between two rapid winks
To represent Dame Nature's outside dress:
No more he cares to see; he could not less.
Professing t' be (alas for the profession!)
Impressionist. Alack! for the impression
His work, when finished, leaves on those who view it,
In wonder how the mischief he could do it!

Another class, impertinent and bold,
Determine that the truth shall now be told,

Forgetting, as they scan with searching eye,
That truth, too strongly told, becomes a lie;
They, gazing with no mercy in their glance,
Stare modest Nature out of countenance;
Exaggerating faults — if faults they be —
To make her blush for her deformity.

Then comes eccentric Genius to delight
Our eyes with a pure "symphony in white,"
When straight a host of imitators rush
Armed with a single tint, a single brush,
And strive our sober senses to beguile
With melodies in monochrome; the while
Our great original, in silver gray,
With waggish smile goes *whistling* on his way.

Yet, spite of all their vagaries, 't is true
That pure Art, nurtured by the earnest few,
Still marches on with measured step and sure, —
Her throne, than now, was never more secure;
While Nature, studied through their loving eyes,
Is safe from insult. Her defects they prize;
As Music's mighty master e'en holds dear
The discord, which, when heard alone, the ear
Unskilled abhors the sound of, but which he
Resolves into the noblest harmony.

Then since the modern school lets in the broad daylight,
If it but serve to bring new beauties into sight,
Pure, earnest Art, ignoring freak and eccentricity,
Will still stand firm with Nature in her grand simplicity.

It is about time to return to that poor boy we left floating on a raft in mid-ocean. This subject gave me a good opportunity to study the youthful

nude figure, which was very valuable to me. One day when the statue was nearly done, an old friend who had been spending a few days in Florence, calling to say good-by, found me wrapping up my clay boy in wet cloths, and heard me regret that I had not a proper covering for him, as in its present stage of finish the wet rags marred the surface by contact. The truth was, I could not afford the luxury of an oil-cloth case, and my friend divined the fact. As he was going out, he placed a Napoleon on my trespolo, saying, "For the poor Sailor-boy, to keep him *wet*," and disappeared before I could protest. This was another of those little, kind acts that seemed constantly on the watch for the moment of my necessity. This year I also modelled a statuette, half life-size, of my old friend, Washington Allston; a bust of Napoleon I.; another portrait bust from life, for which I was paid a little more than enough to put it in marble (although it was for a millionnaire); and a study for an ideal group, "The Birth of Song," represented by three figures, Music and Poetry united by Love, which however was never carried out.

I came near forgetting that in this room I also modelled the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," — after Trumbull's painting, — for one of the panels of Greenough's statue of Franklin. This, with the one for the opposite panel, was my

first public order. While at work on the Sailor-boy, Powers often visited me to bless me with his criticism and advice. He was at that time modelling his statue of Webster in plaster, having entirely discarded clay for modelling anything but his portrait busts. He had invented a perforated file that cut plaster very cleanly and beautifully, and was convinced that there were other materials — lead, for one — that would clog the common file, and for which his invention would be extensively and constantly demanded. So confident was he of this that he also invented, and went to the expense of having made, quite a complicated machine for making the files, the use of which in his modelling so fascinated him that he declared plaster was much superior to clay for that purpose. In that I could not agree with him, although subsequently I was obliged from necessity to model my most important work (the Washington) in that ungrateful material. This I will explain in its proper place.

Although the Italians and other sculptors smiled at the idea of modelling in plaster, and scoffed at Powers's files, they were glad enough to use them in touching up their own models, when, after his patent was stolen from him, they could buy them in Rome, where I saw them on sale, — the identical thing, but not from his hand.

About this time Joel T. Hart, the Kentucky

sculptor, not to be outdone by Powers in mechanical invention, was perfecting a machine for taking points from the living model and transferring them to the clay, as we do from plaster to marble. But to do this he was obliged to take all the points at one sitting, after propping the head firmly, as used to be done in taking the early photographs; only more so, as the movement of a hair's breadth while the operation was going on would spoil everything. Then he applied a sort of metal frame, which surrounded the head at the distance of four or five inches; from this frame, and pointing in to the face and from every direction, were innumerable steel needles. This frame was supported by an upright bar screwed firmly to the chair. The whole machine reminded me of that inquisitorial instrument of torture called, I think, the "Scavenger's Daughter." When all was ready, these needles were carefully pushed in one after the other till they just touched the skin, and so fastened, when the instrument was opened and the victim liberated. The machine was now applied to the clay, which was then built out to the points of the needles. It was very ingenious; but no other mortal would ever make use of it, and he never would have used it had any other mortal invented it. I go to sleep over my own inventions every night. I find them capital soporifics, invariably leading

me into dreamland before I can overtake the idea. Every sculptor should possess a certain amount of mechanical genius to enable him to set up and carry through successfully a model of any importance. I have more than once made for myself extra trouble by employing assistants — to put up the irons and pack the clay — who have proved to be incapable. The irons would crop out when and where least expected or desired. When I place the irons and pack the clay myself, I know just where to find them if I wish to make any change; and they seldom appear on the surface when not wanted. But there are skilled workmen who are usually employed by the sculptor to perform this labor, doing it to perfection from his small model; and as I get older I am more and more inclined to shirk this fatiguing, mechanical part of the work. I would here remark, again, for the benefit of beginners, that the principal iron, to hold firmly the weight of clay in a three-foot upright figure, should be one inch square, and in the same proportion for larger figures; for instance, for one of twelve feet an iron of four inches in diameter is none too large, if you wish to feel perfectly secure from oscillation in turning it about.

CHAPTER XXV.

Our second summer in Florence was now advancing, and we began to make our preparations for going home. "What! without seeing Rome?" Yes, without seeing Rome. We expected no less than that some of our friends at home would look upon us as a couple of heathen, and perhaps turn their backs upon us, as Lord Byron is said to have done to an American he met in London, upon learning that he had not seen Niagara Falls; and with about as much sense or reason. The fact was, we could not afford it. The journey could not then be made as easily as now; our money was getting low; the reserved fund put aside to take us home must not be touched for any other purpose; and above all, we felt so confident that we should return to Italy before many years, that we were patient to wait, and allowed no regrets to trouble us. We had made many warm friends during our sojourn in Florence, and I have no doubt that more than one of them, if they had heard us express disappointment or regret at not being able to see Rome before our departure from Italy, would have sent us at their own expense, had we permitted it.

As an example of their kind thoughts toward us, a few weeks before we left, a gentleman called at the studio, whom we had met but once or twice in society, and asked if it were true that we were about going home. I told him yes, we were going where I was sure of getting a living, which I was fearful of not being able to do in Italy. He asked me, with a smile and a twinkle in his eye worthy of the "Cheeryble Brothers": "How does your money hold out? Enough to get home with hey?" "Oh, yes," I said, "I had been careful to look out for that." "Wise young man!" clapping me on the shoulder. "I came from Boston myself; now I want you to take this," taking from his pocket a five-hundred franc bill, "so as to feel comfortable in case anything should happen to detain you on your journey. You can pay me back, you know, whenever it's convenient." I could not wound a Boston heart by refusing, and accepted it with the above understanding. Now, this old gentleman was a Mr. Earl, whom, no doubt, some of my day and generation will remember as the landlord of the celebrated "Earl's Coffee-House" in Elm Street, whence most of the stages and mail-coaches used to start before the days of railroads.

A short time after Mr. Earl's visit I received another angel, — this time, a lady who was a perfect stranger to me, — when a conversation passed similar

to that with Friend Earl; seeming almost as if there had been an arrangement between them, although his name was not mentioned, and I don't know that they had ever met. She said, finally, that she was sorry she could not give me a commission that would keep me in Florence as long as I would like to stay. But as she was not able, would I be kind enough to do her a little favor when I returned to Boston? I told her I should be most happy to; thinking she had some little article which she wished me to put in my trunk for a friend. She then handed me a bit of paper which she said was an order on her banker in Boston for one hundred dollars, and which she wished I would be kind enough to cash, and keep the money, as she was sure I would find use for it in fitting up a new studio. So delicately put, I accepted, promising to use it if my necessities actually required it, with the understanding that she should not be offended if the check were never cashed.

It may seem strange to some that I should not have felt the slightest depression of my dignity in accepting the two unsolicited loans; but I could not find it in my heart to wound the feelings of these two kind souls, or disappoint them in the happiness they derived from feeling that they had done a kind and generous act. I resolved, however, and indeed told them, that on no account should I use

their bounty but in case of emergency; and I felt confident that upon arriving home I should be all right, and would not find it necessary to touch this money. Nor did I; for when Mr. Earl returned to Boston, I had the pleasant satisfaction of paying him with the same bill that he gave me, which he was loath to receive until I told him that I was "out of the woods." The lady returned the next year, when I gave her back her uncashed check minus the signature, which I tore off and kept for the autograph. It read, "D. L. Dix" (Miss Dorothy),—a name that will be widely remembered as belonging to one of those saints who find their chief happiness in going about doing good.

Not long before we left Florence, I read in an American paper that a project was on foot in Boston to erect in that city an equestrian statue of Washington. I immediately began to study the anatomy of the horse, intending, on my return home, to make a model, hoping the commission might come my way. But I soon learned from another journal that a committee had been formed to raise money for the purpose of engaging Thomas Crawford to make the equestrian statue; upon which, I gave up the idea I had contemplated. I never saw Crawford but once, and that was when he was passing through Florence for the last time,

on his way to Paris ; he called on me at my studio. I have always remembered his visit most pleasantly; not because he praised my work, but that his criticisms, from his kind manner, seemed to be compliments. He congratulated me upon my Napoleon and Allston, and left me feeling that I could work better and happier for having seen him.

I now began to pack up my models preparatory to leaving *la bella Firenze*, where we had spent two such happy years, always to be looked upon with delight. Yes, beautiful Florence, notwithstanding her dark and dirty streets when the sun went down or refused to shine upon her.

By the by, I wish to modify my previous statement in regard to the infrequency of burglaries in Florence. It was true at that time, but now they surely have become more enlightened; for, day before yesterday, upon first appearing in the morning, I was informed that during the night my garden wall had been scaled, my hen-house broken into, and every blessed fowl, male and female, carried off. I was told that I must inform the police of the burglary, or I should be heavily fined. I accordingly gave notice at the police-office, and they immediately sent out two gendarmes to examine the premises, particularly the wall and the bereft hen-house, and to gather all the information the gardener could give them. This was not enough;

yesterday I was formally summoned to appear in person at the office at nine o'clock this morning, under an awful penalty if I failed, as if I had stolen my own hens! Well, I did n't wish the hens to cost more to lose than it did to keep them; so I went, and was put through a series of questions as to my place of birth, my age, my father's name, the height of my back wall, that of my iron fence and gate, the number of the fowls, what they cost, — which latter I could not answer because they were all born on the place, with the exception of the original aged couple, who were of foreign breed; so they were recorded as *forestieri* (foreigners). Then, after writing several pages legal size, the officer read it to me, rattling it off like a custom-house oath, and passed it to me to sign, which I did, although I was not sure it was not my death-warrant. I was then told I could go, and my gardener was called in. I went away with the firm conviction — after having lost my hens, half a day of sunlight, and two half-days of my gardener's time — that a burglary in Italy was an expensive luxury; which was probably the reason of their rarity.

But to return to my packing. This was soon accomplished, and we left Florence near the end of September, with many regrets and some tears as we caught the last glimpse of her glorious old

Duomo. We had a pleasant voyage across (all but the first three days), and sailed up our beautiful harbor on the morning of the 10th of October, — the second anniversary of our wedding, just two years from the time we departed. 'T was a happy wedding-dinner we were welcomed to that day, — no missing face, no vacant place; all just as if we 'd been away but two short weeks instead of years, or that those years had been a dream, and I must now again begin my precious girl to woo and win. But I realized it all when I began the next day to look for a studio, and found a dentist occupying my dear old garret, the scene of my twelve years' struggles and the dawning of my success.

I finally found a studio in the Mercantile Library Building, Summer Street. But it seemed odd to be obliged to mount three flights of stairs, after working two years on the stone pavement of a ground floor. I think my first work in my new studio was to model the second bas-relief for the pedestal of the Franklin statue, — the subject, the Signing of the Treaty of Peace in Paris. After that I made a statuette of Henry Clay, as a companion to my Webster. To me it was not as successful as the latter, although it called forth the following complimentary note from Hon. Edward Everett: —

Boston, Sept. 13, 1858.

Dear Sir, — I have much pleasure in expressing the opinion that Mr. Ball has been completely successful in his statuette of Mr. Clay, as respects both the face and the person. The likeness is excellent, and the carriage of the figure true to life. It appears to me in all respects equal to his similar statuette of Mr. Webster.

Edward Everett.

Upon second thought, I believe my first work after my return was the bust of my dear friend, Rev. Dr. Ephraim Peabody, who died a few days after my arrival. The bust was ordered to be placed in the chancel of King's Chapel.

I next received a commission, from the alumni of Dartmouth College, to make a bust of President Lord of that institution. In 1859 Hon. Rufus Choate died, and I immediately made a bust of him, the marble of which is now in the Law Library in Boston. I also this same year modelled cabinet busts of the historian William H. Prescott and Henry Ward Beecher. The latter was a commission I was obliged to go to New York to fulfil; and the reverend gentleman consented to sit to me only on condition that I would go over to his house in Brooklyn every morning, take breakfast with him, and have the sitting immediately after, — which I enjoyed very much, not only for the pleasure of modelling from his deep, broad, pleas-

ant face, but of listening to his sermons as they were pouring fresh from the mould; for he always had a shorthand reporter writing from his dictation, which, although I enjoyed the entertainment, seemed to me a little affected. But he had an original way of doing most things. For instance, I dined with him one day; and when the "joint" was to be removed, instead of allowing the servant to reach awkwardly round him to take away the dish, which was about two feet in length, he quietly took it with both hands, raised it high above his head, and so passed it over to the man, who stood behind him; then looked over to me with a wink, as much as to say, "What do you think of that, my boy? That's my own invention." I really think it was, for I never saw it done before, and I believe he did it then for my special entertainment; for Mrs. Beecher — the only other person present — exclaimed, "Oh, Henry!" in a tone that expressed her sorrowful conviction that he was an incorrigible boy. I don't think she quite liked the idea of his sitting for his bust, — I am sure he did not waste much time over it, — for she would not look at it, and I don't know to this day if she has ever seen it. I enjoyed the hours I spent on it, and the kind attention they both paid me while I was doing it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

To retrace our steps two years. I think it was in 1857 the news came of the death of poor Crawford, in consequence of which the idea of the equestrian statue was given up by its original projectors. Feeling quite sure it would come up again, I resolved that I would be prepared for such an event.

The next year I had finished a model half life-size, which, when finished, pleased so much that the artists held a meeting, April 8, 1859, Benjamin Champney, chairman; William Willard, secretary; at which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

First, That it is desirable to adorn the metropolis of New England with an equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected in some suitable public place.

Second, That the statue should be the work of a resident artist, and should be cast in Massachusetts.

Third, That the model of an equestrian statue of Washington by T. Ball is a work of great artistic excellence, which, enlarged to colossal proportions and cast in bronze, would be an enduring honor to the city.

Fourth, That a committee of ten be chosen for the purpose of procuring such a statue, executed by Thomas Ball, and placed by them on some appropriate site.

Fifth, That we will heartily aid the Committee in any method which they may desire to raise funds for the object.

The following gentlemen were unanimously chosen to carry out the object of this meeting: —

COMMITTEE.

Hon. Alexander H. Rice, *Chairman.*
Hon. Thomas Russell.
S. E. Guild, Esq.
Mr. John D. W. Joy, *Treasurer.*
Mr. Warren Sawyer.
Mr. George H. Chickering.
Mr. Charles G. Loring, *Secretary.*
Mr. Hammatt Billings.
Mr. Benjamin Champney.
Mr. F. H. Underwood.

The undersigned fully approve of the above proceedings, and pledge their hearty co-operation.

ARTISTS.

Moses White.
Charles Pressey.
Thomas R. Gould.
William Willard.
Samuel W. Griggs.
M. G. Wheelock.
Joseph Ames.
Walter M. Brackett.
Alvan Fisher.
W. A. Gay.
B. Champney.
John C. King.
Alfred Ordway.
Alonzo Hartwell.
William H. Hanley.
J. H. Young.
F. H. Hinkley.
F. D. Williams.
M. F. Foley.
Jane Stuart.

Albert Bierstadt.	F. S. Frost.
W. Ralph Emerson.	S. P. Hodgdon.
Charles A. Cummings.	Thomas H. Johnson.
D. C. Jonston.	George Snell.
George Howarth.	George Curtis.
George G. Smith.	H. Kurtz.
Julius Kummer.	Thomas T. Spear.
S. T. Darrah.	Charles A. Knight.
S. A. Clark.	George H. Tappan.
Alexander Ransom.	Samuel L. Gerry.
J. Morviller.	F. Rondell.

E. A. Brackett.

These names of the Committee, as well as those of the Boston artists, who started the enterprise, and who worked so diligently and so successfully to its complete development, I take great pleasure in placing upon record here, to prove that I still remember with gratitude that they opened to me the road to Fame and Fortune.

This was the first meeting in regard to the subject that I heard of; but I find from a short history of the statue prepared for the "Boston Journal," at the time of the inauguration, that there had been two preliminary meetings of my friends at the studio of Mr. Champney.[1]

[1] See Appendix.

CHAPTER XXVII.

About this time orders and honors began to flow in upon me. A committee from Lexington applied to me for a statue of the "Minute-Man" of the Revolution, to be erected on the first battle-ground. They approved of and paid for the small model; and a contract was drawn up, signed, and exchanged for the modelling of the colossal figure, which was to be fifteen feet high. But this colossal was not to be begun until they should feel quite sure that the money would be forthcoming to pay for it, — which, as it turned out, was very proper and prudent on their part; for shortly after this the Great Rebellion broke out, rendering it impossible to raise money for any other object than to keep the country together, and to provide sustenance for the glorious defenders, too many of whom — it was found at the close of the war — had laid down their lives in the struggle for her defence. These must be honored with statues and monuments before indulging in any abstract idea connected with the more remote past. So the Minute-Man of Lexington fell through. But in a few years the idea was

adopted and carried out by the town of Concord, Mass.; and the spirited figure by my young friend Daniel C. French is the result. In 1859 I also received an order from friends in Boston of Edwin Forrest, for a statue of the great tragedian in the character of Coriolanus.

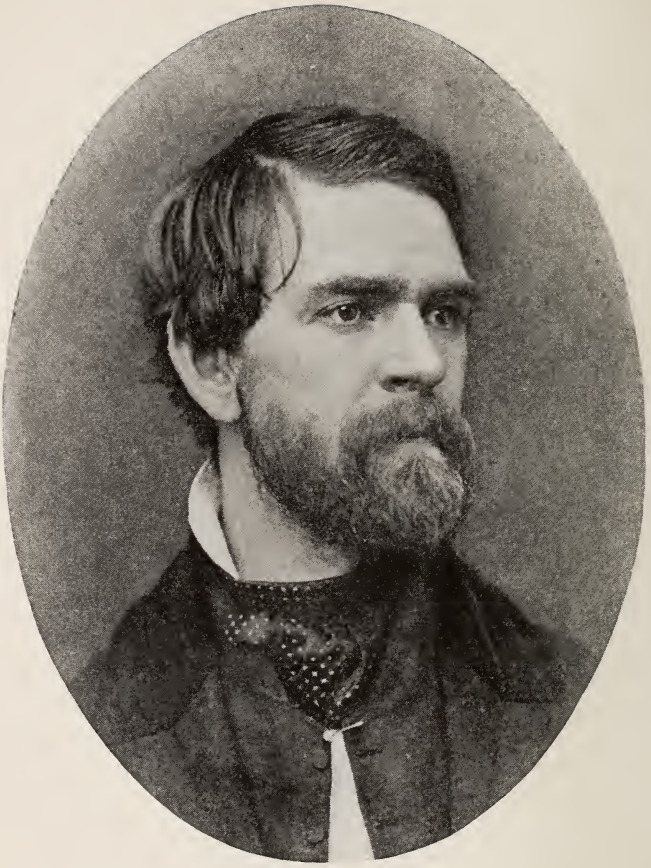
One honor that was paid me not long after this I must mention, a I have always been very proud of it, although no one out of my own family has been the wiser for it. Having been called upon previous to this to make a bust of President Lord of Dartmouth College, the work when finished in marble giving universal satisfaction to the students who paid for it, as well as to the College Faculty, and considering my successful statue and bust of two of their most eminent alumni, Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster, the honorable degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon me. As I alone have been aware of this honor for the last thirty years, I think I may be pardoned the vanity (if vanity it be) of adding those honorable initials A. M. after my name on the titlepage.

By the way, it seems to me that I have done nothing but apologize for my vanity ever since I began these memoirs. In fact, I *have* had a hard struggle between modesty and vanity. Indeed, I know no parallel to it, unless it be that of "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," — a subject that in-

spired Sir Joshua to one of his noblest efforts; nor will it surprise me if in a hundred years from now some future Sir Joshua invites me to pose for the bone of contention in the great struggle between Modesty and Vanity. But the latter must be represented by none of your airy nothings that she is generally supposed to be, but by a robust, muscular female, capable of winding her co-contestant, Modesty, round her little finger. I find that I must stifle one or the other; between the two they would deprive me of everything of interest to the reader. The former is continually whispering, "Don't say that! Although it 's the truth, it sounds so conceited;" while Vanity protests, "Don't talk about that, for mercy's sake! You have kept it to yourself all these years; what 's the use of raking it out now?" So I have decided in future to pocket Modesty, — as she will occupy the smaller pocket of the two, — and give Vanity, who is the livelier talker, full swing, or nearly so.

I remember one time, when I was beginning to be talked about in connection with the Washington statue, that Modesty had her sway; and what came of it? I was deprived of the honor of having my portrait nicely engraved for the most popular pictorial of the day. It came about in this way: One day I received a note from the editor and proprietor of "Ballou's Pictorial," requesting the favor of

an interview. When I called on him, he informed me that, as I was aware, he was publishing a series of biographical sketches of eminent Americans, with their portraits handsomely engraved; and that he had mine already begun on the block, and was desirous of obtaining from me some items of interest to enable him to write the biography part. Well, to say I was abashed at his words is altogether too mild a term. I was appalled and frightened; the cold perspiration started out from every pore. I begged him with trembling voice to desist. At this he was the more astonished of the two. He could not imagine what objection I could possibly have. He had already published several of the series, — Hon. Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher, Hammatt Billings the architect, and a number of others; and of all he had invited only one before me had declined the honor, and that was Edwin P. Whipple, the critic and essayist. I said to myself, "Bravo, E. P. W.!" but to the editor that I had a better excuse than Mr. Whipple for declining, because he had performed, while I had only promised; and if he would wait till I had executed some work of importance I should be proud of the honor he offered me, while now I feared he would only be holding me up to ridicule. "Well," he said, "if you feel so about it, I will go no further at present." But he never invited me again.



That's what came of listening to the voice of Modesty. Now that I have smothered her, I am determined to take my revenge by introducing two portraits of myself into this work, instead of one; for Vanity assures me that my readers will be pleased to see me as I was when I did my first work in Sculpture, and also advises me strongly to leave out that wrinkled gray beard, and substitute for a frontispiece one taken in my prime, say forty-five. But here I put my foot down. I shall appear in the middle and at the end of my threescore years and ten; and if I had a picture taken at the beginning, I would put that in too.

And now I wish to ask my kind readers one plain question, and I expect a candid answer. When I first introduced my lady-love (now my wife) to you in these pages, if you had been told there was a portrait of her somewhere in the book, would you not have stopped then and there to look for it, if only from curiosity to see what manner of woman had had the courage to link her lot with mine? Of course you would. That being the case, and wishing to make these pages as interesting to you as possible, I intend to gratify your curiosity; and I expect to have a time of it when she reads this manuscript, as she will be the first to do when it shall be completed. But you will see that I shall conquer in the end.

The scene will be something like the following, when she reads the promise I have made above: —

SHE (*with a most alarmed expression*). My dear! what *are* you thinking about? Is it not enough for you to lug in our foolish courtship, without —

I (*interrupting*). Stop, my love, was it foolish?

SHE. Well, let that pass; but I shall never consent to have my portrait exhibited to strangers. Besides, of what possible interest could it be to any one? You are not writing my life.

I. Am I not? Whose life is it, if not yours? Who has made it what it has been, — a happy one, — but you? Whom does it belong to, but you? Is it a life worth writing about, any way?

SHE (*with enthusiasm*). Yes, certainly it is.

I. Think you, I can appear as I was when our two lives were first joined in one, without you?

SHE (*softened*). But how would you get a likeness of me at that time?

(*I then bring forward an old daguerreotype taken for me when we were engaged, and which she has perhaps forgotten.*)

SHE (*on looking at it*). Mercy! look at the hair! You certainly would not wish me to appear with my hair dressed in that fashion, would you?

I (*looking tenderly at her*). I did not object to it when you gave it to me thirty-five years ago; nor do I now, only that it covers your dear little ears; but as long as it does not hide your precious eyes, I do not mind.

She (*much softened*). How silly you do talk! Well, do as you please; but I wash my hands of it. I am not responsible for your sentiment, at any rate.

Now, dear reader, having at length gained her reluctant consent, I present her to you face to face, begging your kind indulgence for the hair, and proceed with my narrative.

Having made the design for my big studio, and set the men at work at it, on the premises of Chickering & Sons, Piano Factory, Tremont Street, I proceeded to Philadelphia to model from life the head of the great tragedian Edwin Forrest, and to make some sketches and measurements from his figure. This latter he gave me a good opportunity of doing in his dressing-room behind the scenes, between his exits and entrances. He was then playing an engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre. His skin-fitting costume in "Spartacus" being particularly favorable to the study of his stalwart figure, I measured him pretty thoroughly throughout; he standing patiently till the call-boy gave the "stage-waiting" signal, when he would go on and through his scene, returning to lend himself again to my calipers.

I found him a most amiable great bear, at some moments as tender as a woman. For example, he came to my hotel the first evening after my arrival, — having previously arranged to sit to me for his

bust the next morning, — bringing a letter for me addressed to his care; and when I apologized, expressing my regret that he should have taken the trouble to bring it to me when he was to meet me the next morning, he in his deepest and softest tones exclaimed: "From the handwriting of the address, I thought it might be from your wife; think you I could calmly keep it from you over night?" I told him it was from her, and thanked him for his kind thought. This at the time when the trial was going on to determine the amount of alimony to be paid by him to his wife, from whom he had separated! Wherever the fault lay, I pitied him at that moment from the bottom of my heart.

After having finished this bust, I returned to Boston, where I modelled the statuette, much to the satisfaction of himself and his friends.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

By this time my big barn of a studio was about ready to be entered. It was simply a wooden shell, sixty by forty feet, and thirty feet high; built directly on the top of the ground, merely a few timbers being laid down for a foundation. A big turn-table like those used on railroads for turning locomotives, and a derrick at one side, strong enough to lift the man off and on the horse if necessary, completed the studio equipments.

The first time I entered, I had not been there an hour, before I heard a rap on the door. Upon opening it, I was met by a bright-looking boy who wished to know if I took pupils. I told him no; that I had never received pupils in my studio, although I was always happy to tell them anything and to impart to them any instruction in my power. He said he was very anxious to learn to model; he could not afford to pay much, but would give me all he could, if I would let him come. This I told him I must positively decline to do, as I was about to begin an important work which would occupy all my time and attention. At this he seemed so dis-

appointed and begged so persistently, that I finally told him I would think of it and let him know the next day. He had previously told me he had drawn a little; so I told him to bring his drawings with him when he returned. When he came back the next day, as his drawings looked promising, I told him if he would like to come to me for a year, I would do all I could to help him on, and charge him nothing; but if he would keep my studio tidy (which I never could) and attend to the fires, I would furnish his fuel, clay, and all his necessary studio-utensils in a room by himself, which I had partitioned off as an *ingresso* to the big studio. Of course he was delighted, came, and remained with me the next four years on these terms. This boy was Martin Millmore, the future sculptor of the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common.

The Washington statue, as I have before observed, was modelled in plaster instead of clay, for the reason that I knew it would be impossible to keep the temperature of the studio above freezing-point during the coldest winter nights. I had a melancholy proof of this after I entered. I had modelled a bust of a lady nearly to completion, without accident; but there came a cold snap, and although I wrapped it up as warmly as possible, one morning upon uncovering I found it frozen solid;

and when it thawed, all the prominent features — the nose, the ears, and the back hair — dropped off, and I was obliged to do it all over again. This would have been a serious affair with my colossal; but, fortunately, plaster, although a most obstinate material to manage, is not injured by freezing, and will stay where you leave it and as you leave it, without a thought about its drying other than that it may do so as quickly as possible.

Now, a few words as to my method of proceeding may not be without interest to the general reader, and advantage to the artist who may have to model a colossal in plaster with as little previous experience as I had had. He may get some hints from my inventions, the children of my necessities.

Screwed firmly to my platform was an iron post, about ten feet high and four or five inches square; a horizontal timber, about the length of the body of the horse, rested upon the top of the iron post, which entered and passed through the middle of it, the two forming a T, — the timber intended to lie along just under the lowest part of the back, and together with the iron post, support the entire weight. I then formed of plaster a series of rough slabs, ten inches wide, three inches thick, and in the form of a half-circle of the diameter of the body of the horse. As soon as they were hard, I simply hung them up — a dozen on each side — to

the timber, their lower ends coming together under the belly, supporting each other till I could join them with plaster. Thus I had a hollow cylinder, the ends of which I closed in the same manner, forming a foundation upon which to build the "barrel" of my horse. I next drew on the floor the outlines of the legs in their right proportions and positions; bending a strong iron to lay in the middle of each leg, I raised them about an inch from the floor, with a bit of plaster under each end, then filled in the outlines with plaster, covering the irons over and under; these irons should be long enough to project six or eight inches under the hoof and over the top, to enter the plinth below and the barrel above. In this way I had the legs solidly roughed out, with an iron exactly in the middle of each, and ready to be placed under the horse. Of course, my small model told me where to place the hoofs. After this the building up of the neck and head of the horse was a simple matter.

Now the modelling began in earnest; and when I tell you that this whole colossal group and at least one third more plaster wasted, passed through a two-quart bowl, you can imagine how that bowl and spoon had to work, and how many miles I must have walked backward and forward the length of my studio.

My barrel of plaster — I forget how many dozen I used in the course of the work — I kept at one extreme end of the room, while the statue was fifty feet away at the other. Every bowl-full was mixed with one eye on the distant group. I had half a minute after each mixing, while it was partially "setting," to study my work at this distance, and determine where this bowl-full was to go, for it must be put on rapidly or be wasted. As the work approached completion, this operation became more complicated; after finding at a distance the exact spot that required the little addition, I must walk up with my eye fixed upon it, and with a bit of charcoal on the end of a long stick, mark the spot that could not be discovered at close quarters; then plant my ladder, and mix my plaster now in smaller quantities than at first, and when ready, climb up and spread it on quickly. At this stage of the work, the large mass having become dry, the small quantities added each day would dry during the night, and be in good condition to work on with rasps and scrapers the next day. Oh, how I did then long for some of Friend Powers's perforated files!

Having given you a pretty good insight (if I have written intelligibly) into the manner of building the horse, I will now say a few words in regard to the man.

When the horse was well advanced toward the finish, the saddle in its place and ready to receive the General, I took a quantity of hay, and having twisted it into a long wisp, threw it across the saddle, bringing it down on each side to the length and into the position his legs were to occupy, forming a core upon which to build them, as it was expedient to make all parts that required no great strength hollow, to avoid unnecessary weight. After having oiled the saddle, that the new plaster might not adhere to it, I spread plaster over the hay, roughed out the legs, and went on to build up from the saddle, hollow, the "torso," covering it in at the shoulders, and making the arms in the same manner as the legs. In this way I had the entire figure of the man blocked out hollow. This when dry I could lift with my derrick off the horse, and lower to the floor for the better convenience of modelling the head, which of course was posed while the figure was on the horse.

As I have before said, this barn of a studio was sixty feet long, and, on the whole, very conveniently arranged, with a big folding-door at the end. I could walk off fifty feet from my group in the studio; and by opening these big doors retreat as far again into the grounds, so that I had ample distance to view my work and to judge properly of the effect. I had some difficulties to encounter,

however; the principal one being the impossibility of heating such a shell in winter. It was with the greatest effort at times that I could raise the temperature above the freezing-point.

Another annoyance I had to meet when the statue was nearly completed, but which was, however, happily remedied. At this time (during the civil war) rifles were of course in great demand for our Government troops, and the well-known Cheney Brothers had built on these grounds a temporary structure for proving the strength of the rifle-barrels which they were manufacturing. They would lay out a battery of these barrels, two or three hundred at a time, all loaded to the muzzle, and fire them all off at once, making a terrific explosion. On the first trial of this battery the concussion was so severe that my great barn was shaken as if by an earthquake, and every leg of my horse resting on the ground was cracked through the middle. There was no danger of its falling, but it gave me a good deal of trouble to repair the damage. A few days after, another crash came, with the same effect upon the legs of my poor horse. The Cheneys hearing of this came into the studio, to witness for themselves the effect of the next explosion. They were perfectly satisfied, and like the perfect gentlemen they were, insisted upon sending men capable of moving the statue into the

middle of the room, and replacing it on an independent foundation; which they did in a masterly manner, isolating it from the floor of the studio by a space of two inches all round it. After this, the old studio could quake to its heart's content; which I rather enjoyed, as long as the statue stood firm and independent.

There were several brothers of these Cheneys, but I only had the pleasure of knowing the two artists, John and Seth; the former one of the best steel-engravers in the country, and Seth — what angelic female portraits he used to make with a bit of charcoal or crayon! I well remember his deep-set, dreamy eyes, that seemed ever studying the angels while he still walked the earth. I remember, too, his kind criticism of my first work, — the Webster head, — and of meeting his wife, Mrs. Ednah Cheney, a few days after, and her telling me that Seth feared he had not said enough in praise of my work when he visited me.

I have always kept a particularly soft corner in my heart, where I treasure up the criticism of such men as Cheney, Fuller, Allston, Crawford, and Powers.

How these dear old friends have stepped in and made me forget, almost, what I was telling you about!

Well, so I worked away for upward of three

years, all soul alone, — for I could not endure the presence of any one in the room with me, not even a laborer to move my ladder and steps back and forth. I had a great deal of this to do, I assure you, as I at no time permitted myself the luxury of a staging; for I must see my work at any and every moment from a distance, free from the obstruction of any intervening object; consequently, I was continually mounting and descending and travelling back and forth. Here I found one great advantage in plaster over clay for such a work; and that was, that I could plant my ladder against the side of my horse as if it were a house, without fear of damage.

I soon became quite expert at changing my step-ladders; one ten feet high, which at first I could scarcely move, in a very little while I was able, by stepping behind and taking it upon my back, to convey to any part of the studio with the greatest ease. So that at the end, by the aid of these gymnastic exercises, I came out much stronger in the arms and back, but weaker in the knees; in fact, for more than a year afterward I could feel, and fancy I could hear, them creak every time I went upstairs. It may seem strange that I did not employ some manual assistance all this time; but as I said before, I could not endure the presence of any one, not even my pupil, when I was at

work. And then, again, I felt a (perhaps foolish) jealousy that any other hand but my own should touch or have anything to do with this work.

When the model was entirely finished and to be seen in my studio, it created a decided sensation. You must remember that the stay-at-home Bostonians had never seen an equestrian statue, and those who had travelled never one in the studio where it was modelled, and where it appeared twice as large as it ever would again. The children of all the public schools visited the studio in procession, each school in its turn. I wonder how many of them remember it, or what their sensations were at the time, now that they are men and women; or whether they ever think of their visit, or notice the statue as they pass to and from their daily avocations. It delights me now occasionally to hear a visitor to my studio in Florence say that he or she was among those school-children.

There! I have said quite enough about this statue. I trust you have been able to follow me with interest; but nothing I have said or can say will affect its merits one way or the other. There it stands, with all its faults, to speak for itself. The principal life-model I had for my horse was "Black Prince," belonging to T. Bigelow Lawrence, Esq., who most kindly sent him to me by his groom as often as I wanted him.

But I neglected no opportunity outside of my studio to study the action of the horse, leading sometimes to awkward mistakes in regard to my mental condition.

On my way to the studio every morning I passed a club stable on Tremont Street, and made a practice of going in for a few moments to study the horse that Pat happened to be rubbing down at the time, and so refresh my memory for the work of the day.

As the big door stood open to the street, I did not think it necessary to say anything, but silently walked about the horse, occasionally feeling of the muscles, when my eyes were in doubt, not thinking how absurd it must look to Patrick, or supposing that he took any notice of me. But one day I met the proprietor of the stable, who said he had a capital joke for me, and related it as follows: "The other morning, when you were going out as I came in, Pat asked me if I knew 'that gintleman.' 'Oh, yes,' I said. 'Ah,' said he, 'he is n't right in his head, poor fellow!' 'Why do you think so?' 'Well, he comes in here ivery morning, and no matter what hoss I have out, he walks round and round him, and looks at him all over, and watches his huffs ivery step he takes, and he fales of him all over, and niver a word does he say. Yesterday, when I had Ould Whitey out, I thought

he niver would be done gazing at him. Then I made bowld to tell him that we had better-looking hosses than that in the stable. "Yes, I know," he said; "but they are not white, and I can't see the muscles so well." And I made up me mind that a man that could n't see a hoss that was n't white, without faling of him, must either be blind or cracked; and he is n't *blind*.'"

Speaking of horses reminds me that when I was passing through Via Cerretani, a magnificent-looking span of horses attached to a private carriage came prancing along, tossing their heads and tails about in the most conceited manner. But pride, that goes before a fall, failed to give them warning, and the smooth pavement caused the feet of one of them to slip from under him, and down he went, tripping his companion, who followed him to the ground; and as they both fell out, their legs became very much mixed. In an instant the driver and footman were off their box and at the horses' heads, and in another a crowd had collected. As if by magic, a man appeared with a bundle of straw, which he threw down among the feet of the horses, to prevent their injuring each other; then the harness was unbuckled and the carriage moved back, when two strong men took hold of the head of the horse that first fell, and another stalwart fellow seized hold of

the tail, in order to draw him out bodily from his mate. When all was ready, the word was given, "Ora! insieme!" and with one terrible wrench — oh, horror of horrors! — the beautiful tail came out in the man's hand as if by the roots. A shuddering thrill ran through the open-mouthed crowd; but the next moment a howl went up that wakened every echo in the neighborhood, and started up a flock of pigeons from the roof of the palace opposite; for lo! the stump was there intact and firm, but bare as a rat's tail! That beautiful switch had been skilfully attached to the crupper of the harness; proving that all flowing tails are not to be depended upon, any more than all fashionable ladies' chignons.

I had intended to depart again for Italy as soon as my equestrian was done; but I found that at the time the premium on gold was so high — every dollar costing two and a half or more — I should be obliged to postpone my departure till the next year. In the mean time, as there was no money in the treasury of the committee, Mr. Mossman came on from the Ames Foundry in Chicopee, — where the statue was to be cast, — and cut the model in pieces, fitting them with the greatest precision as he proceeded, ready to be moulded without loss of time, and also for convenience of packing and transferring to the foundry. When this was done

and the parts packed in a dozen or more cases, they, together with a load of my old canvases, frames, easels, and other painting utensils and furniture of my old profession, were all carted over to Beacon Street to the private stable of Mr. Turner Sargent, who generously tendered the use of two large rooms to the committee for that purpose.

I was now making my arrangements to leave as soon as exchange should be low enough to warrant me in so doing, when I was applied to, to furnish models for three figures for the front of the new Horticultural Building, then in process of construction. These I declined, as they were required immediately, and I did not wish to delay further my departure. My pupil Millmore, knowing this to be the case, asked me if I would object to his trying to get them. I told him certainly not, and that I would recommend him, — which I did; and before I left, he had the contract drawn up and signed in my studio. This was his first commission, and it proved a most fortunate launch in his profession.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I SHALL now give you one more musical chapter, and be done with that branch of my subject.

By way of introduction, I must tell you of a most pleasant surprise that awaited me. Up to this time I had retained my situation as *basso* in the quartette choir of King's Chapel, which I had held about seven years previous to going abroad the first time. The place having been kept open for me during my two years' absence, I resumed it on my return, and had held it up to the time of which I am writing, making in all about fifteen years. But now that I was about to go abroad for an indefinite period, I sent in my final resignation. I had received all these years a liberal salary, but upon my resigning I was informed by a letter from the Vestry of the church that a purse of fifteen hundred dollars had been placed in the hands of the Treasurer by members of the congregation, which they begged me to accept as a testimonial of their esteem and their appreciation of my past services. This was a most pleasant and touching compliment at parting, which I acknowledged by letter, express-

ing as well as I knew how my gratitude for their kindness to me.

Music, I repeat, has been my warm and true friend all through my life. In my early struggles she fed me, and now that I no longer needed her pecuniary aid, dismissed me with this liberal parting present; still promising her heavenly influence for my future happiness, — a promise which she has faithfully kept. The only return I could make has been to devote my voice ever since — now twenty-five years — to the service of our little church in Florence, and an occasional concert for charity. I, of course, assist at the home musicales given for the entertainment of friends by my wife and daughter, — the former an accomplished musician and sight-reader, and the latter an exquisite pianist. I fain would join them with my violin, but my nervous sensibility has always deterred me. My daughter thinks that if I only had a third hand to finger my watch-chain, — as I have a habit of doing when I sing, — my nerves would be all right. In fact, the least said about my instrumental performances the better; my execution has not kept pace with my judgment. When a boy, in my ignorance, I had none of that nervous fear; but on arriving at man's estate I learned to know that I knew nothing, and that it would take too much time from my profession to arrive at any great

proficiency. I therefore gave up my violin for conscience' sake; and to put temptation from me, sold it, or rather, exchanged it for vocal music. My guitar — not thinking it worth having any conscience about, nor fearing its temptation after my days of romance had come to an end, if they can ever be said to have ended — I retained and still possess, but have relegated its use to my son-in-law. But the violin was another thing, and as I felt, not to be trifled with. At the age of sixty I crossed the ocean in the steam-ship "Parthia," with Captain McKay, who one day exhibited to my greedy eyes an old violin which he kept in his room to while away a calm hour now and then. As he wished me to try it, I imprudently asked to be shut in his office with it for a half-hour while he was on duty above. That half-hour undid the work of more than a quarter of a century. I dreamt over it, recalling old melodies and old memories, till, as the reformed drunkard, finding himself alone with a bottle of brandy, beginning by smelling, then tasting, falls from grace, so I fell.

Immediately on my arrival home, I hired a violin until I succeeded in finding a fine old "Cremona" upon which to indulge my craving. But I limited myself strictly to the hour before breakfast, when all others were sleeping; and I have never exceeded

the limit, or omitted to improve the allotted hour or half-hour; but retiring to the remotest corner of the house, not to disturb the slumbers of the other inmates, I pass some of the sweetest moments of the day in practice; but with how much more conscience than ever before! I feel a sort of veneration for the dear old instrument, as if every previous owner in all the one hundred and seventy years of its existence were watching me, that I do not abuse or trifle with it. I cannot better express my feelings in regard to an old violin than by indulging in a short scene from a comedietta I wrote a year or two ago strictly for home entertainment.

SCENE II. — *Painter's Studio.*

LEONARD WALKER, alias LEONARDO CAMMINATORE,[1] an old English painter, who has been obliged to fly from London to Florence, and change his name, to save his pictures from being seized for debt as fast as he paints them.

JACK WALKER, his son, pursuing the study of music.

CAMMINATORE *discovered at his easel, painting.*

CAM. Friend Shakspeare says, "That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." Perhaps so; nevertheless, I think it fortunate that it was not called *garlic.* This Italian is a wonderfully glorifying language. The name Michelangelo, for instance, — a name that inspires the world with awe, —

[1] A literal translation into Italian of "Leonard Walker."

if put into plain English *might* turn out as common a name as John Smith. I don't know; but Jack tells me that Beatrice Cenci, of the heavenly countenance, had she been born in England, would have been simply Miss Rags. Think of her saintly father being called "Old Rags!" Now, *Leonardo Camminatore!* it's almost as grand-sounding as Michelangelo! Nevertheless, I shall welcome the time when I can resume again the simple, but honest Leonard Walker. Changing the name involved a change in my style of handling, which I suppose in a hundred years from now will be called "Walker's Italian manner." Well, the first experiment was successful, snapped up the first day it appeared at the Academy exhibition; and now I wish the money would come. But I'm determined not to watch the post to-day, for I know I should be disappointed. It will probably come when I least expect it.

Enter JACK *with a letter.*

JACK. The post is in, father, and has brought a letter for you.

CAM. (*taking letter*). Dublin postmark. There! I knew that letter would come to-day, because I felt so sure it would not.

JACK. Dad, were any of our ancestors Irish?

CAM. Your great-grandmother on your mother's side, I believe, was from Ireland. Why do you ask?

JACK. Because of the remark you just made about the letter.

CAM. What I mean is, the thing we have watched and waited for so often comes just when we have ceased to expect it.

JACK. On the principle that "a watched pot never boils."

CAM. Ah, but that's a mistake! A watched pot never boils, because it is n't watched long enough.

JACK. But if the watched pot *never* boils, where is the use of continuing the watch?

CAM. There! there! *don't* begin one of your everlasting arguments; you will make my head ache. . . . By the way, where is that boy you engaged for me?

JACK. He 's on hand. (*Calling out*) Oh, Bambino!

Enter DIOGENES.

DIOG. Eccomi, Signore.

CAM. Well, he looks a pretty bright boy. Just show him at once how to clean my palette!

JACK. Oh, he 's up to that; I've taught him.

[*Exit* DIOGENES *with palette.*

CAM. What's his name?

JACK. Diogenes is the only name I've heard him called by. I think we 'll call him "Oggi," for short; and it will help us at the same time to remember when we engaged him, as Robinson Crusoe called his man "Friday."

CAM. I don't exactly see the connection.

JACK. You dear old dad! don't you know that "Oggi" means "to-day," in Italian? We engaged him to-day, you know.

CAM. There, that will do; now, while he is gone, suppose we have a little music. I shall work better all day for it.

JACK. If you like.

CAMMINATORE *takes out his violin, and* JACK *sits down at the piano.*

CAM. Suppose we try —

JACK. Anything you please.

They play a short piece.

CAM. (*fondling his violin*). Dear old Strad! he's offended at having been kept mute so long; he grieves if his voice cannot be heard continually.

JACK. How I wish my piano would improve by constant use, like a violin!

CAM. So it would if it had a soul and conscience like a violin. After long enforced silence, this sensitive thing cannot readily find its soul. But it's there all the same, hidden away in some curve, patiently waiting to be coaxed back. Listen to those insinuating, soft harmonics whispering out beneath the bow, each answering to its kindred tone on neighboring string from very sympathy; not the ordinary falsetto notes, miscalled harmonics, oft paraded forth to astonish the ignorant, but those sweet, subtle, sympathetic breathings that surround each well drawn note, like spirits bearing it joyfully or tearfully into space. These are the soul of the instrument. When they are absent from the shell, or e'en refuse to be evoked by unskilled fingers, then 't is but a fiddle; or if the tone be false the fraction of a shade, those conscientious satellites avoid it as a crying sin, — which surely 't is, — leaving it dry and bare as any plant stripped of its foliage. I sometimes fancy I can see those little, sensitive, harmonic fairies flying some false tone of mine, with fingers

in their shocked ears, as angels scatter at the sound of profanity.

JACK. Bravo, babbo!

CAM. Look here, Jack! I protest against your calling me babbo.

JACK. But it's Italian, you know, for dad.

CAM. I don't care if— (*Seeing* OGGI, *who has just entered with the palette cleaned, but with his face fearfully smeared with blue.*) What the deuce has the boy been doing?

JACK. Ha! ha! Well, I must say that 's the severest case of "blues" I've seen lately.

CAM. (*taking* OGGI *by the shoulder*). It 's surprising what a propensity Prussian blue has to spread itself. You 've only to touch the tip of your finger to it, and, presto! it 's all over you like a blue blush or a flash of heat-lightning; and why so lively a color should be the synonym of melancholy, is a mystery to me. Why not the reds or the yellows? Friend Shakspeare saw the absurdity of it when he wrote the words, "She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy [*green* and *yellow*, mind you!], she sat like patience," etc., etc. Look here, boy! I advise you to take a turpentine bath.

OGGI. Si, signore.

CAM. Stop! Philosophers tell us that light is composed of the three primary colors, and that a judicious mixture of blue, red, and yellow will produce a perfect neutral, or no color. Now, perhaps the easiest way to clean him would be to give him a good

coat of red and yellow. There, show him the soap and water," etc!

Enough of this nonsense, which I would seriously advise you to skip if it were not too late; but, "better late than never."

CHAPTER XXX.

To return to my story, which I have allowed myself to outstrip by twenty-five years.

I packed up my models, to be put into marble in Italy, including the bust and statuette of Forrest, and took steamer again for Italy with my wife and my daughter, who was born shortly after our first return, and was now seven years old.

About this time, the spring of 1865, the last scenes of the great civil-war drama were being enacted. On arriving in London, we took lodgings at a pension, which had been recommended to us, near the British Museum. The landlady, a pleasant-appearing person, upon hearing that we were Americans, asked if we were from "North America." We said we were. She then told us she had some very pleasant rooms, but that it was no more than her duty to inform us, before we engaged them, that there was then stopping with her a "South American gentleman;" and she seemed much surprised and somewhat relieved to hear me say that I would like to meet him. She evidently expected that upon the information she imparted,

I would either leave the house immediately, or that there would be bloodshed the moment I met the Southern gentleman. We found the house a pleasant one, with about half-a-dozen other gentlemen, all English with the exception of the young Southerner, who had a handsome but naturally sad face. The English men as well as ladies — of whom there were several at the table — watched us as we sat down to dinner the first time, he nearly opposite me. But he was as silent as I at that first meal; the next morning after breakfast, upon my asking the way to some point in the city, much to the surprise of the rest, he was the first to inform me, pointing out to me the spot on the map. After that we became very good friends; but no word of the great conflict ever passed our lips. The English discussed the American news with the greatest confidence, but neither of us joined in. I found that they were inclined to believe all reports favorable to the South. The young Confederate was not as sanguine.

The morning I left, the news came that we had taken Richmond; the English would not believe it, and appealed to the young man for his opinion. He answered with a touchingly sad expression, "I fear that it is true." We shook hands at parting, with the mutual hope expressed that we might meet again.

I was empowered, while in London, by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, of which I was and still am a member, to call on the great English tenor Sims Reeves, and endeavor to engage his services for the six concerts at their coming biennial jubilee.

I had the pleasure of seeing him for the first time, and of hearing him the only time in my life, in a miscellaneous concert at the Crystal Palace, in which he sang, to my great delight, that lovely aria, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me," from "Elijah."

At the close of the concert my wife and I had the satisfaction of mingling our voices, with five hundred others, in the "Hallelujah Chorus" of the immortal Handel.

The next day I called on Mr. Reeves at his house, and was received very cordially by himself and wife. He was very favorably impressed by the liberal offer of our Society, but the voyage seemed too formidable to him; and his wife, fearing perhaps he might be tempted, assured me that as much as they appreciated the honor of the offer, *no amount* of money would tempt her to give her consent to her husband's crossing that dreadful ocean. Upon this I gave it up, for she seemed to be a lady of determination. After a very pleasant fifteen minutes' chat about music and the fine arts, of which they

seemed very appreciative, I took my leave, regretting that the voice of the great tenor could never be heard in America. During our conversation Mr. Reeves spoke of a statue of Cleopatra, by an American sculptor, Mr. W. W. Story, which he had seen in the Exhibition, and which he thought a very superior work.

After a day or two in Paris, we went to Munich for a short visit.

On leaving the hotel to pursue our journey, the landlord came to our carriage to tell us of the terrible news, just received from America, that Abraham Lincoln and his Secretary of State, Seward, had both been assassinated. I could not free my mind from the horror of it during the rest of my journey, although a part of it, but for that, would have been the most delightful I ever made. In the railroad carriage from Munich we made the acquaintance of a most charming old gentleman, who proved to be the celebrated Munich painter, Herr Vogel of Vogelstein, then over eighty, who was on his way to attend the great "Dante Festival at Florence." He had painted several large pictures illustrating the life and works of the great poet; they now hang in the modern gallery of the Belle Arti in Florence. His own portrait is in the autograph-portrait room of the Uffizi.

Arriving at Innsbruck, he proposed to join us in

a carriage-ride over the magnificent Brenner Pass to Botzen; which was most agreeable to us. The railroad through this pass — that stupendous piece of engineering — was then in active progress; and the thousands of travellers who go over this road every season, have no conception of the wondrous difference between their view, notwithstanding those big plate-glass windows of the Swiss cars, and that from the carriage road, of this great work. Here for a moment you find yourself perhaps on a level and running parallel with the train; when suddenly it disappears into a rat-hole in the side of the mountain. A few minutes after — as you have been ascending all the time — you see it emerge from a similar hole, only smaller, and apparently half a mile below you; turning a curve in your road as you descend, you lose sight of it, and when it next comes in view, you shudder to see it creeping like a worm along the perpendicular surface of a precipice half a mile above you, going in an entirely wrong direction, and apparently sustained in its position by capillary attraction. You breathe again when you lose sight of it for a moment, to have, at the next, your breath completely taken away from you by seeing it suspended in the air, or borne up by a bridge that seems to have been literally thrown across a frightful chasm. But again you lose sight of the iron

road for a longer time than usual, leaving it suspended in the air, and find yourselves in a valley with fields on each side that seem for miles to grow nothing but that dear little flower we call "Forget-me-not."

Proudly the mountain towers;
The ruined castle lowers;
Seeming to claim "'T is ours
To mark the spot."
The modest fields so blue,
Reflecting heaven's bright hue,
Murmur, "'T is true; but do
Forget-me-not!"

I am suddenly awakened out of my musings by this startling request from my sentimental little seven-year-old daughter: "Papa, when I am dead will you have my grave covered all over with these precious little forget-me-nots?" After that I was not sorry to leave them behind me, and mount into a lighter atmosphere.

On our arrival in Florence we found that King Victor Emmanuel had recently established his court in that city, bringing such an influx of followers that it was almost impossible to find an unoccupied apartment or studio. I succeeded at length in engaging a temporary studio, and finding a very comfortable apartment on the third floor of Casa Guidi, where the Brownings lived so many

years, and where Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died; which facts are duly recorded on a marble tablet set into the front wall of the house. Here we met the two great poets on our first visit to Florence, bringing letters from James T. Fields. And now it seemed as if we ought to meet their genial faces, as we passed up and down; but instead we were frequently accosted by worshipping pilgrims to this shrine of poetry, demanding to know in which apartment Mrs. Browning died. I remember one day, upon going up, seeing a young lady sitting upon the lower step of the third flight, weeping. As I passed, she moved aside in some confusion, and asked, pointing to the door opposite, if that were Mrs. Browning's apartment. I told her she had passed it coming up, — that it was on the floor below. Poor thing! she had been weeping at the wrong door; but no doubt her tears were just as acceptable to the spirit of the great poetess.

While waiting to find a studio, I could not be idle, but in one of the spare rooms of my apartment I began a study, half-life size, of the "Emancipation Group," which had been impatiently bubbling in my brain ever since receiving those horrible tidings in Munich. When I came to the modelling of the nude slave, I had some difficulty in finding a good life model. I had one, two or three times;

but he was not good enough to compensate for the unpleasantness of being obliged to conduct him through our apartment. So, as it was warm weather, I decided to constitute myself both model and modeller. By lowering the clay so that I could work upon it while in a kneeling position (that of the slave), and placing a looking-glass on each side of me, I brought everything quite conveniently before me. As I did not require an Apollo for a model, but one who could appreciate exactly the position I required, and could not only see, but feel the action of each muscle, I could not have had a better one, — certainly, for the money. At any rate, I succeeded in making one of the best of my nude figures, though under difficulties. But that was not the first or the last time that I conquered difficulties in a similar way.[1] The first copy of this little group was ordered for bronze before it was finished in the clay, by Mr. ——, of Boston. When this group was finished, we devoted the empty room to our little daughter for a playroom,

[1] I was forcibly struck by an expression used by Mr. William D. Howells's little daughter, in that remarkable book of designs by "A little girl among the Old Masters." "At other times," he writes, "she says she took the pose herself; and then (as she explains) she *saw how the position felt.*"

I have no doubt that most artists have done the same thing; but here was a little ten-year-old girl to be the first to tell of it, and in words so expressive. Verily, "from the mouths of very babes" may we learn wisdom, if we keep our ears open.

where she could shut herself in with her pet birds, open their cages and frolic with them to her heart's content. The fact was, I was somewhat anxious for fear our quiet, sentimental little girl would be homesick, — taken away into a foreign land, where she could not even speak to the servants; away from all her companions, especially her little five-year-old cousin Annie Chickering, who had been her constant playmate. Now, I could only for the present supply the deficiency with birds, of which she was very fond, especially some young sparrows she had brought up from the nest. Now let me tell you that these much despised birds — nuisances only because of their multitudinosity — make the most affectionate pets imaginable. Then it was my constant practice every Sunday morning to take her across the river to the other part of the city for a walk, visiting the bird-market to her great entertainment, and then round by the Duomo back home, stopping on our way to purchase a handful of flowers for mamma from the flower-girls, some of whom I remembered as old stagers.

As I like to write for all ages, if I cannot "for all time," I must not forget the very little ones, and will here relate an incident just silly enough to make them laugh. I was taking one of my Sunday morning strolls with my little daughter,

when the band came down from the Pitti Palace playing the "Royal March." We immediately fell in with the rest of the rabble, and followed on, singing the tune, with which we were both familiar, and keeping step with the music, when suddenly a little sparrow alighted on the ground almost at my side. Without dropping a note or a step, I squeezed my little girl's hand to attract her attention, and pointed dramatically at the sparrow. My attitude and solemn expression, together with the uninterrupted vocal accompaniment, so hit her little funny bump that she could sing no more for laughing. When we were lunching that day, nothing would do but we must tell mamma about the sparrow, and act it out. So she began the story, and at the proper moment I hummed the march and pointed energetically across the table, when, presto! like magic her little pet sparrow appeared from somewhere, and with a familiar chirp coolly perched upon my finger, as if he knew we were talking about his relations, and wished to corroborate our statement, wholly unconscious of the gale of merriment he had caused. It did not take much to make us laugh, if that absurd little sparrow could do it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Let me here confess that I had indulged in the foolish habit — ever since we were married, and earlier — of sending my wife a bunch of flowers and a few rhymes on the 14th of February, — Saint Valentine's day, — and after my daughter was born, of adding a little bouquet and a few smaller rhymes for her. That you may judge of my manner of handling that class of literature, I am tempted to give you three specimens that emanated from my restless brain on the 14th of February in the year of which I write, this time warning you in advance to skip them, unless you have children by to jingle them at.

TO MY WIFE.

Who, who is that middle-aged gentleman, pray?
With beard and mustache slightly sprinkled with gray,
That waves in the wind with the speed of his pace,
Like a long-forkèd banner hung out on his face,
Denoting that all there is festive and gay,
As he murmurs, "One large and one little bouquet!"

See, see how he leaves other objects behind,
As he seems to be borne on the wings of the wind,

With the skirts of his coat floating out like a train!
See! nothing now touches the ground but his cane.
But still, as he passes, again and again
You hear the same simple and touching refrain,
In accents that heartfelt affection betray,
" For my darlings, one large and one little bouquet.

He crosses the bridge into Trinity Square.
The flower-girls all in their glory are there;
Their faces the same he should certainly know, —
They bloomed so bewitchingly ten years ago.
But it seems as if Flora, in one of her freaks,
Had been filling their baskets by robbing their cheeks;
Else, where the carnations that ten years ago
Bloomed so fresh in their cheeks as he passed to and fro?
But he gratefully smiles as he thinks, since that day,
To his large has been added his little bouquet.

Then he carefully makes up a bunch of the best —
Which for contour and size would the "Duomo" suggest —
Of the loveliest flowers to be found anywhere.
Now the little bouquet is selected with care, —
Mignonette, heliotrope, all the tiniest flowers;
And out of the top of it gracefully towers
A bunch of that dear little fairy-formed lily
That grows in the shade, — a *petite campanile.*
Then off he goes, hastily wending his way,
And admiring his large and his little bouquet.

But why does he look with such fondness on these?
Does he think of the time when *she* first became his,
And how, long before that, on a Valentine's day
He sent her his first little modest bouquet?
Yes, and how ever since, till their little one came,
On the day of that Saint she has looked for the same.
Since then, as the annual "festa" occurs,

Comes another bouquet, only smaller than hers;
And he 's sure they remember that this is the day,
And are waiting the large and the little bouquet.

Feb. 14, 1866.

WITH THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

My darling little Kitty,
Don't you think it is a pity
That your father is n't witty,
And a funny poet too?
If he were, he 'd write such verses,
The delight of all the nurses;
But they would not fill our purses,
For they hardly ever do.

Notwithstanding, once a year
He is tempted to appear
For the two he holds most dear
In the middle of his heart;
And do his best to mingle
A few simple words that jingle,
Though the effort make him tingle,
And the perspiration start.

But who think you the two are?
Dear mamma is one, quite sure;
And the other, dearest, you are.
God bless you both, I pray.
And what do you think the time is,
When my love expressed in rhyme is,
And nonsense, dear, no crime is?
Why, Saint Valentine's day.

Then in this winter weather,
When the birds are in high feather,

Let me send you this, together
With a wish for many hours
Of happiness and bliss, love;
And when you 've finished this, love,
You 'll find a little kiss, love,
In the middle of the flowers.

Feb. 14, 1866.

TO MY LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD NIECE, ANNIE CHICKERING.

There was a little bird,
Saint Valentine's day,
Who had a little word
And a little bouquet;
But where to find a mate
Perplexed his little brain.
So he hopped up on a gate,
And peeped 'way down the lane;
And he gave a little squeak,
That meant, " Where are you, dear? "
For the word he had to speak
Was for her little ear.
Then he looked up in a tree,
And up into the sky,
But nothing could he see
With his little bright eye.
In a minute, from the wood,
Six little birdies flew
Just over where he stood,
But they were two and two.
And when he saw the rest
So happy were together,
He smote his little breast,
And pickèd out a feather.
And in a minor key
Scarcely to be heard,

He warbled out, "Ah, me!
Miserable little bird!"
The flowers then he put
Underneath his wing,
Standing on one foot,
With one eye shut, poor thing!
But when almost asleep,
His little eye he wipes,
And gives one little peep
Just to clear his pipes;
Then sings a little ditty,
And starts off on a lark
Over to the city,
Up to Chester Park.
Then lighting on a tree, —
A very high one, too, —
To see what he could see,
And sing a stave or two,
He cocked his little eye
Way down upon the ground,
Where, listening close by,
His little mate he found.
Then he began to call
In such a dreadful twitter,
He let his flowers fall,
And very nearly hit her:
"My dear, dear little bird,
Will you cheer my lonely hours?"
She could not speak a word,
But took the little flowers.
Now, the birdie on the tree,
His name began with Dickey;
And his little mate, you see,
Was little "Annie Chickey."

Feb. 14, 1866.

If the reader has been patient enough to wade through the above effusions, he or she must acknowledge that I do possess a faculty for rhyming, for which I claim no credit; it was born with me, as my voice was. If rhyming only constituted poetry, what a poet I might have been! — which reminds me of an argument I once had with a man who, intelligent enough in other respects, could see nothing to admire in poetry that did not rhyme. Not being capable himself of finding a rhyme for "hay," his admiration was the greater for poets who possessed that faculty. Hood was his particular favorite; and he was never weary of repeating Poe's "Raven," not for the poetry in it, but simply for the jingle and the trot. I astonished him by telling him that rhyme was not at all necessary to poetry, — that anybody could rhyme, that I could find twenty rhymes to one word, — and offering him a wager that I could write a poem of not less than twenty lines that should all rhyme to one word, and not much poetry about it either. He didn't dispute my last admission, but took me up on twenty rhymes, when I produced from my pocket-book the following string of nonsense suggested in a weak moment by the word "hide," and its triple meaning: —

He hied him home to hide his hide,
And then he dyed his hide and died.

"What! dyed inside?" the widow cried,
And turned aside her head, and sighed;
"Oh, why? oh, why?" and thus she "why-ed,"
And opening all the windows wide,
The slow, receding tide she eyed.
As round her neck a rope she tied,
She on the wall a spider spied;
When quickly for her broom she hied,
And eyed the dried hide dyed inside.
Now with one stride she stood beside
Her husband's coffin, long and wide;
Then off the lid with pride she pried,
And to suppress her grief she tried;
But when she cried, "I 'd give the hide
If I by thee could lie," she *lied*.

This unpoetic man, after reading the above, complimented me by saying, "That 's a sort of imitation of Tom Hood, is n't it?" Poor Hood! with all his rhyming he was content to have it said of him after he was dead, "He sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" And that was enough, even if he had written nothing else, to establish his claim to be called a poet. Now that I have sufficiently proved that I have no claim, I should as soon think of setting up for a genius.

Some great man has defined "genius" as illimitable patience. I should be inclined to agree with him, were it not that patience is a quality that genius affects to despise. She is, undoubtedly, a great plague, holding one down to earth when one

would fain soar into the infinite regions of the imagination. If she had only kept her distance and given me room to expand my wings, and an atmosphere that I could breathe without filtering, I might have been — a genius.

It must be a very grave responsibility, — which perhaps accounts for geniuses being such an unhappy, discontented, if not immoral set. On the whole, I am glad I am not one of them. I think I hear a murmuring of " Sour grapes ! " but I heed it not.

CHAPTER XXXII.

To return to the legitimate business of my narrative, I now found a studio in which to model the statue of Edwin Forrest. The next year, 1867, when this statue was ready for the marble, I began my "Eve stepping into Life." This figure — my most ambitious work thus far, as I consider the female human form the most beautiful as well as the most difficult in Nature to represent — I began, for want of a better place, in a hay-loft outside of the Porta Romana. I worked upward of a year and a half upon it, and had the satisfaction of receiving an order for it in marble (before the model was complete) from a New York gentleman whose bust I was then modelling. Here would seem to be a good place to introduce a very amusing and plausible dream I had one night, of my Eve; showing the train of thought that occupied my brain at that time, sleeping as well as waking, it would seem.

Entering my studio one morning — so my dream ran — I was shocked and horrified to see the *trespolo* vacant, where my Eve had stood. Who had

taken her away? Where had she gone? Where was she hiding? were the thoughts that seemed to be most natural. Hunting in every part of the studio, I at last saw a knee protruding from the imperfectly closed door of a closet in one corner, and was dreadfully alarmed to observe that the edge of the door was imbedding itself into the clay flesh; and when I tried to open the door, I found she was holding it on the inside. In vain I appealed to her in my most entreating tones, "Pray let go the door; don't you see that you are spoiling your knee?" One would have thought she might have felt it as well. At last she let go; and when I entered she was crouching in the corner, cracking at every joint. Upon seeing this, I administered a mild reproof: "Oh, Eve! how could you do such a thing? Don't you see that you have spoiled yourself? How could you do it?" "I was afraid," she answered. "What were you afraid of?" "I heard some one coming, and I was ashamed, because I was naked." "Ah, then," I said sorrowfully, "you are not the Eve I intended to make, or you would not have known that you were naked."

Now, this dream was the natural birth of my constant thought, founded upon the words of Scripture: "And Adam said: I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked;

and I hid myself. And the Lord said: Who told thee that thou wast naked?" It was always before me, — the effort to make Eve appear perfectly unconscious of her nudity. How far I succeeded, the statue remains to show.

Among the twelve or fifteen models I had for this statue, the most perfect one — like the favorite model for the "Pandora" ten years before — was engaged to be married at the time she was sitting — or rather, standing — to me. One day when she came, she told me of her engagement, and taking a letter from her pocket, very näively asked me if I would please read it to her, as she could not read or write. It was a love-letter from her intended, who had probably employed a public scribe to write it, trusting to her finding some one — perhaps I was the one he thought of — to read it to her. Having learned to read and pronounce Italian correctly, even before I understood it at all, in order to be able to sing the language, I was able to read the letter to her great delight, although I could not understand more than half of it; but that was not at all important. She was married shortly after my statue was completed, and I did not see her again for five or six years, when one day she appeared in great distress. Her husband was sick of consumption in the hospital, — it must have been, by the way, a very slow one, for he is

still living, and most of his time in the hospital, — leaving her to support herself and three small children, who were now starving for want of bread; she herself bearing witness, in her emaciated appearance, to the truth of what she said. From that day to this, the children have never cried in vain for bread; the nearest baker having a standing order to prevent that. Since then, without fail, I have received every Easter morning a letter expressing her gratitude, and invoking the blessings of the Virgin and all the Saints on me and mine. And all for a little bread! Verily, it does pay to "cast your bread upon the waters." These letters at first were written for her by some friend; but for the last few years her oldest boy — whom she has succeeded in educating by the labor of her own hands, although she is now nearly blind, and her husband still unable to work — composes, writes, and brings them to me himself; and I assure you that they are remarkable both for composition and penmanship.

Now, to show you the simplicity of these people, last year there occurred an alarming number of cases of small-pox in their neighborhood, insomuch that foreigners did not dare to enter the public vehicles for fear of contagion. But the natives, who run from the first rumor of cholera, seem to think as little of small-pox as of measles. When

Easter came round it brought, as usual, the boy with his letter, and this time accompanied by his younger sister. I took the letter, and, as I always do to please him, opened and read it in his presence. After the usual expressions of gratitude, his mother informed me that with all their other troubles her little daughter had been at death's door with small-pox, and had only just recovered. I then turned for the first time to the child before me, and lo! her face was scarlet with the blotches. I quietly put a franc into her hand, and sent the children away; after which I dropped the letter into the stove, and smiled at their simplicity. But I did not dare to mention it upstairs till a month had passed, and with it all fear of contagion.

Speaking of public scribes, their occupation is now gone. Thirty years ago, on various street corners might be seen the little table, desk, and chair of the scribe, to whom flocked fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and lovers, all anxious to express their feelings, affectionate or otherwise, on paper, but only able, from ignorance, to dictate to this important member of society. Now the ten or twelve-year-old children do the writing for the family. I formerly had two skilled workmen in my employ who were dependent upon their children to sign their names for them. This improvement has been brought about by the

opening of public schools on the advent of Victor Emmanuel.

Thirty years ago priests were stationed at the custom-houses, to examine every trunk or box and confiscate any Protestant Bible or other such incendiary literature. Now you may load your trunk with Bibles, and no question will be asked, — since the advent of Victor Emmanuel.

Thirty years ago you could almost count upon an annual overflow of the Arno, flooding the shops and cellars of a large portion of the city, and leaving the breath of miasma in all the dwellings. Walking through the Piazza Santa Croce the other day, I noticed on the front of one of the buildings a strip of marble set in, upon which was engraved, "Sept. 13, 1857, the water of the Arno reached this level." Upon measuring, I found this line between thirteen and fourteen feet above the pavement; consequently upward of eight feet over the floor of the Church of the Holy Cross, the "Westminster Abbey of Florence." Think what a state the vaults must have been in after the flood! Now the river can flow peacefully or rush madly in its course through the city, but impotent to leave its bed to do further harm, owing to the vast sewers and drains sunk in the principal streets, — all since the advent of Victor Emmanuel.

Then, I trust that those sentimental worshippers

of everything old and musty, when they visit Florence in the near future and find a magnificent (but bright and new) Piazza opened in the heart of the city, will pause for a moment in its midst before the grand statue of "Il Re Galantuomo," and remembering what he did for the education, enlightenment, and moral and physical health of Italy, not mourn too loudly for the loss of the precious, old, delightfully nasty Ghetto that for so many years occupied this site, a plague-spot in the fair bosom of Florence.

When my Eve was two thirds finished in clay, there happened to be three or four very decent studios ready for occupation not far from where I was then situated; two of these I secured, as I was very desirous of finishing my statue in their better light. This necessitated getting her down from the hay-loft on the second floor, and carrying her twenty rods or more to her new location. How to do it without shaking down or injuring the soft clay, did seem at first a poser; but Necessity, invoking one of her children, soon devised the following plan. I erected a joist at each corner, screwing them tightly to the platform upon which Eve stood, and with cross-bars fastened them firmly together at the top, above her head. I then put braces from this frame to her shoulders, to prevent oscillation. Then firmly screwing two

long horizontal bars at a convenient distance from the bottom, to lift it by, six or eight men removed her from the stand, and conveyed her to the large open door of the loft, above which was fastened, in the wall outside, a strong iron crane, formerly used for hoisting in hay. A rope was then fastened to the top of the frame, and passed through a pulley in the crane. In this manner Miss Eve was swung out into mid-air. Not a very dignified position for the future mother of mankind; but she did not complain, or (what was better) move a muscle, while she was gently lowered to the ground and conveyed to her new abode.

Here I next modelled the little head "La Petite Pensée," which has had such a wonderful success. I also made studies for the statues "Christmas Morning" and "Saint Valentine's Day."

About this time my old friend Hiram Powers — whose studio and house were still in the old place in Via dei Serragli, where I first met him — made me a visit one morning, and invited me to walk with him up the Poggio Imperiale, to look at a house then in process of construction, in what is now the most beautiful quarter of Florence, but which, five years before the period of which I am writing, was covered by the vineyard of an old monastery, as far as the eye could reach. This was one of the first houses, if not the very first

house erected in the midst of this old vineyard, before the roads were more than lined out on the map. Here we mounted the scaffolding to the top of the new walls, and sat down to enjoy the view of the city from this elevated position. "What do you think of this spot," said Powers, "for an old man to end his days in?" I agreed with him that it was a delightful situation. "Well," said he, "there is another lot adjoining this, just lined out; if you will build on that, I will buy this." I went home and told my wife, not supposing she would listen to it for a moment; but much to my surprise, she began planning the construction of the house and studio combined, — even laying out the garden, which it seemed to her would be a little Paradise. To have a flower-garden all her own, and a front door all to ourselves; the lower floor of the house in the midst of the garden to be devoted to the studio, and the second floor to be our dwelling, independent of everybody, — what bliss, after living two years on the third floor, even though it were of an old palace! So it came about that one day Powers and I went down to the lawyer's to sign and witness each other's deeds of purchase of our real estate. My wife and I then decided, as the past two years had been very prosperous, to make a visit to America while the walls of our new villa were being erected.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that we made our first visit to Rome the year before this, where we spent two months, making some very pleasant friends and acquaintances, the most illustrious of whom was the great Franz Liszt. Having an introduction to him, and learning that he would receive me one Sunday morning, we took a carriage to the Vatican, where the Pope had assigned him an apartment.

Leaving my wife and daughter in the carriage, I went up and found him alone, a most genial and benevolent gentleman of fifty-five years, — as he informed me in the course of conversation; saying, although he had always had a great desire to visit America, he thought he was then too old. We naturally came to speak of American pianos, among other American things. He was pleased to learn that I knew the Chickerings so well, and appreciated so highly their pianos. He only knew them by reputation, never having had the pleasure of playing upon one of them. Not long after this he came into possession of one, much to his delight, as he expressed to the firm in a very complimentary letter.

As he spoke of the pianos, alluding to the one he used, he walked toward it and was about to open it, when I begged of him, if he intended to touch his fingers to the keys, that he would permit me to

fetch my wife up from the carriage, as I could not bear that she should not enjoy with me the pleasure.

"By all means," said he.

When I returned with her and our little golden-haired girl, he sat down and improvised most divinely for twenty minutes or more. As we departed, he placed his hands on the little girl's head and kissed her forehead. She is now as proud of that kiss as he was of that of Beethoven, bestowed on him when he was a little lad. Indeed she loves to fancy it Beethoven's kiss transmitted to her. It may have been a weak dilution.

We parted after this — to me — delightful half-hour, he promising to sit to me for his bust when he again came to Florence. I was mean enough to go directly home and make a bad pun on his name; but as it was, on the whole, complimentary, I forgave myself, and I hope you will forgive me for repeating it here, —

> The heavenliest melody in heaven was missed;
> *His* wooing even she could not resist;
> The Angels sought her, and for sorrow wept;
> To find her, every golden harp was swept,
> But still their wet eyes glistened;
> Until the truant strain his fingers kissed,
> When joyfully a Seraph whispered "Liszt!"
> And every angel listened.

On going back to Florence, I put up the bust of Liszt while he was fresh in my memory; but after

waiting in vain for him two or three months, I finished it from photographs. When he finally came, some months afterward, the bust was finished in marble. He expressed himself very much pleased with the work; and whether this was the cause or the effect of his being particularly amiable that day, I do not know, but hearing a piano overhead, he smilingly inquired if that were a Chickering. I told him I was sorry to say it was not. My daughter was having a birthday-party of little girls, and Mrs. Ball was playing for them to dance. He asked if he might go up, evidently wishing to return her visit. We went up, and after greeting the children, he was soon seated at the piano, improvising as exquisitely as before, but in a lighter vein to please the little ones. On taking his leave he administered a second homœopathic dilution of the Beethoven kiss to our "Kitty," greatly to her delight, for by this time she had learned to appreciate the honor.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

To return to our journey to America. Another inducement to our going at this time was a desire to be in Boston at the unveiling of my Washington. But in that we were doomed to disappointment, as we found on our arrival that it had been unavoidably postponed till the following season. Since then I have had no desire to be present at the dedication of any of my works. I consequently have never witnessed that ceremony, and do not know from my own experience what it is like.

While in Boston I was invited to make a small model for a statue of Gov. John A. Andrew, in competition with several other artists. This I modelled at my house, not having taken a studio. I was fortunate enough to receive the commission for the marble statue for the State House. This was a great relief to my mind, as I began to fear that I had been a little rash in laying out so much money in building my villa; but this liberal commission sent me back very happy. This time we took back with us my wife's mother and, to our daughter's great delight, our little niece Annie

Chickering, who, being in delicate health, remained with us the next five years.

On our arrival in Florence we found the walls of our villa all up and covered in. Then followed a series of delightfully happy days and hours in planning and arranging the interior of our new house and studio, which we entered and occupied the next year, in spite of the Italian saying that the first year the house should be occupied by the builder's enemies, the second by his friends, and the third by himself and his family, it being only then considered safe.

I had by this time finished the model of the Andrew statue, which was the first to be begun in marble in my new studio; and the first work in clay was the group for the Chickering monument, now in Mount Auburn Cemetery. This group — designed for the family several years before — represents the Angel of Death, a winged youth, lifting the veil from the eyes of Faith, a kneeling female figure, who until now has only seen "as through a glass darkly," but now sees "face to face." I call it "The Realization of Faith."

As an instance to prove that the same superstitions are indulged in the world over, when the marble for the Andrew statue, as well as the clay for my group, was ready to begin work upon, I called the marble-cutter, and instructed him to go

to work the next morning. "But, Signore," said he, "to-morrow will be Friday! You would not have me begin so important a work on Friday, would you?" "Why not?" I asked; "I am going to begin my new group to-morrow, which I had forgotten would be Friday; but that day has always seemed a particularly fortunate day to me, so we will proceed to-morrow morning." "Faccia lei (As you please)," he answered, evidently under protest. Both works were begun Friday, and I believe are no worse than my other works. At any rate, he found no spots in the marble of the one, and the clay of the other did not fall down.

My next two works were the statues of Christmas and Saint Valentine's mornings, — two little girls of about eight years, both in their night-dresses, up very early; the first, to see what has been put in her stocking, and the other playfully hiding her love-billet. These were both ordered in marble before they were completed in clay. About this time I modelled my statue of "Love's Memories."

I now began an ideal statue of Saint John the Evangelist, to the order of Mr. Aaron D. Williams, of Boston, who placed it, when finished, in his new house in the Highlands, and under the direction of Mrs. Williams so arranged the light, draperies, and background that, without seeing them, it would be

impossible to conceive of the importance of such things, or how much the beauty of a work of Art may be enhanced by a judicious arrangement of them. Indeed, when I first saw the statue in their house I could hardly believe that I had made it, or restrain my tears. This statue has always been a favorite with all, among my works. My old friend Hiram Powers considered it my best figure. Poor man! he did not live to see anything more of mine. He had been suffering for more than a year from bronchitis, which carried him off that year,—1875. He died, as he had lived, a good, brave, and confident Christian, leaving a widow, three sons, and three daughters. Losing him, I lost a good and faithful friend and neighbor. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Florence, where a few weeks after, I visited his grave. The foundation only was then prepared to receive the monumental stone; and as I stood there, it seemed to me as if the white marbles were crowding in on all sides to guard his grave until his own should be in place; and the conceit occurred to me to let the marble, which while living he made so eloquent, pronounce his eulogy. On returning home I wrote this simple eulogy, and hid it away for upward of five years from all eyes, even my wife's, until one evening I had a visit from my old friend and fellow apprentice, the serious one of the Bewick

Company, now the Rev. George Miles. Mrs. Powers was present, and was introduced to him. As he was about to leave Florence for Rome, the idea occurred to me to show him the long-hidden eulogy and get him to send a copy of it to Mrs. Powers from Rome anonymously. When he returned to Florence, he asked me if I had heard anything from it, saying that he had sent it as I requested. I told him no, and that I should still keep the secret. He, poor fellow! died a short time after returning home. One evening, two years after this, I was sitting in the Powerses' garden with the family, talking with Miss Nannie about her father, when from sudden impulse I asked her if her mother ever received an anonymous eulogy to him. "Yes," said she, eagerly; "did you send it?" "No, but I know who did; and as he is dead, it is no longer a secret." You see I still wished to screen myself, should circumstance require it, meanly willing to put it off on my friend. She turned to her mother. "Mamma, Mr. Ball knows who sent the mysterious eulogy." I then recalled to her memory my friend, and told her he *sent* it. She said she had thought of everybody in Rome, and decided that it was either William W. Story or "Tom" Trollope, both of whom lived in Rome and were friends of Mr. Powers. "Well," I thought, "if she thinks it

good enough to attribute to either of those men, I need not be ashamed of it." I then confessed that although I had told her the truth, I had not told the whole truth; that my friend did send it, but that I wrote it. She flattered me by requesting an autograph copy of this old-fashioned epitaph, the theme of this long story.

TO HIRAM POWERS.

Found rest within this hallowèd retreat,
One of the noblest hearts that ever beat;
Sincere and kind, compassionate and just,
Fearless of aught but God: in *his* sure trust
He walked, he lived, he died; and I bemoan
With you, — yes, I, poor, cold, but grateful stone!
Would you the true interpretation seek?
His fingers gave me life to breathe and speak;
Raised me from earth, and let my spirit free;
The soul God gave him, he breathed into me.
But now those eyes so wonderful are closed,
Those cunning fingers all to sleep composed;
And I am here to guard his sacred dust,
While he, made perfect, walketh with the just.

About this time I received a letter from Rev. Mr. Eliot of St. Louis, saying that two years before, he had visited my studio, and had always remembered pleasantly a small group of Abraham Lincoln and a liberated slave, and that he was one of the committee of the "Freedmen's Memorial Society," empowered to select a design for the

memorial; requesting me to submit to the committee photographs of the above group, and my terms for furnishing the same in bronze, nine or ten feet high. This I did with alacrity, and a favorable answer came by return of mail. They were delighted with the group, and hoped I would be pleased to accept the amount at their disposal ($17,000), considering the source from which it came, and trusting some other city might want a duplicate. Of course I accepted their offer, for you must remember that every cent of this money was contributed by the freed men and women. The first five dollars of this fund were brought to the colonel of a negro regiment by a poor negro woman, "to buy a monument for Mas'r Lincoln." I at once went to work on the model, — about ten feet high, — and when finished, sent it to Munich, where it was cast at the Royal Foundry of Herr von Muller, and erected in the city of Washington in 1875.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A YEAR before the date at the close of the last chapter, being in America, the Committee of the Freedmen's Memorial Society expressed a desire that I should visit Washington to see where they intended to place the Emancipation Group, and to give them my ideas in regard to the pedestal, for which Congress had made an appropriation.

Armed with letters of introduction from Rev. W. G. Eliot — one of the committee — to President Grant, and to General Babcock, Director of Public Works, I started for Washington, taking the Fall River boat to New York. Late in the evening the boat stopped at Newport to take on passengers; among whom that night, as luck would have it, was General Grant with a party of friends, on his way to Long Branch, where he usually spent his summer vacation. So it seemed we were to leave New York on the morrow in different directions, and I should miss my opportunity for an introduction, — which I considered very important, — as I knew none of his friends on board. But seeing

him leave them, and wander off into the dim shadow at a distant part of the deck, I rashly determined to follow him and introduce myself, as he stood alone, smoking. If I had thought twice, I should have hesitated before venturing to interrupt his meditations, although it seemed my only chance; but approaching him I said, extending my hand, —

"This is General Grant, I believe?"

He turned, bowed, and took my hand.

"I have a letter of introduction from Rev. —" But I got no further; he dropped my hand as if it were a hot shot.

"I can't read any letters to-night."

"Certainly not, sir," said I; "I only wished to know where I could have the honor of delivering it to-morrow in New York."

"I don't intend to stop in New York," he growled, and turned and walked off. I bade him good-night, and walked the other way, thanking my stars that they did not give light enough for him to recognize me again, and that I had not mentioned my name.

We both made a mistake that night, — I in judging him by myself, and he in not judging me at all, — for I might have been an angel in disguise, for aught he knew, and there was a bare chance of my being destined to pass him on to future ages

in imperishable bronze; and let me tell you, it 's worth while to cultivate a man who may have that in his power.

Well, I decided to tear up the letter, proceed on to Washington, and try the other general.

Arriving there in the morning, I started out immediately after breakfast for the office of General Babcock. When I appeared with my pedestal design rolled up in my hand, the clerk greeted me with, —

"Ah! you have come to compete for the new bridge; twelve o'clock is the time appointed."

I told him I wished to see General Babcock.

"Well, if you return at twelve you will be sure to find him in, as he is to meet the competitors for the new bridge at that hour."

When I returned, I sat down in the office to wait for him, as I saw him in the adjoining room surrounded by a crowd of eager and excited men, each with a pencil and paper in hand jotting down the different estimates as the General read them off. When he had finished, they dispersed, and he came into the office with his hat, full of papers, in his hand. I at once presented my letter of introduction, which he hastily ran through and asked what he could do for me. I told him I had come to see where they were to place my Lincoln group, and to show him a design for the pedestal.

"Ah!" said he, "the pedestal will be given to the one who will do it for the lowest figure."

By this time I was becoming slightly disgusted.

"I don't want to make the pedestal," I answered; "I don't make pedestals. I have simply brought a suggestion for a design, and would like to know where the group is to be placed."

"Yes. Well, my clerk will show you on the map just where it's to go; although I should advise it's being placed in one of the triangular lots near the Capitol. I have a plan in my mind for a larger monument for the park, where they have placed yours. You must excuse me if I hurry off, as I have an engagement at this time." And off he went.

I quietly placed my design on the desk near me, and retired. I would not have been seen again coming out of that office with a roll of paper in my hand, for any consideration; as it was, I imagined every one I met thought I had come there to grab something, or to attempt to bribe the Senators and Representatives. I left the city that evening, just twelve hours after entering it.

No; I pride myself upon being one of the few American sculptors who have never asked for or received a government commission.

My second glimpse of General Grant was on my own ground; so I had the advantage of him, but

I scorned to profit by it. It was when he visited Florence in 1878. Col. J. Schuyler Crosby was then our consul; and a day or two before the General's arrival, he suggested that I, from my age and profession, would be the proper person to conduct him through the galleries and studios. This I positively declined to do; not that I presumed now to remember with anything but amusement our previous little *contretemps* on board the steamboat, but I feared that with two such taciturn individuals silence would finally become monotonous. So the Colonel concluded to do the honors himself. When they appeared at the studio and I was introduced, the General took my hand very cordially and bowed; but never a word did he say, and of course without the slightest suspicion that we had ever met before. I welcomed him as well as I knew how, and proceeded to conduct them through the studio, leaving the Colonel to do the conversation. When we entered the room which contains my large model of the Sumner statue, the General stood before it, and his mouth opened at last: "Charles Sumner! that's the fourth Sumner I've seen this morning," and immediately closed again.

It must have been an awful bore to him to be trotted through the American studios, to see staring him in the face in each one of them, in some

shape or other, a Sumner, with whom, I believe, he did not particularly sympathize.

A few days after this, I had my third and last glimpse of the great General. The Americans in Florence were desirous of giving him a grand dinner at Doney's. Of course, the Consul and Vice-Consul, Colonel Crosby and Henry Huntington, were the most active in getting up the entertainment, the latter of whom — a musician, and possessing a remarkably fine baritone voice — proposed to a few of us musical souls that we should arrange a little vocal *Finale* to the banquet. For this purpose a piano was brought in, and other preparations made. Being confident that "The Star-spangled Banner" would be one of the features of the programme, it occurred to me to spring a little surprise on the party by introducing a new verse into our national hymn, *temporarily*, in honor of our illustrious guest; thinking that, bad as it might be, it would possess one merit at least, — that of being a compliment unique in his experience; and the verse appearing in such good company for a brief moment might "pass muster," create a little diversion, and perhaps make me better acquainted with the General. But, like all "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men," my little scheme was doomed to "gang a-gley." For when the time arrived to begin the "flow of soul," the General

rose, and in a very brief speech apologized for being obliged to leave us, as he had another engagement that evening.

After he left, our party soon dispersed without any speech-making or song-singing. I then let Huntington into my little exploded plot, and at his request gave him the unsung verse, as he was to meet the General later in the evening. I do not know whether or not he made use of it, as I never heard of it afterward, and modesty forbade my inquiring.

TEMPORARY ADDITION TO "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Still secure in her height, with our brave son of Mars
To protect her broad stripes from divorce or division;
And should envy or spite dare but touch her bright stars,
To the lightning as soon look for base indecision.
For swift as the shot
Flashes home to the spot,
Would he follow, and strike while the ball was still hot.
And the star-spangled banner will still proudly wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

CHAPTER XXXV.

To return to where we were before branching off to follow the General.

About two years later I had the satisfaction of receiving a commission from Hon. Moses Kimball for a duplicate of the Lincoln group, to be presented by him to the city of Boston. This was erected in 1877. So, after waiting ten years, my little group, modelled in my chamber, burst forth into heroic dimensions. Previous to this I had been invited to compete for a statue of Hon. Charles Sumner, and also for one of Hon. Josiah Quincy.

And now comes to the front again my first-born, my little statuette of Daniel Webster. Mr. Gordon W. Burnham, of New York, wrote to me to say that for twenty years he had had the little bronze before him in his library; and now he wished to perpetuate it in colossal size on a pedestal in Central Park. It must be fourteen feet high. Verily, the little two-feet bronze will have grown to a manly and noble stature in the twenty-one years of its life. I began at once this statue to his order,

which, when finished, was cast in bronze in Munich, and during the Centennial year, 1876, was erected in Central Park.

We this year again visited our native land, went to Philadelphia to the great Exposition, returned to Boston, received the commission for the statue of Hon. Charles Sumner, and just escaped being present at the unveiling of my Webster in Central Park, by sailing a week before on our return to Florence.

I am writing these words in the music-room of the steam-ship "Cephalonia," thirteen years after the voyage they record, again on my way back to Florence. I was interrupted at the word "Florence" by the steward, to inform me they were preparing for a funeral on the main deck. Yes, the day before (Sunday), a poor woman among the steerage passengers, who was brought on board in the last stage of consumption, hoping to end her days in her native land, had died on board. I went to the upper deck, and looked down upon the sad and singular scene. The steerage passengers were all collected on the main deck, — the women in their best hats and shawls; the men lounging about and smoking, till the coffin was brought out from the cabin, covered with the English flag, and set down before the open gangway. Then every man's head on the upper as

well as the lower deck was uncovered, while the purser read a prayer from the Catholic service, when, a rope being attached to the head of the coffin, it was slowly lowered, not "launched," into the deep, and sank from sight. The attention of the women was then turned to a little six-year-old girl, the child of the deceased, who was put on board with this dying woman by her husband in Boston, to be her only companion on this dreary voyage. Fortunately one of the women, who lived not far from their family in Ireland, took her in charge during the rest of the journey.

Now, to retrace our steps thirteen years and go on with my narrative.

Having been so successful in previous competition, I ventured to accept an invitation to compete for a Washington Monument to be erected in Philadelphia. To this object I devoted the working hours of one entire season, carefully modelling five figures, one third life size, besides busts and other accessories, making the whole model ten feet high. But the commission was given to a German sculptor, who sent in a model more elaborate and much more expensive than we were invited to make, — which is not an uncommon thing to occur in competitions. But more about this monument later; in the mean time it has remained the principal point of interest in one of the rooms of my studio,

the "Washington Room." I will, however, here relate a curious incident in connection with it. I am not superstitious, but it is always pleasant to me to see the new moon for the first time over my right shoulder, for instance! In fact, I like to believe in all *good* signs, but have n't the slightest faith in bad ones, — such as unlucky days, sitting down to dine with thirteen at table, etc. Breaking looking-glasses might almost be said to be my diversion, the accident occurring so frequently, as I like to have mirrors, large and small, on all sides of me in my studio; I find them my most faithful critics.

Ever since I made my equestrian statue, and before, spiders have been not exactly my particular pets, but objects of special interest and protection. In that big studio-barn they were permitted to spin their threads and weave their webs among the rafters to their heart's content, without molestation. They would throw their cables clear across the studio, — how they did it I could never discover, — occasionally letting down a rope, with themselves at the lower end of it, to pay me a visit and go leisurely back again, taking their rope with them; till, with the accumulation of dust on their lines, the upper part of my studio looked like one vast web of telegraph wires. I had become so accustomed to their visits that when one spun down

directly on my work, I let him explore, looking upon it as a good omen that all was going on right.

Now for the incident I started to relate. This model of the Washington Monument stands in the middle of a large room twenty feet high, leaving about eight feet between the head of the General — who stands on the top of the monument — and the window in the ceiling. One morning I discovered a strong spider-cable let down from the skylight above to within a foot of George's head, and, what is strangest of all, at the end of the web an *American postage-stamp* with a head of Washington upon it, as if the weaver had lowered it down the better to compare the likeness. You must understand that no human being could have put it there without having first erected a staging, as the window had no opening. Now, for what purpose had the spider let down that stamp and left it hanging there? Where he got it is easier to divine; as we were constantly receiving American letters, and often tore off the stamps for the children or the servants. It was pointed out to visitors for several days, when it disappeared as mysteriously as it came. Now, *there* was an omen! Of course I accepted it as a good one. We shall see.

As I was saying before I branched off on the spider story, I lost the Washington commission for

Philadelphia, but, a few weeks after my return to Florence, received a letter informing me that the bronze statue of Hon. Josiah Quincy had been awarded to me. I had just finished the model of the Charles Sumner, and sent it to Paris to be cast by the celebrated Barbedienne, and was therefore free to begin the Quincy, which, when done, I decided to send to Munich, where my former works had been cast.

I must here mention a very interesting and important domestic occurrence that took place a year before this, in 1879, — no less than the marriage of our daughter, our once little golden-haired "Kitty." We still call her "Kit," although her real name is Eliza Chickering Couper.

It came about in this way. Two years earlier there came along a young Virginian from Munich, where he had been studying drawing in the Academy. He took a little room just outside of the Porta Romana, and began modelling by himself, alone. I heard of him, called on him, and saw the first thing he did, — a medallion he called "Evening." I thought to myself, "If that is his first work, he certainly shows remarkable talent." I at once invited him to come to my studio and occupy a little room recently vacated by my former pupil Daniel C. French. He was delighted to accept my invitation, and speedily made himself

most agreeable, both upstairs and down; but it seems that while I was making a sculptor of him, he was making love to my daughter directly under my nose, and I was so oblivious as not to know anything about it till he confessed it to me one day, and with the usual impertinence of lovers, begged to be rewarded with my daughter's hand. Well, I came as near fainting away as I ever did and miss it; but knowing that it takes two to make love perfectly, as well as to quarrel, I inquired into it and found that it had been done perfectly; and as I could not possibly find any fault with him, and as my daughter's happiness was the leading thought of my life, I surrendered gracefully, — and if I had known him then as well as I do now, it would have been gratefully, — for he is not only a kind and affectionate husband, son, brother, and father, but is one of the most talented and refined sculptors that I know. And he has his match in his wife, who possesses all his domestic qualities and is an exquisite musician. Now, that is n't bad for a family "puff," and it does n't make me blush the least suspicion of a shade!

They were now (1879) in America, — her first visit to his family in Norfolk, Virginia; they had been gone three months. We could not endure their absence any longer, and decided to go over and fetch them back. As a further inducement to take

this journey, I was desirous to see three of my last works on their pedestals, intending, of course, to shirk the dedications, or two of them at least; the Sumner having been unveiled the year before. So we started on our long journey. On our arrival in Boston I found that the pedestal was not quite ready for the placing of the Lincoln group; so I escaped that. The Quincy was the only one now to be feared. On meeting the mayor, Hon. F. O. Prince, his first greeting was, "Ah, you are just in time to do the presentation at the unveiling of the Quincy!" I at once begged out of that; and as all my letters were directed to Chickering & Sons, I somehow forgot to call for them on the morning of the dedication, so that I did not get my invitation in time. But after it was all over, I walked down Washington Street and looked up School Street (where the statue stands); then I walked up Tremont Street, and glanced *down* School Street. The next day I walked through School Street, and looked at the statue as indifferently as the rest of the gazers. And so I got out of it. It was a mean thing to do. I am ashamed of it now; but I could not bring myself to stand on that platform and face the multitude.

We met our children in Boston, and sailed from there a few days after, on our way back to Florence. But I must not forget to mention that

before we left, Hon. Moses Kimball gave us a magnificent evening reception at his house, which more than compensated for our disappointment in not seeing the Lincoln group on its pedestal. It will be remembered that this group was a present from him to the city of Boston. Another circumstance — which I remember, but would gladly forget — connected with this short but pleasant visit of one month to my home: "The silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips, did me the honor to wish I "would go to heaven soon;" but seeing no prospect of it, and evidently thinking that I had received altogether too many honors from my native city, he sent me away with his exceedingly vulgar tirade against me and the Boston statues ringing in my ears, — as if I had made them all! He probably thought I had. But the funniest thing about it is that ever since, when any one wishes to cast a slur on Boston Art, and does n't dare to trust himself or his own judgment, he quotes what "Wendell Phillips said," precisely as if he were an oracle, — which prevents me from forgetting it, and keeps me "'umble."

One wise man lately suggested that "no more statues be erected in Boston for the next twenty-five years; and then, perhaps, there will have come up a sculptor capable of making them." But he evidently forgets that without another Wendell

Phillips the great sculptor would not be recognized; and it is hardly to be expected that two such astute and refined critics should appear in the same century. But now I do bethink me that another twenty-five years will bring us into another century; so there is still hope for — the critic. Poor Mr. Phillips! he was generally scolding about something. But he did scold to some purpose for the poor negroes, for which I should like to make his statue, — for he had a handsome face, — and I would not bear him any malice either.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Every artist knows what it is to be figuratively knocked off of his pedestal, or at least joggled, — and generally when he thinks he is the most firmly planted, — sometimes from a push behind from the abuse or senseless ridicule of some ignorant would-be critic, but oftener from a self-inflicted blow between the eyes.

I remember one day comparing notes on that subject with "Bill" Hunt. I asked him if he knew what it was to feel sure one hour that he was really outdoing himself, only to discover the next that vanity had been leading him completely off the track.

"Don't I?" said he. "As sure as I forget myself and go dashing off on my high horse, and say to myself, 'Now I'll show them what I can do! I'm going to give them fits [he used a stronger word] this time!' — first thing I know, I get a bat side of the head, knocking me down where I belong, and taking every bit of conceit out of me. But I go on more safe and sure after that."

1798 JONAS CHICKERING 1853

Bust by Thomas Ball, American Sculptor

Surely there is no conviction quite so humiliating, but salutary, as self-conviction.

I first became acquainted with William Morris Hunt, the eminent painter, shortly after my return from my first visit abroad. We both occupied studios on the upper floor of the Mercantile Library Building in Summer Street. Being mutual admirers of each other's work, we became warm friends. Our studios were open to each other when closed to everybody else; and I have often regretted that we could not have been oftener brought together in after years. I cannot help thinking that it would have been a mutual benefit in more ways than one; for we were strangely drawn together, notwithstanding our totally different temperaments, — each lacking what the other possessed to excess. I might perhaps have absorbed some of his superfluous electricity and dash, while possibly a little of the friction of my overcautious balance-wheel or "drag" might have done him no harm.

A most fascinating talker, — his conversation abounding in the drollest conceits, exceedingly epigrammatic, — everything he said had a meaning and interest, especially when relating to Art. His expressions were strong, sometimes a little too emphatic, but always to the point.

A well developed, intellectual forehead, which

his very thin but handsome face set off to advantage, and a figure in harmony with his face gave one the impression of a very nervous and imaginative temperament.

A friend, pupil, and intense admirer of Millet, the peasant artist, he was naturally imbued with much of the broad manner of the great Frenchman, and was the first to make him known to Bostonians, — at home, at least, — through originals, as well as copies of his master's works.

Hunt was generous, warm-hearted, impulsive, and demonstrative. Despising cant of any description, and caring little for fashion, it amused him occasionally to shock those who indulged in the one or too closely followed the other.

He was a capital actor and an irresistible mimic. I remember a semi-public tableaux exhibition gotten up by him and other artist friends for some charity, — I forget now what, — in which he took the character of Don Quixote. His nervous forehead over his "lantern-jaws," and his slender figure encased in close-fitting garments, together with his irresistible serio-comic expression, formed the best representation of the gallant "crank" that I ever saw in sculpture or painting.

I remember one other picture, because I happened to be in it. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe appeared as Lady Macbeth in the celebrated sleep-walking scene.

I had the honor to be her family physician, and was so strongly impressed by the intensely real expression of her face and attitude as to be almost tempted to interrupt the scene, by advising her — from my own early experience — to grasp the horrid thing and wake herself. But the next moment the curtain dropped, and she awoke smiling as sweetly as if from an interview with whispering angels. There were many other beautiful pictures and beautiful women, making the entertainment a great success artistically and financially.

Everybody who knew William M. Hunt will remember the little soft felt hat, turned up all round, that he was so fond of wearing. We were coming in from Roxbury one night in the omnibus, and, it being late, were the only passengers. As he settled himself in the corner, I remarked how becoming this hat was to his long beard. It was off in a moment, and tossed over to me to try on. I found it fitted me to a hair, and he returned the compliment to my long beard. A day or two before I was to sail on my return to Europe, I received a new hat made on his own private block, with his card and best wishes for a pleasant voyage. I acknowledged it in rhyme, as I am fond of doing. As he thought it rather clever, — for me, — I will give it to you.

Of old, at a friend who was leaving they threw,
On his journey to bring him good luck, an old shoe;
But you, in the warmth of your friendship, would seem
To have gone with a bound to the other extreme,
And with a new hat your friend's head you would pelt,
Just to prove your professions are really felt.
May fortune with smiles, in defiance of fate,
Ever rain such soft things on your precious old pate;
And should this, your gift, from my own head be torn,
On the wings of the rushing wind ruthlessly borne,
My feelings of mortification I 'll smother,
And let this my motto be, " Hunt for another! "

1865.

The next time I crossed the Atlantic, Boston-bound, in 1868, we were fellow-passengers. He was as enthusiastic as ever, this time with the idea of going home to establish a class for the instruction of young ladies in Art. He thought there was a vast deal of talent among them that only required to be directed. Being confident of his faculty for imparting his knowledge, he considered it his duty, and that of every artist, to do all he could to lighten the path of those groping in the dark. The success of his enterprise may be estimated by the scores of lady-artists in Boston to-day who are never tired of singing his praises as artist, teacher, and friend.

When I returned again to Boston in 1873, I made a business of disposing of all my studio-belongings, — souvenirs of my old painting days.

I invited Hunt to meet me at Mr. Turner Sargent's stable on Beacon Street, where the things had been stored for the last five years, to see if there were anything he would like to carry away. He came, and I told him to take whatever he wanted. The first things he settled upon were my carpeted throne upon which I used to mount my sitters, and my eight-foot easel, — the very things I had been wondering what under the sun I should do with. He called an express-wagon, and loaded it with these, some canvases, and other articles, and finally mounted to the seat with the driver, — the moral courage of the man! — and so drove up the whole length of aristocratic Beacon Street, on the way to his studio. I think it would have delighted him to meet some of his very fashionable lady friends, and take off his hat to them, from the top of a furniture wagon, — a boyish joke too good to be lost! He evidently enjoyed smiling down from high places.

A friend once called upon him while he was painting his great fresco on the ceiling of the Albany City Hall. It happened to be Hunt's noon hour of recreation, when his friend, on entering and hearing music in the air, discovered the artist, thirty feet or more above, seated on a plank, with his long legs swinging off, playing a guitar, — for he, too, was musical.

Now, some may see in the above anecdotes very undignified behavior for a great artist; but to me that boyish vein in his disposition was very charming.

When I returned again in 1883, he had departed on his "long journey." And I can only repeat my words at the beginning of this chapter, — I regret that we could not have seen more of each other in all those years, for our mutual benefit.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

When I got back to Florence, after having been so severely "joggled," I modelled a small historical group of Thomas Jefferson submitting to John Adams the first draft of the Declaration of Independence. After this I made a sketch model of Christ with a little child, which the next season I modelled of heroic size, and when finished, invited the great Italian sculptor, Giovanni Dupré, to see. He very kindly came to my studio, and complimented me highly on my success in so great a work. But when I begged he would criticise it, and tell me frankly what I might do to improve it, he answered that he thought the drapery of the Christ would be improved if I removed some of the folds, making it more simple. I agreed with him; and as soon as he had gone, I locked my door, and although I had thought my work was done, stripped the whole front of the figure of its drapery and modelled it all over again. When the change was made, I took a large photograph of it to Dupré, and thanked him for his criticism. He seemed surprised that I had acted upon it so

promptly, praised the group very highly, and asked me to put my autograph on the picture. While I was writing it, he brought out a photograph of his own last work, "San Raimondo Lullo," and asked me to accept it. I found he had written under it, "All' Egregio Scultore Tommaso Ball. G. Dupré. 1881," — word for word, what I had written in my own language under mine, of Giovanni Dupré.

That was the last time I saw the great sculptor alive. He was stricken down a month or two after, and in a few days was dead. The funeral obsequies could hardly have been more imposing and grand if he had been a prince of royal blood. All the artists and other celebrated men of Florence followed him to the grave, to the funeral music of two or more military bands playing alternately. Indeed, it was a funeral worthy of a Michael Angelo.

Speaking of Michael Angelo, — to go from the serious to the gay, — reminds me of a very funny mistake made by one of my visitors; showing how great names will cling or be recalled to our memories when we cannot always remember exactly how to place them.

Upon being called out one day from my work, I found a tall, determined-looking individual with a pleasant and meek-appearing lady. He was striding about the statue gallery, with his hat pushed

on to the back of his head, mopping his forehead vigorously with his pocket-handkerchief, and looking round the room, over the heads of the statues, as if he had already seen them and was ready for something else. "Good-morning!" he jerked out. "We have n't much time to waste; we 're just looking round a bit among the studios to see how prices range. What do you ask for that?" and immediately dove into the next room. "Come, my dear, we can't stop long, you know. How much is that? Seems to me you're pretty stiff in your prices. They sell the real Carrary marble statues, over on the other side of the Arno, for about a quarter part as much as you charge, and they look pooty well, too, I tell you. Well, we must be off; I'm much obliged to you. Perhaps you can tell us where 's a pleasant drive to take. We 've been to all the studios round here."

I told him he could not possibly do better than continue up from my gate, and follow along the Viale as it winds up to the Piazza Michelangiolo.

"Michael Angelo?" — he seized upon that name, — "is his studio out here? We must call on him, my dear, at any rate!"

I told him his studio was not out here, but his monument was, and was well worth seeing. An expression of disappointment came over his face, mingled with relief that he had not that to do.

My next work, in 1882, was an equestrian group of "Paul Revere's Ride," one third life size, and representing him on the road, urging his horse to his utmost speed, and alarming the people, as he passed, that the British were coming to seize the Yankee powder.

I now, in 1883, thought it expedient to make another visit to America, and for the first time crossed the Atlantic alone. I took a studio in Boston for three months, and modelled busts of the late Hon. Marshall Jewell, and of Hon. P. T. Barnum, who came from his home in Bridgeport every day, notwithstanding the long distance and the oppressive heat. But the great showman was equal to the occasion, and appeared each day as fresh and jovial as a boy. He certainly had an incentive to make the effort, having been invited to place his bust in Tufts College, and had also had an intimation of a desire on the part of his business partners that he should sit to me for a statue, while he was about it, at their expense, as they wished to express in that way their esteem, admiration, and gratitude for the unparalleled financial success attending the "greatest show on earth," through the influence of his peculiar genius. This was naturally very gratifying to a man like him, or any other man. In accepting this compliment, he only stipulated that the statue should not be erected

or publicly seen till he had passed away. I finished the bust from life, which I took back with me, together with measurements and photographs of his figure for future use.

While I was in Boston, a committee of the Boston Memorial Society met me to decide upon the subject for an heroic statue which I had some time before offered to model for them gratis, provided they would pay for the casting in bronze. They finally decided to have a portrait of William Blackstone, or Blaxton, the first white inhabitant of Boston. Upon my return to Florence I made two different study models; but the statue has never been made, for the want of the necessary funds to pay for the casting.

I also modelled a new statue, in small, of Lincoln, and one of Garfield. These, together with portrait busts (General Grant among them) and ideal medallions ("Whispering Zephyr," "Ophelia," etc.), occupied my time till January, 1885, when I received a commission from B. P. Cheney, Esq., of Boston, for a statue of Daniel Webster, of a new design, to be presented by him to the city of Concord, New Hampshire. This statue (also cast in Munich) was inaugurated June 17, 1886.

After sending the model to the foundry, I began in the autumn my statue of the youthful David, which I worked upon nearly all the winter of 1885–

1886. Oh! I must tell you a good story of an English visitor this time.

We all know that an Englishman is slow at taking a joke, although he does take it eventually; but this man did not lower his dignity to anything so frivolous. He looked at everything very critically and intelligently; it was a serious matter with him, — no joking, if you please. I took him into my private modelling-room, where I was then working on my David.

"Ah! what have we here, may I ask?"

"That is the young David, about to throw the stone."

"But, sir, have you the timerity to make a David, after Michael Angelo?"

Now, I thought he was joking. There's the difference between a Yankee and an Englishman; the former thinks the other jokes when he does n't, and the latter thinks the other does n't when he does. I, being a Yankee, saw a joke in his question, and answered him, as I thought, in a similar vein.

"But my David is entirely different from Michael Angelo's; his was a very clever statue for his time."

He looked at me. "Sir, you astound me; your remark reminds me of one made to me by a fellow-countryman of yours in the gallery the other day.

He was making a copy of one of Titian's pictures. I ventured to remark that I thought he had not got Titian's color exactly. 'No,' said he, 'I am not quite satisfied with Titian's color; I intend to improve upon it.' What do you think of that?"

"Why, you surely did not take his remark seriously, did you?"

"I certainly did."

"Well, really, I hope you did not think I meant what I said in regard to the David!"

"I must say I did, sir."

"Then I must apologize for joking, and hasten to assure you that I consider Michael Angelo's David one of the very greatest statues of modern times; and there are precious few among the best Greek works that can compare with it."

This seemed to mollify his disgust somewhat, and enabled him to see some good points in my work.

It strikes me at this moment as a little singular that both of these amusing visitors, or the funny point in their visits, should hinge upon Michael Angelo.

If I may be permitted, I will add one more amusing incident in connection with this statue. You may infer from it that our male models are not strictly models of honesty; but there are exceptions to all rules. One of the best

models I had for this figure was a boy about seventeen or eighteen years of age, — a very good figure, a good model, and always prompt. But one day he did not appear, and upon inquiring among the workmen, I learned that he had been arrested for stealing money from some other studio where he was employed. I therefore engaged another model, — one who had stood for several Davids before, and knew all about David, from the slinging of the stone to the cutting off of Goliath's head.

Not long after the disappearance of my first model, I received a summons to appear before the Tribunal to testify to something in regard to him. You never know, when you are summoned to appear in an Italian court, which side you are expected to favor, until your turn comes to be called from an anteroom to testify. When I was called in, I was given the Testament to place my right hand upon, and swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and *nothing less* (*niente di meno*). I made a mistake at the start, which caused me intense mortification. In my embarrassment at a proceeding so new to me, I placed my *gloved* hand upon the book, and was called to order before the whole court, who must have thought me a heathen. It is safe to say that I never removed a glove with less loitering in my life. After having taken the oath and answered the usual preliminary questions as to my name,

age, place of birth, my father's name, my profession, and present abode, I was next asked, by the judge or attorney, if I knew the prisoner. I then turned, and recognizing my David, answered accordingly.

"Did you ever employ him as a model?"

"Yes."

"Many times?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever leave him alone in your studio?"

"Yes; once I was called away, and he waited an hour alone in my studio."

"Did you miss anything after he had gone?"

"No."

"Perhaps there was nothing to tempt him?"

"Perhaps not" (with a smile).

"No money, I mean."

"No."

"How much did you usually pay him?"

"A franc and a half an hour."

At this juncture up jumps the prisoner (I think he was seated before). "There! did n't I tell you so? and you would n't believe me."

He was called to order, and I was then dismissed. It seemed that I had been called to corroborate his most doubtful statement in regard to the price I paid him for his services. It was evidently thought that such a princely income as that precluded the possibility of his being tempted to steal from any-

body, as I heard afterward that he was acquitted. I have never seen him since. I do not believe the boy would have stolen anything from me, for he often had the opportunity. This statue of David — originally modelled three quarters life size — I am now putting in marble, full life size, for Edward F. Searles, Esq., to go into the magnificent palace he is building at Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

I promised you something more about the Washington Monument. Mr. Searles came to my studio with his wife, entire strangers to me, and, as he has told me since, with no intention of buying anything; but being pleased with what he saw, before he left he had commissioned me to put my David in marble, full life size, besides giving me several other smaller orders. As he went through the room where the Washington stood, he was strongly attracted by it; asked about its history, for what it was made, how much I was to have received for the large monument if my model had been accepted, etc., — all of which questions I answered, and told him the curious incident of the spider and the postage-stamp. As he was going out of the gate, he said, "It 's a great pity the Washington cannot be erected somewhere while you are living." I told him I did not expect it now. "Well," said he, "I know where I would like to see it. I'll see how my money holds out."

Was the spider beginning to weave his spell? No; I had not the remotest idea this remark meant anything more than a little pleasantry on the part of my new patron. He came to Florence again the next season, and out to the studio to see how his work was coming on. As he passed through the Washington room, he stopped and again examined the monument with much interest, remarking that it ought to be the crowning work of my life. As I mentioned that I thought of going to America the coming spring, he invited me to visit him at his house in Methuen, and he would show me where he wanted to put my Washington Monument.

Still joking about the Washington!

I now (autumn of 1886) turned my thoughts in earnest to the big statue of P. T. Barnum, working on it through the winter of 1886–1887. I finished the model about the 1st of May, 1887, and sent it to the foundry at Munich in the autumn. When the bronze was completed, it was exhibited by the Müllers in the International Exhibition at Munich, in the summer of 1888, where it received a first-class medal. A week or two after the bronze arrived in America, I received the following characteristic letter from Mr. Barnum: —

New York, Feb. 8, 1889.

Dear Mr. Ball, — My partners have not yet been able to get together to examine the statue. But Mr.

J. A. Bailey and my late partners — Mr. J. A. Hutchinson, Cole, and Cooper — have arranged to do so next Wednesday, 13th inst. I have partly agreed to go with them, although I never expected to see it. My wife, my eldest daughter, and other members of my family are to go and take a look at it at the same time; and then I trust it will not see the light again for several years after my decease. It seems to me as if my partners will have loaded my executors and family with a sort of white elephant; though I have no doubt, from what I have heard, it is a good likeness and a *splendid work of art*. Of course I appreciate the compliment my partners pay me in its presentation; but the question is, what can be done with a large bronze statue of a Showman? Perhaps my posterity and the public will wisely conclude to *bury* it. In any event, I thank you for turning out such a creditable specimen of your art, and for the many expressions of your good-will, which I heartily reciprocate, and in which my wife as heartily joins me. Hoping that you are as perfectly healthy and happy as I am,

Believe me cordially your friend,

P. T. Barnum.

He wrote me again immediately after having seen the statue, in the following hearty and complimentary strain: —

My dear Friend, — My present partner, Mr. J. A. Bailey, and my late partner, J. C. Hutchinson, took me to see the statue of myself in bronze, which you executed for them. My wife accompanied me, also my

eldest daughter, three of my grandchildren, two of my late partners in business, one of my executors, my principal treasurer and business representative (Mr. Bowser), of Bridgeport, and two gentlemen friends. We one and all declared it to be the *best executed statue* and the *most perfect likeness* we ever before saw. All were delighted with it. The donors handed it over to my family and executors, and then ordered it to be insured and kept in the fire-proof warehouse till called for. I asked them to have the case containing it securely fastened, and never opened again till I am "mouldering in the grave."

Really, it seemed to me as if I were attending my own funeral. Yet I was *truly pleased* with your *wonderful success* in producing such a *fac-simile* of myself. I have no idea where it will ever be erected. That concerns my posterity more than myself; so I leave it to them.[1]

Very truly yours,

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

[1] The italics in the above are his own.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It now seemed to me that I had earned my summer vacation; and as the past year had been one of extreme anxiety on account of the severe and dangerous illness of my wife, as she was now convalescing, and as my seventieth birthday was approaching, which I had a great desire of passing in the land of my birth, — thinking also that the ocean voyage over and back would be of great benefit to us both, — I decided to make another visit to America, this time for rest and recreation.

I had resolved not to do a hand's turn of work; and not expecting any new commissions, I devoted myself entirely to my friends, who never met me with a warmer welcome than now. Indeed, it seemed as if they had combined and laid out a programme, but one that would have occupied more time than we had at our disposal, and demanded much more strength than Mrs. Ball could command. As for me, it was one whirl of wild but innocent dissipation, from the time we landed till the day we sailed on our return. I don't know what it would have been if my wife had been able

to participate in it all, for she to her friends was as one recalled from the dead.

Let me here mention that from the day we arrived, the first question — or rather, assertion — that was fired at me by each one I met was, "You are going to the great costume-ball that 's coming off in a few days?" My invariable answer was, "No; although I should like above all things to see this grand pageant. But I understand that absolutely no one is to be admitted except in ideal or historical costume submitted to and approved by Mr. Gougengigl, the eminent artist, — which is quite right, in order to insure perfect success; and I cannot think of going in costume." But three days before it was to come off, when another friend attacked me, I only thought it necessary to say that it was now too late, as there was not another ticket to be had for love or money, — which I heard was really the case. He left me, and the next day I received a bundle and a note from his wife, — the bundle containing a beautiful white costume of the monks of Certosa, and the note enclosing a ticket to the ball. Where or how she got it, I know not. The costume, she informed me, had already been approved, and I had only to get into it and go, as she, her husband, and two little boys intended to do, — the two latter as pages, — and I could go

under her protection. What could I do after that but accept and go? I could not have chosen a more simple and dignified dress, or one that would remind me more pleasantly of "La bella Firenze," and of my neighbors at Certosa.

On the afternoon of the ball I received another pleasant greeting from my old friend B. J. Lang, the eminent musician, and director of the Apollo Club. He wrote me that the members of the Club were going in a body to the ball as Pilgrims, and hearing that I was to appear as a monk, would I please march with them in the procession, and join with them in the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser"? Now, that was particularly delightful to me, — both the compliment and the real pleasure of singing with them. This grand ball — if it can be called a ball where there was no dancing — came off at the Museum of Fine Arts, on the evening of April 26. When I arrived, after much tribulation, — for it poured "great guns" all the evening, and to use an Irish expression, it took an hour for my carriage to get there after I arrived, — I found the Apollos assembled in one of the rooms, waiting for the procession to form. They were all in sober gray robes, as became their order; and I, being the only white dove in the flock, was taken under the protecting wing of the genial Secretary, Mr. Arthur Read. Finally, the Heralds trumpeted the signal to

move. When well under way, we poured forth the "Pilgrims' Chorus" with fine effect. But when, after marching the round of the halls, the chorus was repeated, the throng had become so great that we, who had started in a body five or six abreast, became stretched out into almost single file, so that one end of the string could n't hear what the other was driving at. The consequence was that we gradually and ignominiously faded out, much to the amusement of the kings and queens, lords and ladies, poets and philosophers, who had really been the cause of the fiasco. In fact, I firmly believe they really enjoyed it more than they did the first performance. Now that I had become separated from my brother Pilgrims, and the whole gorgeous procession stirred into one slowly moving mass, in vain I tried to study the individual items that composed it. I could only see one vast kaleidoscopic effect of color. It seemed to me, though, that I had never seen so many fine-looking men and women together before. Can it be possible that this was partly owing to their costumes? With the men, perhaps, yes, but not the women. There is one now whose majestic loveliness — But I am not going to attempt to describe this enchanting scene. Were there not men there who were paid, and whose business it was to describe it, and who utterly failed? But I will say that what left one

of the most pleasant and enduring impressions on my mind were the score or more of Greek maidens and Fra Angelico's Angels, — the latter looking as if they had just stepped out (as the phrase goes) of the picture in the Gallery of the Uffizi. I saw them again, when the crowd had become too dense to be able to move about comfortably, slowly wending and winding their way, with their golden wings unshipped and carried under their arms, looking, if possible, more angelic than ever; and I wondered if the celestial angels carried theirs in that way when not in active use, — for I don't imagine they are always on the wing. All these maidens, I understood, were students in the Art School connected with the Museum.

I had been looking in vain all the evening for my chaperone, not having seen her since we entered the halls; but I managed to get home safely, wondering all the way how the women were able so gracefully to get up and down stairs, — up especially, with their long skirts, while I had nearly broken my neck several times trying to do the same thing. My dreams that night were all about angels' wings and Greek maidens.

By the way, this Art Museum is exerting a very noble and desirable influence in the community; not only instructing the chosen few in the development of their talents, but teaching the thou-

sands, by bringing Art before them, to appreciate it in all its various branches. Such institutions cannot but have a refining and humanizing effect. And now I believe there is hardly a large city in the Union without its public Art Gallery or Museum; and the conviction of their importance is gradually spreading throughout the country.

I was one day conducted through the schools connected with our Art Museum, and was very much impressed with what I saw. In one room, and indeed throughout the Sculpture gallery, the students were drawing diligently from casts. Entering another, I was brought face to face with perhaps fifty young ladies, all working away for dear life, drawing and designing patterns for wall-paper, carpets, tapestries, embroideries, etc., as well as for architectural decorations. I was naturally too much embarrassed to attempt to recognize my Greek maidens and angels; but I have no doubt they were there, or in some of the other rooms. Leaving this room, I was conducted into the next, where a like number of young girls were drawing from a life model; and into still another that was crowded with easels almost touching one another, before each of which sat an earnest damsel painting in oils from a life model, and doing some remarkably good work. I was so charmed and carried away by the simple earnestness of these

flocks of lovely young women I had seen in the different rooms, that I forgot to ask where the young men were; but I presume they were in another part of the building, and I shall take great pleasure in paying them a visit the next time I come. Long may our Boston Museum of Fine Arts flourish; and may it never languish for want of means to carry out its grand purpose!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

One day I started out to visit the haunts of my early childhood, the "West End." I walked down Hancock Street, and looked at the house (No. 16) from which thirty-five years ago I took my wife, and in which my daughter was born. From thence down Lynde Street, Leverett Street, and on to Leverett Court, — which I recognized at once, although it was now a street of some length and importance. Turning into this, I descended the hill down which I used to coast or slip or roll; recognizing the long gloomy alley on the right, which I imagined at that time tenanted by ghostly spectres, and which I used to hurry by with head averted after dark, until one night, from very shame, I gave myself a determined shake, — as I did that other time when crossing the Common, — and forced myself to stop and gaze into its black depths. A little farther down, the court turned abruptly to the right, and after a few rods butted up against a solid granite wall twenty feet or more high. This wall was part of the enclosure of the Jail and House of Correction. The former at this point being but a few feet from the wall,

the tenants of the upper story, whose barred windows overlooked the wall, could converse with their friends, who visited our court for the enjoyment of that privilege. The conversations passing at that distance were necessarily heard by the whole neighborhood, and were often very amusing, sometimes offensive, and occasionally heart-rending. Back of this jail was a wharf where all criminal executions took place, in full view of the wharves on Causeway Street and at the foot of Leverett Court; it being all water, at that time, between these and Charlestown. I well remember how those wharves were crowded to suffocation one time, with men and boys — ay, and women too — desirous of witnessing the hanging of the five Spanish pirates, and how, with the natural depravity of boys, I, who would cry at sight of a hungry beggar or a lost child, strove with all my might to see those poor wretches drop from the scaffold, and only succeeded in getting a sight of their lifeless bodies hanging in a row after the crowd had partially dispersed. I now continued my way through the court, that used to be, but which now extends to Causeway Street, and is called Wall Street, from the prison wall that once bounded the court.

I passed the low brick house on the corner of Causeway and Merrimack Streets, with its corner

grocery shop. It did not look so low when I used to pass it daily on my way to school, stopping to look with wonder at the pencil sketches with which the eggs in the window were decorated by the shop-boy. They attracted, as well, older eyes than mine. This boy, whose artistic talent was budding out in this way, I remember later as the junior partner in the firm of Gerry & Burt, fancy and ornamental painters. Burt, the author of these remarkable egg-shell sketches, died young; and Gerry developed into our well-known Samuel L., the landscape-painter, who I trust and believe is still as hale and hearty as I am; and he must be not far from my age, although I think he has a little the advantage of me — on the wrong side.

I continued on to Chardon Street, where, at the corner of Hawkins Street, stood, and still stands, the old Mayhew School-house, now occupied as a "Home for Wanderers," where the homeless can always find a bed and a meal, at least for once. I passed up the stairs that my small feet had so often trod, and entered the large room whose threshold those small feet so joyfully passed (when going out), and found it lined on all sides with plain but comfortable beds for the weary wanderers. By this time I was getting somewhat weary myself, but continued my wandering up through Court Street. Seeing a sign on a door, "*Feathers* cured while

you wait," I thought it could not be a disease worth mentioning, to be cured so readily, and wondered if it was anything like "Shingles." Passing on, I came to the very door from which, sixty years ago, that other sign greeted my eyes: "Boy wanted." Yes, the building of the old New England Museum still stands, between Brattle Street and Cornhill, on Scollay Square. From there I proceeded up Tremont Row, and mounted the stairs of No. 17½, clear to the attic, and entered once more my old studio. But how different it seemed now! Occupied by a manufacturing dentist, I found a large forge on one side, a work-bench on the other, — everything black with smoke; but there was the same window in the top, through which for so many years the light of heaven streamed down upon my easel, and from which that mischievous monkey descended to play his pranks with my paints and brushes. Descending to the street, I stepped across to the Boston Museum, to call upon my old friend Moses Kimball. It happened to be Wednesday, and there was a performance going on in the Theatre; and as Manager Field, in his extreme politeness, always offers me his own box or the best seat in the house, I went in and saw that admirable play "Joseph Andrews' Sweetheart."

Going home in the cars, I was amused by a solemn dialogue between two old ladies in the seat

directly before me. They were evidently from the country, and not aware how loudly they spoke. It is surprising how prone we are to use long words when speaking of any sad event or relating a solemn experience.

First Old Lady. I suppose you heard of poor young Jones's sudden death?

Second O. L. Yes; was n't it really melancholy to be so summarily removed, without previous warning, from this eventful life?

First O. L. (*not to be outdone*). Truly, we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. No doubt he *anticipated all he ever expected to realize.*

May 27, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's seventieth anniversary, I called to add my humble congratulations to those of her host of other friends. I thought of the time, nearly forty years ago, when I used to meet with our old friend Dr. George Derby and one or two others, at her house, for musical practice. She may have forgotten ever having sung duets with me; but I have not, and if I am not mistaken, she sometimes played our accompaniments. I have a vivid impression of having sung on one occasion the "Pro peccatis" to her accompaniment.

I remember a story she once told me of a bashful young man who called upon her, and after having praised something she had written, added,

"But compliments to you, Mrs. Howe, must be like — casting — pearls before — I mean — er — er — " "And the poor man in his confusion," said Mrs. Howe, "forgot that he meant to say 'like bringing coals to Newcastle.'" I wondered if my own bashfulness had not reminded her of the story.

But now my seventieth anniversary was drawing alarmingly near. This I had made a solemn promise should be celebrated at Milton with our kind step-sister-in-law, Mrs. George H. Chickering, who intended to give us a very "swell" reception; but owing to the delicate health of Mrs. Ball, it was deemed advisable to make it a simple but elegant one,—only our nearest relatives and friends being notified to attend.

Mrs. Chickering, who has a way of her own of doing things, first ordered for this occasion a three-story birthday cake, decorated with seventy candles, and surmounted by a group of statuary in sugar. All this seemed to hint either that I was now entering my second childhood, or that my light should no longer be "hidden under a bushel," —for I defy any one to have found a bushel-basket or measure large enough to cover the blazing cake. But large as it was, it was but a small part of the entertainment prepared for us. The guests seemed to have entered unanimously into the second-childhood joke,

for they all brought either flowers, cakes, or bonbons. I did not object in the least to these sweets, for I always had a special weakness for flowers and bonbons. The only drawback now to our perfect happiness was the fact that our dear children, Mr. and Mrs. Couper, and their two babies were at that time in mid-ocean on their way to America, not having been able to come when we did.

CHAPTER XL.

JUNE 6, we went to New York to visit my friend and pupil, Daniel C. French, who had not long before established himself, house and studio, in that city, and had taken to himself a wife worthy in every way of the cosey establishment and its *padrone.*

While there I took the opportunity to run down to Bridgeport to pay my respects to Friend Barnum, and to see if he looked resigned after having his monument prepared for him. I wrote him that I would come to him the next day, lunch with him, and return by the next train. I immediately received a despatch saying, "Come by early train, and stay till five o'clock and see my great show." It seems he exhibits in Bridgeport once in two years, and I had happened to hit on the very day for my visit. He was at the station to meet me. I was somewhat surprised at the haste with which he hustled me into the carriage, calling out to "John," "Drive as fast as you can! Cut down that street and see if we can't head them off!" I found that what he wanted to head off was the grand procession,

which he wished me to see ; consisting of elephants (a score at least), camels, horses from the size of a Newfoundland dog upward; gorgeously gilded cars conveying the hundreds of performers in costume ; other immense vehicles containing the cages of wild beasts; Roman war-chariots, and endless other showy carriages. All this is a free display to the inhabitants of the cities and towns that "the greatest show on earth" visits ; and the people are not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. I found the streets thronged with men, women, and children, all in their best Sunday attire.

A gentleman I met at the station who employs a great number of men, told me he might as well expect them to work Sunday or the Fourth of July as the day when Barnum came to town. It did seem rather an interruption to business ; but think of the thousands upon thousands who would live and die without ever having seen an elephant or a camel, if it were not for this great free show. Perhaps it is not absolutely necessary that they should see an elephant or a camel ; but they think so, after having seen them.

Here have I been describing what you have all seen time after time ; but there are some features of this great show that you have not seen, and I have. Mr. Barnum took me through all the various canvas apartments attached to the great cen-

tral pavilion, and devoted to the accommodation and provision of this small city-full of employés. One division is a dressing-room, with all conveniences, for the female performers; another for the males; another, larger, constitutes a dining-room for all the performers, having a long table set out and prepared for the next meal; still another room, fully as large, was furnished with a table more humbly set, for the numerous laborers. Perhaps as interesting a place as any was the kitchen, where a score of cooks were busy preparing the food for the crowd. Now, as we began to feel hungry ourselves and were not invited to stop, it was thought best to go home to lunch.

This home was a new house, just finished, simple and elegant, and, as he informed me, was built expressly to please his wife, who considered the famous and showy "Waldemere" of too ornate a style of architecture; it was therefore ruthlessly demolished, to secure the most enviable site upon which it stood. Here I met, for the first time, Mrs. Barnum, — a most charming and intelligent lady, who politely took me all over the new house, where her refined taste and influence were recognized in every corner.

When we left the tents it began to rain quite hard, and it was feared it would continue through the day; which would mean upward of $6,000 out

of Mr. Barnum's pocket, — for there can be no postponement, as the army must move and set up its tents in another town that night for the next day's performance. But while we were at lunch the sun came out bright again, and an hour afterward we two boys started for the show. Arriving, we found the big tent packed; and it seats about *ten thousand people.* Upon entering, the great man seized me by the arm, as I supposed, to conduct me directly to our seats; what was my surprise to find myself being marched round the whole circumference of the race-course, amid the tumultuous applause of this vast audience when they recognized their illustrious townsman, who had pressed me into his service either to cover his own embarrassment or to enjoy mine, — I mistrust it was the latter.

However, we finally reached our seats, and enjoyed the first half of the performance immensely. But in the midst of it there came up a tremendous thunder-shower, the water drenching the tent and trickling down on our devoted heads. But we all stood our ground, or rather sat our benches, only raising a forest of umbrellas, each one of which, while protecting the head of its owner, poured its trickling rivulets into his neighbor's lap or down his back. Fortunately, the trapeze performers had done their work, and the tight-rope walkers had passed over dry-shod. The chariot and foot races

were still to come off, and the track was what might be called decidedly heavy. As we occupied front seats, every time the chariots passed, they gave us a liberal spattering of mud and water. But we were bound to see the last of it, and we did; and as we left the pavilion, the sun shone out bright from behind a cloud, laughing at his own joke. I was then driven to the station in time for the train for New York, where I arrived not much worse for my circus.

June 7, our darlings arrived on board the "Germanic," all safe and sound, and almost immediately went on to Norfolk, where we were to meet them in a few days, to visit my son-in-law's family, no one of whom had Mrs. Ball ever seen. But the long journey and the intensely hot weather proved too much for my wife; she was obliged to keep her bed most of the time, unable to see the many friends who were kind enough to call upon her. All this made us both very nervous, and, fancying that the climate had something to do with it, we were forced to cut our visit short, much to our regret; for a more delightfully kind and lovely family I never met, than those same Coupers, — father, mother, three brothers, and two sisters, each devoted to the others, and all devoted to us.

June 23, we returned directly to New York, from whence we had engaged to make a short visit at

the summer residence of our warm friends Mr. and Mrs. John A. C. Gray; but as we were anxious to get back to Boston on Mrs. Ball's account, we were obliged to forego the great pleasure of their hospitality, only accepting their carriage for the afternoon. Mr. Gray took us on a charming drive through their magnificent Central Park; visiting, among the many works of art, my colossal Webster, which my wife had never seen on its pedestal. As we approached it, from one view I was quite well pleased with it, but from another I discovered where I might have added a few pounds of clay to advantage.

There was one other visit (to Flushing, Long Island) that we were obliged to give up, and that I now regret more than I can express, for it was my last opportunity of seeing in this world my old friend Mr. Edward Mitchel. I made his acquaintance in a strange place, even the ball under the cross on the top of St. Peter's in Rome; and from that time — now nearly thirty years — we had continued a warm friendship, although meeting but seldom. We have been pained to hear of his death since we returned to Florence.

Mrs. Ball rallied at once on our return to Boston and to her uncle's house in Dorchester. Here the complete rest and her native air seemed to set her up immediately.

July 4, Independence Day, while Mrs. Ball spent the day quietly with Cousin Bessie, I went "gallivanting" off to the city, to keep an appointment with Dr. Angell to renew our youth — or rather mine, for his does not yet require renewing — by spending our glorious anniversary on the "Common." For this purpose we sallied out at eleven o'clock A. M., walked down the Beacon Street Mall, with its double row of refreshment tents and booths, looking just as they did when we were boys and used to eat our gingerbread and drink our lemonade as long as our money held out. There were the same tables loaded with baked beans, ham-sandwiches, pink and white lemonade, candies, pickled limes, and root beer; and apparently the same crowd of tired but excited country-people, eagerly partaking of these attractive refreshments. There were the same machines for weighing, for blowing, for striking, for lifting, etc. The Doctor had a great desire to test the strength of his lungs and the length of his wind by blowing into the machine for that purpose; but was deterred by the appearance of the person who had just tested it, as there was no choice of tubes. So we tore ourselves away, and proceeded to inspect the various dime-shows — from the outside; till we were finally tempted by an extraordinary display of pictures of at least a dozen living monstrosities,

which in the cause of Anatomy we deemed it our duty to see. But after paying our money we learned that the monsters had all gone to dinner, with the exception of the young woman without arms, who was playing the piano with her feet. We therefore, after buying her autograph written with her toes, went out, and, only stopping to have our fortunes told by the "innocent birds" of an Italian girl who reminded us so much of the Roman models, wended our way home to lunch. We went to the Common again in the afternoon, to assist at the balloon ascension; and after seeing the aeronauts safely off, the good Doctor conducted me to my tram-car, — as I was a stranger in town, — and I got back in time to dine with Cousin Bessie and finish up the day by helping the children burn about a bushel of fire-crackers, more or less.

There really seemed to be some reason in that birthday joke about "second childhood;" but judging from my own feelings, second childhood is not so bad a state as it might be.

CHAPTER XLI.

I WENT to Great Barrington, Massachusetts, July 1, to see the marble palace of Mr. Edward F. Searles, and to select a place for my statue of David. I will not attempt to describe this magnificent mansion, for that will be done in detail, when finished, by readier pens than mine. I will only touch upon one or two features which struck me most forcibly. Standing upon the wide-spreading marble terraces at the back of the palace, you look out upon a vast velvety meadow of seventy-five acres, bounded on the right by a forest of lofty trees, and on the left by the green Berkshire hills, while far off before you nestles a village, the voices of whose spires on a Sunday morning you feel would be borne to the ear from that distance like sweetest music. The village softly veiled by the hazy atmosphere, the immense carpet of green velvet, the noble masses of forest trees, the quiet graceful outlines of the hills in the middle distance, all go to form a picture touched in the broadest, grandest, but simplest manner, suggestive of perfect repose.

Here have I been using up all my adjectives before I enter the house! But I did not promise to describe that, and were I to attempt it I should only weary you. I will simply say that it is worthy of the scene it overlooks, and of the taste of the man who chose that site to build his house upon. But I find it difficult to refrain from speaking of that exquisite music-hall and its grand organ, that ought to be and will be the pride of not only the town, but the State which possesses it.

Mr. Searles is an enthusiastic amateur of the noble instrument, and on this occasion sat down before it and improvised skilfully for half an hour, showing up all its possibilities (and they were many), to my great delight. He then took me all over the house, decided upon the place for the David, talked of various plans he had in view for the improvement of this estate and the one in his native town, Methuen, where I had previously visited him by invitation, — at which time, while showing me the town, he had pointed out the spot where he would like to see my Washington Monument; but now no word of it, as I had had a faint hope there might be. As he was leaving me at the station, he said, —

"Let me see, you are to sail in two weeks."

"Yes, but you may have occasion to come to Boston before that; if you do, let me know."

"Oh, I will see you again before you go, if I am not there to see you off. I want you to work for me when you go back."

That might mean nothing more than that he hoped I would hurry up the several small orders I then had in hand for him. And so we parted.

I had in the morning telegraphed to my wife not to expect me until ten o'clock P. M., instead of six. Upon hearing this, Friend S——, at whose house we were then visiting, looked at his time-table, and found there was no train from Great Barrington before eleven P. M. So our wives retired for the night, and he took a carriage at half-past ten to meet me at the station. We must have passed each other; for I had managed, by Mr. Searles's directions, to strike the New York express, which brought me in half an hour earlier. Walking up from the station, I arrived about eleven at the house, and found the street door of the vestibule open, but the inside one locked, the gas burning in the hall and front drawing-room, everything looking exceedingly cheerful and hospitable; but when I rang the door-bell, there was no response. I rang again and again and again, with no better result. I finally gave it up, thinking that some one had been sitting up for me, and had fallen into a sound sleep, from which there was no awaking him. So, after carefully pulling-to the outside door, which shut

with a patent-spring lock, I betook myself to the Hotel Vendome, not far off. In the mean time Friend S——, finding I did not arrive by the train he had been waiting for, returned home to find himself locked out. It seemed he had left the outer door ajar because he had mislaid his key. Now there began a repetition of the performance on the door-bell, with no better result than had attended my own efforts. Then, going round to the back of the house, the name of his wife floated softly up on the midnight air, — "May, May!" This familiar sound aroused her as a whole chime of bells would have failed to do. She put her head out of the window.

"Where 's Mr. Ball?"

"I don't know; is n't he here?"

"No! Have n't you seen him?"

"No; but he 's been here, and gone, shutting the front door after him; and I can't get in. Come down and open it."

Down she comes, and after fumbling over that patent-spring lock five minutes, calls out through the key-hole: "Frank, I can't undo this thing, but I can unfasten the parlor window, and you must climb in." This he managed to do. Fortunately the watchman was asleep, and my friend was not arrested. Then they began wondering what had become of me. When he was partly undressed, his wife suddenly broke out again, —

"Frank, you must find Mr. Ball."

"Where am I to find him? He's gone to a hotel, and is comfortably in bed and asleep before this."

"But, Frank, you must find him and bring him back. I looked in on Mrs. Ball half an hour ago, and she was sleeping sweetly; and if she wakes and finds he has not returned, she will be dreadfully alarmed."

That was enough. He quickly put on his cravat and coat again, and started out, fortunately trying the Vendome first, where he learned that I had retired half an hour before. Just as I was dozing off into sound sleep after my fatiguing day, I heard advancing steps and voices in the corridor; and as they approached my door, some one said, "Ah, here is No. 48."

"There," I thought, "that stupid servant has put me into somebody else's room." Then came a rap.

"Who's there?" from the bed.

"Oh, Mr. Ball, open the door, please!" Recognizing my friend's voice, I was out of bed in a twinkling. "How did you get here? I have been down to the station after you. But never mind now! Dress yourself, and come down home with me."

"Nonsense! I am comfortably settled for the night. I'll be with you before breakfast to-morrow morning."

"No; my wife says I must not come back with-

out you, — that Mrs. Ball will awake and be alarmed if you are not there."

Nothing would do but I must dress myself and go along with him. After receiving Mrs. S——'s welcome and good-night over the banisters, I hurried up to our room, to meet another surprise.

Mrs. Ball, who half an hour ago had been seen sleeping so sweetly, had taken advantage of that short half-hour to wake up, and finding I had not returned and that it was past midnight, had locked the door, not expecting to see me after that. There I was, locked out a second time! It did seem as if the fates were against my getting any repose that night. But my gentle tap, like my friend's familiar "May," quickly roused the wife of my bosom, who let me in with a drowsy "Where have you been?" but was easily put off till morning for an explanation. As soon, however, as we were out of bed, I had to rehearse my nocturnal adventures, when she sat down on the side of the bed and laughed as I had not heard or seen her do before for two years at least.

A few days before I sailed, thinking over those last words of Mr. Searles when he was leaving me at the station, together with several hints he threw out during my visit at his house in Methuen, — once modestly remarking that it must seem a great piece of presumption on his part to think about

ordering so grand and important a work as my Washington, to bury it (as he called it),—and remembering that I had not only never broached the subject to him, but had hardly dared to respond to his hints, for fear, after the liberal commissions he had already given me, that I might seem to be too grasping,—I resolved to write him a short letter, telling him frankly that it would delight me to make the Washington Monument for him to erect in his native town; giving him the cost of it and the time (five years) I should require to do it.

A day or two after, I received a despatch from him requesting me to meet him at the Boston and Albany Station at half-past two that afternoon. It is needless to say that I was punctual to the appointment. There I found him taking his lunch in the restaurant. He informed me that he was obliged to leave by the three-o'clock train, but that we could talk while he finished his meal. When nearly through, he quietly remarked, "I think I shall accept your proposition in regard to the monument." It almost took my breath away. I could hardly believe my ears. He then asked me if I could go a short distance with him, and we could talk in the cars. Of course I was ready to go any distance with him; but the guard told us that this train did not stop between Boston and Worcester,—a journey Mr. Searles would not hear of my taking,

as we had still ten minutes, and could say all that was necessary before the train started. We then went through to the platform, that he might step on to the train at a moment's notice. He went on to say that he had found a better site for the monument than the one he had pointed out to me, which he would explain. Then fumbling in his pockets for a bit of paper, he found only my letter, upon the blank page of which he rapidly sketched the relative positions of the two sites. I agreed with him that the last one was much the better of the two. "Then," said he, "there 's nothing more to be said; you can go ahead with the principal figure as soon as you go back, and I will have a proper contract made out, based upon your letter, to secure you under any circumstances, and send it out to you." The bell rang, the whistle sounded, he bade me good-by and was off.

The whole thing seemed so much like a scene from a fairy story, that it would not have surprised me much to see my little friend spin down from the rafters to congratulate me *viva voce*. It seems as if a man, to be able to give such a commission off-hand, must possess a veritable enchanter's wand. How delightful to have the power to do the good that I am confident he is desirous of doing! Long may he live to enjoy his wealth, and never squander it on a less harmless toy than a Washington Monument!

CHAPTER XLII.

We now turned our attention to packing up our "traps," to sail the 27th of July back to our Florence home; I being particularly anxious to return to my studio to begin my great work, — perhaps I should say, at present, my large work; the principal figure of which is to be fifteen feet high. I longed to bury my hands in that mountain of clay. The day before I sailed I called upon my old friend and rival barytone of the Handel and Haydn Society, whom I treated so shabbily about forty years ago over there in Egypt; shilly-shallying till he lost every bit of his traditional meekness, and asserted himself as the great Moses that he was. Before I left him this time, he brought to the piano a duet by Mendelssohn for equal voices, which we two veterans furnished, and once more poured out together in tones that an outsider would hardly believe proceeded from two graybeards of the "united age" of one hundred and forty years or thereabout. At any rate, it was a pleasure that will remain fresh in my memory till I again return to my native land. Oh! I came near for-

getting to mention that the other veteran was Mr. Henry M. Aiken.

The morning of the 27th we went over to the steamer in a pouring rain, which for ourselves we did not mind. Considering the body of water we were to face for the next ten days, a few drops more or less did not signify; but for our friends who *would* go over to see us off, it must have been rather dismal. We found in our stateroom flowers and fruit enough to last over two voyages. Then, after we were well under way, the steward brought us a box about two feet square, which we guessed at once, and rightly, was from our friend Miss Sears, who never forgets us. This seemed to contain every sort of thing the heart of man or woman could desire on a voyage, either sick or well, — from the latest novel down to lemons, bonbons, and playing-cards. Surely, no one else ever had so many kind and thoughtful friends before! Indeed, our entire visit, from the time we stepped off of the steamer till we returned to her three months after, was one continued and delightful ovation.

We arrived in Liverpool on the morning of August 7, after a very pleasant though rather long voyage.

Having the same stateroom that we went over in, we felt quite at home on board the "Cephalonia." We departed at once for Birmingham, where

we called on Mr. Lauson Tait, the eminent surgeon, who with a dozen words sent us on our way rejoicing.

Stopping two days in London, and being too late for the annual exhibition, I spent one day in the National Gallery, where I revelled once more in the glorious portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Where is there a portrait-painter of the present day who could not study to advantage those portraits? The flowing, glowing touches of Sir Joshua make all others look dry and painty. Then, what a choice and magnificent collection of old masters! Well may England be proud of her National Gallery; and her artists be inspired to do great things, even though they never set foot upon the Continent!

When ready to leave the gallery, I saw before me a wide staircase descending to a door, but on each side, at the head of the stairs, was a sign upon which was printed "Way out," with an arrow pointing away from it. I was about to follow the direction of one of them, when, noticing several visitors leaving by this staircase, I asked an officer standing there if that was the way out. He answered politely, "Yes, sir." "Then why," I asked, "are your arrows pointing the wrong way?" "Ah, sir," said he, "there's where you are mistaken; they point right for all ordinary occasions;

this being a paying day, sir, as an extraordinary favor we let you out this way."

I stood corrected. It was not the fault of the arrows, but ours, for coming on the paying day. Now, that was very pleasantly put; and I could not help comparing favorably this officer with the average American under similar circumstances. The latter, knowing himself to be exactly as good as anybody else, is apt to be just a little brusque in answering a question. For instance, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, I was walking through Washington Street, a few weeks ago, when my attention was attracted by a flaring picture at the door of one of the numerous "Dime Museums" that infest that thoroughfare, representing two minute specimens of humanity, and purporting to be full life-size. I bought a ticket at the street-door, and as I was about to give it up inside, inquired where the "Mites" were, and was told that they would not appear till afternoon, but there was something going on all day on the stage. As I wanted to see only the Mites, I asked if I could use my ticket in the afternoon instead of then. The man called out, in his loud and free-and-easy way, "Say, Jim! here 's a feller wants to know if he can come in this afternoon to see the Mites, with the ticket he just bought." "Well, I suppose he can," was the answer.

Now, this man did not mean to be disrespectful in calling me "a feller;" but it struck me so ludicrously that I went out with a broad smile on my face, which must have convinced the passers-by that there was something very funny going on inside; and I could not help quoting to myself and in my own way the words of our national anthem,—

> "Independence is our boast,
> *Never minding* what it cost."

Well, he had good authority for calling me "a feller." Did not Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once say that Boston was called the "Hub" because a *feller* is *tired* going round it? Perhaps I looked tired; but then a feller does n't like to be called "a feller" when he has arrived at my age and dignity. Perhaps a feller at my age should n't patronize Dime Museums.

But to return to London. We started the next day for Paris; and I was most abjectly humiliated to find myself, after having so recently crossed the Atlantic without missing a meal, basely holding my head in my hands, in utter misery for an hour and a half, while crossing that wretched Channel. Oh, when will they tunnel it? We spent five days in Paris, devoting them all to the great Exposition, and most of the time to the Fine Art department, whose forest of statues and miles of

pictures have never been equalled; and it does not seem possible that such a collection can ever be brought together again. I walked only once through the other departments, glancing as I went, but stopping for nothing except to listen for a moment to Edison's phonograph, which, on account of the fearful clatter of the machinery in that department, was very unsatisfactory; especially after a private exhibition I had attended in Boston a few weeks before, where the voices of my friends were produced to the life, — one, in particular, in a tenor solo sung a week before, and repeated by the instrument on this occasion; the voice, the piano accompaniment, and finally the applause at the end, all came out with marvellous effect. But all this did not surprise me so much as did the "talking dolls," which were shown to me privately by the agent of the manufacturers, as they were not yet in the market; but no doubt, before this meets your eyes, you will all have become familiar with them. I could not and would not believe in the possibility of this wonderful invention being applied to this purpose till I had seen and held in my hands two of these absurd little things, and heard them distinctly, without the aid of tubes in both my ears, repeat the lesson that had been instilled, not into their brains, but into their little stomachs. One of them, upon being wound up,

repeated, in a childish voice and accent, four lines of "Mary had a little lamb." I declare, if this ordinary little French doll had broken out in that way, as I held it in my hand, without a previous knowledge of the cause, I should have dropped it as something supernatural and uncanny.

As I have heard nothing of them since, nor met with any one who has seen them, the great man may have suppressed them as entirely too frivolous to be thought of in connection with his wonderful invention.

As little time as I had in Paris, I could not resist the temptation to spend one afternoon on the top of the Eiffel Tower. While I had only seen photographs and other pictures of this soaring iron skeleton, I thought it an ungraceful, flimsy folly, out of harmony with everything in Art or Nature about it. But standing before it for the first time, I was completely lifted out of myself. I wanted to put my hand on the top of it, shut it down, get on, and be shot up into heaven. A veritable four-sided Jacob's ladder, and as much of a dream as that celestial thoroughfare. It seemed as if I, too, ought to see "angels ascending and descending." I was not satisfied, however; I must go to the top. "There cannot be many so ambitious, for it certainly can't hold more than a half-dozen at a time up there; it does n't look bigger

than a good-sized cart-wheel." I was carried up to the first platform in two or three minutes; here, to my astonishment, I found myself obliged to join on to the tail-end of an interminable procession of aspiring ones, moving, or rather standing, in a double line winding round and round, in and out, backward and forward between two iron rails, waiting for their turn at the "lift," which after two mortal hours I reached, and found big enough to carry from seventy to eighty persons at a load up to the very top in about five minutes. Then, at starting, began that delicious sensation — too delicious for some people to bear — which can be experienced only in the basket of an ascending balloon. Looking out through the open lattice-work, you see the earth sinking away from you, and the horizon mounting with you, till Paris seems lying in a bowl. Arriving at the top, you are surprised to find the "cart-wheel" expanded into a room holding one hundred and fifty persons, besides a circle of desks in the middle and accommodations for writing notes, post-cards, and telegrams to be posted and sent from the "Top of Eiffel Tower." I preferred to spend my time looking down on and over the most lofty towers and domes of Paris. This room is covered in and surrounded with glass windows, closed on the windward side and open on the others; so that by

leaning out, one can look directly down to the foot of the tower. The timid ones, by avoiding the open windows, deprived themselves of the most exquisite pleasure imaginable. The entire Exposition grounds, with their lofty trees and domes, were spread out like a toy model, and the people looked, literally, like ants. At this giddy height, with a strong north wind blowing, I expected to feel some slight vibration; but no, it was as firm and motionless as the dome of St. Peter's. After half an hour's intense enjoyment I got into the lift, and was lifted down to terra-firma in about ten minutes. By the way, do not our elevators, as we Americans call them, become depressors when they take us down?

I shall not forget the Eiffel Tower and my aerial visit until I mount the one they promise us in America in '92, one half as high again.

We left Paris August 15, and after stopping in Milan one night, arrived safely in our Florence home on the 17th.

This brings me to the end of my "threescore years and ten," good measure. We have now been back a month, and I cannot close my narrative with happier words — nor with a more grateful heart that I am permitted to write them — than to say that my dear wife's health is greatly improved,

and that I return with renewed vigor and a more buoyant heart to the delightful labors of my studio.

Some of my readers who have followed me thus far, will have made up their minds that I have led a happy but a frivolous and thoughtless life, and that I might have succeeded in any one line had I followed it to the exclusion of the rest; while some, no doubt, will compliment me upon my uncommon versatility. Of others, again, the following epigram, suggested by the above or a similar compliment, will perhaps best express the private opinion, —

> He badly paints and sculps and writes;
> The fiddle plays, and sings:
> Life is too short to do all well,
> Else he would — do more things.

There it is, I fear with more truth than poetry; and the question arises, If I had another seventy years of life before me, should I, constituted as I am, do these few well, or strive to do more things?

All that I have written would seem to indicate a life frittered away without one serious thought; which emboldens me to confess that my inner life has been earnest, conscientious, and prayerful. Imbued with a strong faith in "a divinity that shapes our ends," my prayers have been constant, but simple. I never prayed for wealth, I never

prayed for fame; but fervently have I prayed to be guided in all my ways, to be kept from temptation, to be delivered from evil, to be blessed with strength, courage, and patience to labor and wait.

I say this at the risk, in this age of scoffing and unbelief, of being called a weak fool. Weak, if you will; but in that weakness I have found constant strength.

My most bitter tears have been shed at the completion of some work, when I felt that I had done all I could do, and yet found it so far from what I had hoped to make it, and that it must go out to the world with all its imperfections. Falling upon my knees in agony, praying for comfort and faith to believe the present disappointment to be for my ultimate good, I have arisen comforted and strengthened in the hope that perhaps I had worked better than I knew, and that in my next work I might be permitted to approach a little nearer my ideal. Imperfect and unsatisfactory as all my works seem to me, I shudder when I think of what they might have been, and what I might have been, without that firm belief that He was ever at my right hand as long as I was true to myself, — to bear me up when I would have fainted, to help me when my strength failed me.

I write this for the encouragement of my young brothers in art: not those arrogant and proud

ones who believe in nothing but their own strength and will, jealous at even a hint of any assistance from a higher power, — let them revel in their belief; but, in the hour when their strength fails them! — But to that sensitive, retiring one who shrinks from the sound of approbation, — not daring, with his humble nature, to believe in its sincerity, — to him I would say, *Coraggio!* You are stronger than you imagine; be but sincere and conscientious in your efforts; work away with all your might. Strive to live a pure and clean life, and to improve the talents God has given you, and leave the rest to him. He will not let you fail. Keep up a good heart; cultivate a cheerful disposition, — indulging, to that end, in all the innocent mirth and humor you possess. Above all, beware of the first thought or feeling that you are born unlucky, or that you are neglected or unappreciated. Do not think of those who seem to be successful beyond their merit. Your time will surely come, if you deserve it. Be prepared for it when it comes. Beyond everything else, cherish Faith and Hope, the mother and godmother of Patience.

ENCORE.

As I hardly dare hope for a genuine encore in the shape of a demand for a second edition of my book, I have called before the curtain the principal character, the one who first publicly recognized me.

I am by no means the first man who has owed his success in life to having once helped a gentleman into his saddle, or at least held his horse for him. My equestrian Washington was my first public statue. I now present the General *in piedi*, to show you that I have not been idle since I returned from America ten months ago, a septuagenarian. This is the principal figure of the monument that Mr. Edward F. Searles did me the honor to order from my hands. The photograph was taken from the clay model, which is fifteen feet high, exclusive of the plinth.

As I am often asked how much clay is required to make a statue, by consulting my bills from the pottery, I find that in this figure I have used upward of five tons.

By the way, my two little grandsons complain — or rather their mother complained on reading my manuscript — that I had not mentioned them

in my book; so I promised to introduce them in a postscript, and if you look carefully you will find them at the feet of the Father of their Country.

The elder, bearing my name, was born in Florence, Jan. 19, 1881. Inheriting his share of the musical talent of my family, he will probably fall heir to my "Cremona," which, from all indications, he will make a better use of than I have done; being not over-studious, but possessing artistic inclinations which are very promising. That there is a humorous vein in his composition will be seen by the following incidents.

When five years old, his mother took him one day to a prominent tailoring-establishment to buy him a coat. In the large window in the front of the shop — to attract the attention of passers-by — was a semi-circular row of half-a-dozen images about Tom's size, all painted to the life, and dressed in the latest fashion. While his mother was engaged with the tailor at the other end of the shop, their attention was called to the front by bursts of hilarious laughter. There was Master Tom, in his new coat, stationed in the middle of the row of manikins, perfectly motionless, with face as vacant of expression as any one of them; the crowd round the window trying every device to make him laugh, — one holding a dog as near to his face as the glass permitted, — but all in vain: he vouchsafing no

other sign of life but an occasional wink; when the easily amused crowd would burst into roars of laughter.

Speaking of dogs, I am forced to make a confession that I fear will cause me to be set upon or sat upon by the majority of my readers. I have always had a strange aversion to dogs. I am never comfortable in their society. A dog has been the one thing that I could persistently deny my young namesake. One morning at the breakfast-table, he asked me why the *bersaglieri* (sharp-shooters) wore their caps tilted over their right ears, — "it must be so uncomfortable." "Yes," I answered, "it must be very uncomfortable; but they all wear them so." "I suppose," was his sober rejoinder, "there are *some* people who don't like dogs, and yet they have them all the same." The quiet humor of this mild reproach so far conquered my antipathy, that I inquired the price of one of the biggest dogs I ever saw.

The younger brother, Richard Hamilton, — the beauty-spot of the family, — was born in 1886, in Norfolk, Virginia, on "the day we celebrate," — or the day we celebrated that year, as the 4th of July came on Sunday. Monday, the 5th, amid the roaring of cannon, the clanging of bells and popping of fire-crackers, young Dick made his appearance and declared his independence, which he has

tumultuously maintained ever since. But that he has, with all, a domestic turn of mind, the following pathetic little incident will demonstrate.

The other day, hearing his mother lament that she had no longer a dear little baby, because he had grown so big, he looked at her for a moment out of those great black eyes of his, said nothing, but went to his father and begged a ten-centime copper. Shortly after he was heard wailing piteously in the garden; upon being pressed for the cause of his bitter grief, he said — his voice choked with sobs — that Morino (the gardener) would not open the gate for him to go out "to buy a little baby for mamma." Where he expected to find one for sale, was best known to himself; but the picture of the little four-year-old standing at the gate with the two-cent-piece in his hand, heart-broken beyond consolation because he was not permitted to wander off alone in quest of a little baby to take the place of the one of which he had robbed his mother by "growing so big," was, to me, exceedingly touching.

Well, they are two dear little boys. God bless them both, and keep their book of life pure and spotless, till the last leaf is turned, and the last page inscribed "THE END."

APPENDIX.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Prepared for the Boston Journal.

The Equestrian Statue of Washington by Thomas Ball will be unveiled this [Saturday] afternoon about six o'clock. The ceremonies will be brief. Hon. A. H. Rice, President of the Washington Statue Committee, will make a short address, and his Honor Mayor Shurtleff's reply will be even more condensed. It seems, however, that the first equestrian statue erected in this city merits a fuller record than the occasion of its presentation by its originators to the city will permit, and we have therefore gleaned from authentic sources a sketch of the history of the statue from its earliest completion to the present day. The statue is essentially a home production. It was modelled in Boston and cast in Chicopee, and the liberality of our own citizens furnished the material aid which brought it to completion.

The Origin of the Statue.

The origin of this statue is not involved in any doubt. For many years the suggestion was made, in

the public journals and on public occasions, that Boston owed it to herself to erect in some public square a memorial of Washington. Mr. Everett's efforts in behalf of Mount Vernon stimulated the veneration of the people for the name of Washington, and imparted, as it were, to the people a deeper reverence for the name than had manifested itself for many years. It was natural that, imbued with the spirit of the times, Mr. Thomas Ball, the sculptor, should seek to embody his conception of the Father of his Country in plaster, more as a work to gain experience than from any hope of its ever assuming the colossal proportions which it now presents.

This effort was the production of a statue in plaster of George Washington, on horseback, which is the original of the statue now on its pedestal in the Public Garden. Some modifications of this original design have been made, but its general appearance is the same. This model is now in the possession of Hon. Harvey Jewell. When Mr. Ball admitted his friends to a view of his work, their praises were encouraging to his heart; but when the artists of Boston, his associates and competitors, saw the production, their words of congratulation were homage to his genius.

There was a general desire manifested, on the part of a very large number of citizens, that some work from the hands of Mr. Ball should grace one of our public squares. On the 26th of March, 1859, some of the sculptor's friends met at the studio of Mr. Benj. Champney, in Tremont Row, "to put through" the Webster or Washington Statue. Among those present were Messrs. Thomas Russell, Peter Harvey, George

H. Chickering, F. H. Underwood, T. Dale, and John D. W. Joy. It was decided that the Washington Statue was the more appropriate of the two to produce. A second meeting was held April 2, 1859, at the same place, when it was resolved that the artists of Boston should appoint a committee to undertake the erection of this work; and the project of a fair in aid of this object was decided upon. This committee was appointed, and consisted of the following gentlemen, —

A. H. Rice.	Geo. H. Chickering.
Thomas Russell.	Benj. Champney.
F. H. Underwood.	Hammat Billings.
J. D. W. Joy.	C. G. Loring, Jr.
B. Guild.	Warren Sawyer.

These gentlemen at once gave their attention to the subject, and found on the part of the public the heartiest co-operation. Among the first to take an active interest was Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who promptly consented to a request from the Committee to repeat an address delivered originally in Baltimore in aid of the funds of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city for the benefit of the statue fund.

The First Step.

On the 13th of May, 1859, Mr. Winthrop delivered his address in the Music Hall. His subject was "Luxury and the Fine Arts, or some of their Moral Historical Relations." Though virtually the same address that Mr. Winthrop had delivered at Baltimore, many passages were introduced alluding to the statue. The "Orpheus Glee Club" opened the evening with

some fine musical selections, when Hon. Alexander H. Rice introduced the orator of the evening. In the course of his brief and appropriate remarks, Mr. Rice said, —

"The merit of initiating the present enterprise belongs to the artists of Boston, who, besides fulfilling the dictates of patriotism, embrace in their purposes a fraternal tribute to the genius and worth of a distinguished member of their own profession. And as it may be concluded that we have fairly reached the period when commemorative art in this country shall be in general requisition, it is also proposed that this statue shall exhibit the resources of our own State in the production of works of its class. The artist is a citizen of Boston; the statue will be modelled here; it will also be cast in bronze at some one of the foundries of Massachusetts, and it is expected that abundant funds for defraying its cost will flow from the generosity of our own people. The general supervision of the work has been given to a committee appointed by the artists themselves; but it is the desire of all concerned therein to secure, as far as practicable, the co-operation of the public in such manner as may be agreeable to the varying tastes of individuals.

"The Committee, however, take the present opportunity to state that it is proposed to hold a fair some time in November next, on a scale of liberality, if possible, never excelled in this city, the proceeds of which will be devoted to this object. And they take pleasure, also, in saying that the ladies, always the admirers of genius and heroism, and who are only less than omnipotent in their undertakings, have already engaged in this service with an enthusiasm which ensures success."

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop's Address.

Mr. Winthrop commenced his address by expressing the hope that the cause he was to plead was already safe, and he trusted that none would have occasion to repent of having "set this *Ball* in motion."

"There is no consideration," remarked Mr. Winthrop, "which affords me more satisfaction, in performing this humble labor of love for the artists of Boston, than that it is for the advancement of their patriotic purpose of securing an equestrian statue of Washington designed and moulded by a native artist, and cast by native mechanics, and wholly to be completed, like yonder Franklin, on our own soil. . . . And now the artists of Boston, incited by the spirited and admirable design of a most meritorious brother artist, have appealed to us to aid them in placing Massachusetts by the side of Virginia in this precise mode of commemorating the Father of his Country. I rejoice that our native artists have thus spoken out, unitedly and earnestly, for themselves, and I trust and believe that their appeal will meet with a cordial and generous response."

In closing, Mr. Winthrop said: —

"A single fair in this hall — like that which finished the monument on Bunker Hill, or endowed the asylum for the blind, or relieved the treasury of the Boston Provident Association at the moment of its utmost need, or more recently assured the erection of a hospital for incurables, under the auspices of ladies like those I see before me — will accomplish the entire work. And it will be accomplished. The artists and lovers of Art in our city have pronounced the imperative

decree that this admirable design of Washington as he mounted his charger under the old Cambridge elm on the 3d of July, 1775, to take command for the first time of an American army for the relief of Boston; or as he stood on yonder heights and witnessed his first great victory, while the British fleet and the British forces sailed out of our harbor on the 17th of March, 1776; or as he reined up in yonder street to receive the homage of every true Boston heart, as first President of the United States on the 27th day of October, 1789, — that this design shall no longer remain in precarious, perishable plaster, but shall assume a form as durable as our gratitude or his own fame. And to that decree as well as to this address, I feel assured that all who hear me will give a hearty and unanimous amen!"

The Washington Statue Fair.

In accordance with the announcement made, a fair was holden in the Music Hall from Nov. 16 to Nov. 24, 1859. The artists contributed from their studios many rare evidences of their skill, and the contributions from merchants and others were on the most liberal scale. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote for the occasion the following poem. The blank 186– may be supplied with a 9. There were only a few months' grace to the implied prediction that the statue would be completed some time in the sixties.

BOSTON COMMON. — THREE PICTURES.

FOR THE FAIR IN AID OF THE FUND TO PROCURE BALL'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

1630.

All overgrown with bush and fern,
  And straggling clumps of tangled trees,
With trunks that lean and boughs that turn, —
  Bent eastward by the mastering breeze, —
With spongy bogs that drip and fill
  A yellow pond with muddy rain,
Beneath the shaggy southern hill
  Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.

And hark! the trodden branches crack:
  A crow flaps off with startled scream,
A straying woodchuck canters back,
  A bittern rises from the stream;
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer,
  An otter plunges in the pool; —
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
  The parson on his brindled bull!

1774.

The streets are thronged with trampling feet,
  The northern hill is ridged with graves;
But night and morn the drum is beat
  To frighten down the "rebel knaves."

The stones of King Street still are red,
And yet the bloody red-coats come.
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,
The click of steel, the tap of drum;
And over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine.
The clouds are dark with crimson rain
Above the murderous hireling's den,
And soon their whistling shower shall stain
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men.

186–.

Around the green, in morning light
The spired and palaced summits blaze,
And sunlike, from her beacon-height
The dome-crowned city spreads her rays:
They span the waves, they belt the plains,
They skirt the roads with bands of white;
Till with a flash of gilded panes
Yon farthest hillside bounds the sight.
Peace, Freedom, Wealth! no fairer view,
Though with the wild bird's restless wings
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue,
Or chased the moonlight's endless rings!
Here fitly raised by grateful hands
His holiest memory to recall,
The hero's, Patriot's image stands:
He led our sires who won them all!

The veteran painter, Rembrandt Peale, repeated his lecture on the Portraits of Washington, for the same object. Hon. Edward Everett presented the original manuscript, beautifully bound, of his popular oration on Washington, which he delivered so many times in different cities in aid of the Sanitary Commission, during the Rebellion.

The Organization.

The pecuniary result of the fair was gratifying; about twelve thousand dollars having been made. It was deemed expedient at the time to form an association and to elect officers. Articles of association were prepared, and the legal evidence of the existence of the "Washington Statue Committee" is recorded in the Registry of Deeds, March 23, 1860, and signed by Benjamin Champney, Hammat Billings, John D. W. Joy, Charles G. Loring, Jr., Francis H. Underwood, Warren Sawyer, and Thomas Russell. The first meeting of the corporation elected was held March 31, 1860, when Warren Sawyer was elected chairman, John D. W. Joy, treasurer, and Charles G. Loring, Jr., secretary. At this meeting Messrs. Alexander H. Rice, George H. Chickering, and Samuel E. Guild were elected members. Mr. Sawyer then resigned his place, and Mr. Rice was elected chairman, — a post that he has continued to hold.

The Statue Commenced.

The committee at once appointed a sub-committee to contract with Mr. Thomas Ball to model the pro-

posed statue for the sum of twelve thousand dollars, and the same committee was authorized to lease a piece of land and erect a building in which to set up the model. Messrs. Chickering & Sons, with their accustomed liberality, tendered to the Committee the use of a piece of land in the rear of their pianoforte manufactory, and in a very short time a fine studio was erected. With what zeal the artist commenced his work we enjoyed the privilege of knowing. A day-laborer working for his daily bread never toiled harder than the sculptor. He was enthusiastic and zealous. He studied the anatomy of the horse till his brain must have had imprinted upon it the figure of a faultless steed. He adopted whatever was good in many noble animals placed at his disposal as models; and when his own efforts failed to meet the demands of his own judgment, he destroyed the work of days and began again.

Progress of the Work.

While Mr. Ball, encouraged by the liberality of patriotic citizens, was giving form to this memorial of a grateful people, the civil war at the South was raging. The aspect of affairs was not such as to warrant any immediate hope that the casting of the statue would be possible for even years to come, but the ardor of the sculptor knew no abatement. Mr. Charles G. Loring, Jr., being in the army with Burnside's Expedition, resigned the office of secretary in 1862, and Mr. F. H. Underwood was elected in his place. In 1863 the model was so far completed that it was proposed to send it to Chicopee to be cast; but the Ames

Manufacturing Company at that time were employing all the resources of their foundries in casting guns. The funds of the Association were exhausted, and it was considered neither wise nor patriotic to ask contributions while the existence of the nation was in peril. Nothing, therefore, was done toward carrying the project out; but the hand of the artist found employment in perfecting his work. It was during the year 1863 that Mr. Samuel E. Guild died, and Mr. Benjamin S. Rotch was elected a member of the Committee in his place.

In 1864 the model was entirely completed, and exhibited during the month of April to hundreds of our citizens. It was admired, though the capacity of the studio did not admit of sufficient distance to permit the spectator to view it under the most advantageous circumstances. The point of view should be about one hundred and twenty feet from the statue. The model was taken down and stored, and the studio was sold. It was decided by the Committee that when the statue was finished in bronze, it should be erected on the Public Garden; and the present site was then selected, and subsequently appropriated by a vote of the City Council. In 1865 Mr. Ball returned to Europe, and in 1866 John A. Andrew was elected a member of the Committee to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Billings. In 1867 Mr. George W. Wales was elected a member of the Committee. Mr. Hammat Billings was commissioned to make a design for the pedestal.

Timely Assistance.

Early in the spring of 1868, the Everett Statue Committee ascertained that after paying the expense of a statue by Story, a bust by Ball, and a painting by Wight, of their distinguished fellow-citizen, they had a handsome surplus. It was proposed that a portion of this sum might appropriately be given to the Washington Statue Committee. On the 11th of April, 1868, Hon. A. H. Rice by request appeared before the subcommittee of the Everett Statue Committee, having the disposal of the funds under consideration. Mr. Rice eloquently set forth the desirability of completing the statue; and without making any claims to the funds, he made so strong an impression on the Committee that they reported to the General Committee a proposition to contribute five thousand dollars in aid of Ball's equestrian statue of Washington. The General Committee adopted the order unanimously on the 16th of April, 1868. With this accession to their funds, and the city having carried out the action of a previous government authorizing a gift of ten thousand dollars in aid of the enterprise by paying the amount, the model was taken from its storehouse and sent to the Ames Manufacturing Company at Chicopee.

Completion of the Statue.

It was anticipated that the casting of the statue would be completed forthwith, and that it would be ready for dedication in July, 1868. On the 3d of June Mr. Ball, after three years' absence in Europe, returned with the hope and expectation that he should witness the inauguration of his great work. He was

doomed, however, to disappointment. It was proposed to have it ready for the 22d of February, 1869; but his time was too valuable to wait. His visit home, however, was not without compensation, for he was awarded the statue of John A. Andrew, and left, Oct. 15, 1868, for Italy. The Washington statue was not completed till a few months since, and was but recently brought to this city and erected, under the supervision of Silas Mossman, Esq., of the Ames Manufacturing Company, who has taken great interest in the work. The extreme length of the group is 16 feet; height, 16 feet, — height of Washington, 12 feet; height of plinth, 13½ inches. The pedestal, which is of Quincy granite, was designed by Hammat Billings; is 15 feet in length, 7½ feet in width, and 18 feet in height. The weight of the statue is 1,000 pounds. The foundation is built on piles.

Cost of the Work.

The finances of the Association which has been instrumental in giving to this city this new and beautiful work, have been most carefully and skilfully managed by John D. W. Joy, Esq., who was among the earliest to suggest the idea of erecting this statue, and has held from the start the laboring oar. The total cost of this work has been $42,400, which amount has been raised as follows: —

Net proceeds of Fair	$10,984.03
Donations from friends	12,875.00
Contribution of the Everett Statue Committee	5,000.00
Appropriation by the City	10,000.00
Accrued interest	3,583.25
	$42,442.28

The Dedication.

The following official announcement completes this brief outline of the history of a statue which we believe will be regarded with pride by all our citizens: —

Boston, Jan. 29, 1869.

The Washington Statue Committee take pleasure in announcing that if the weather is fair, the statue in the Public Garden will be unveiled on Saturday, July 3, at half-past five o'clock P. M. At the same time it is expected that the Chairman of the Committee will deliver the statue into the custody of the city.

Should the weather be stormy, the ceremony will be postponed to Monday, July 5, at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. The members of the City Government, the artists, the subscribers to the fund, the committee of the Everett statue, and the lady patronesses of the fair held in 1859 for the benefit of the statue are respectfully invited to be present.

Alexander H. Rice.	F. H. Underwood.
Thomas Russell.	Warren Sawyer.
John D. W. Joy.	George H. Chickering.
Charles G. Loring, Jr.	Benjamin S. Rotch.
Benjamin Champney.	George W. Wales.

The End.

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